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POST

A Post editor visits

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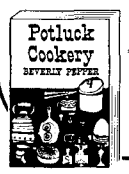

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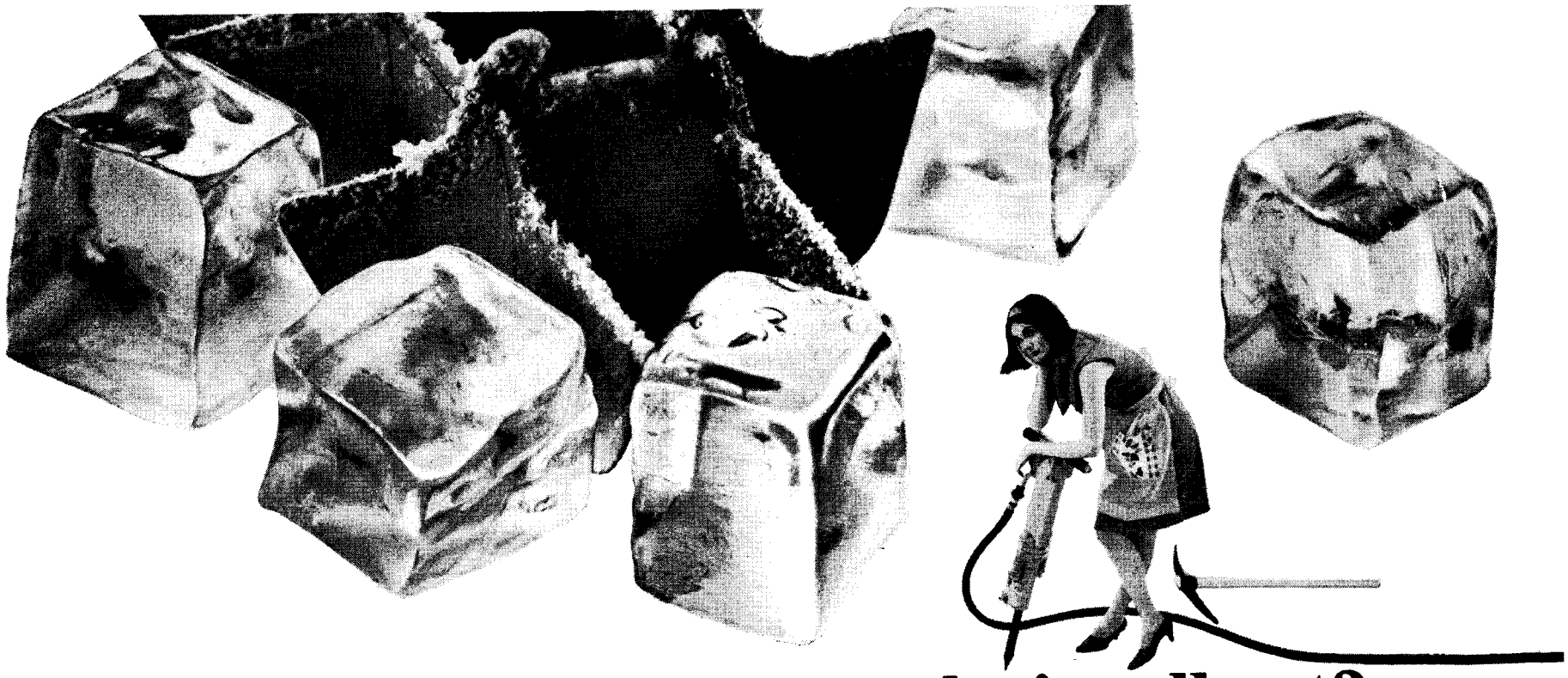

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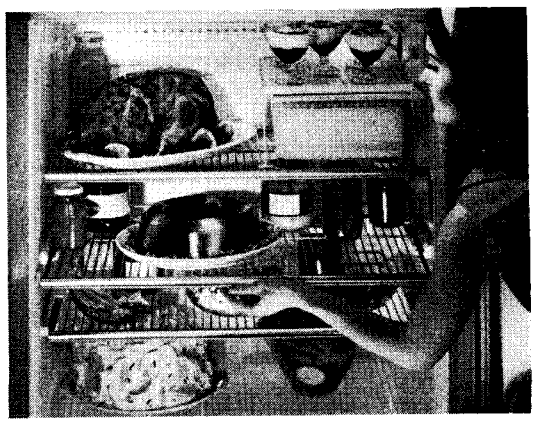

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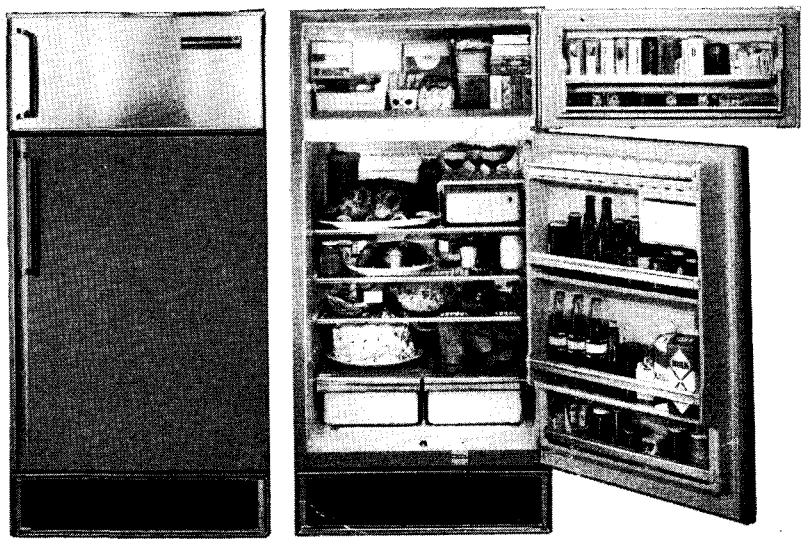

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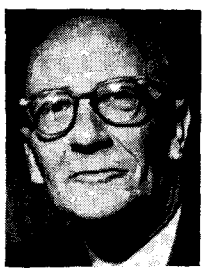

C. S. Forester

JOHN BIRD spent days talking with Peggy Ann Bradnick and her parents in her hospital room and came away feeling she was one of the most articulate people he has ever interviewed. One of Peggy Ann's doctors said he was amazed by her resilience, and that the average G.I. probably would not have stood up under the physical hardships of her experience nearly so well. . . . *Hornblower During the Crisis* is the last of the Horatio Hornblower series by the late C. S. FORESTER, whose stories and articles have appeared in the *Post* over 40 times. . . . BEN STAHL, the illustrator of Forester's story, has become closely identified with the Hornblower series through his many *Post* illustrations. . . . Author of the piece on volleyball, ARTHUR KOPIT is best known for his play, *Oh Dad, Poor Dad.* / Cover photo by Harvey Lloyd.

Peggy Ann Bradnick and John Bird

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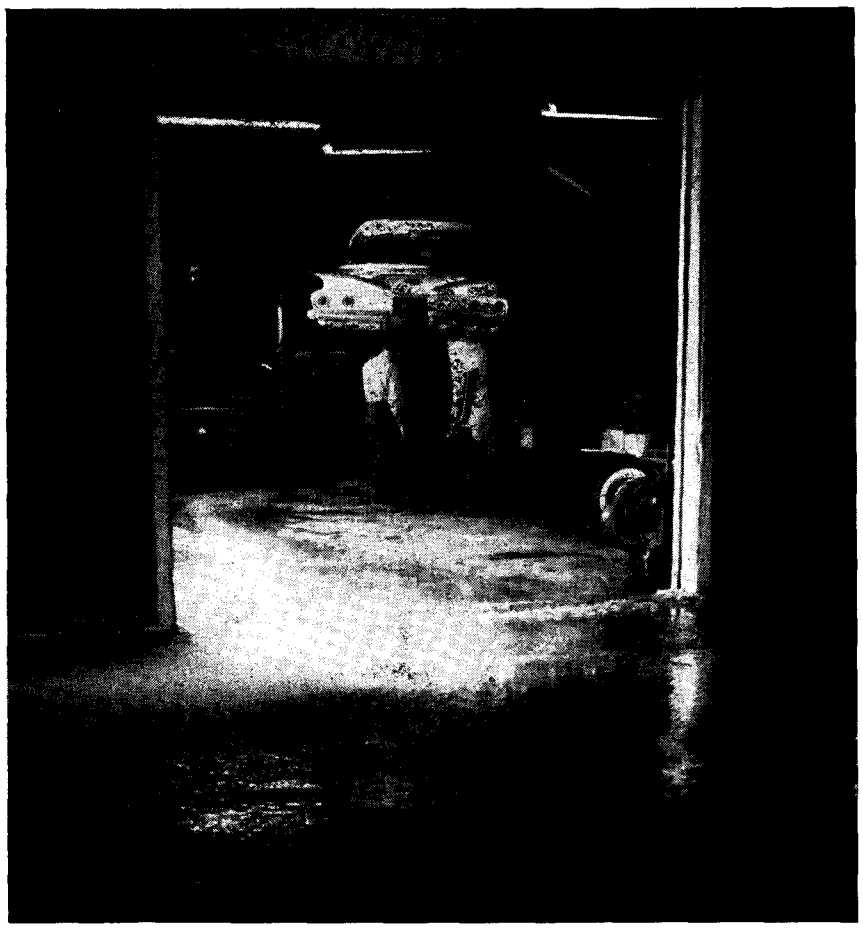

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Letters

Great to be alive

Gentlemen:

The story of Major Fisher's rescue of Major Myers ranks with the best of larger-than-life adventure stories [IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE by Richard Armstrong, June 4].

DAYTON GROVER JR.
Newark, Mo.

Gentlemen:

As I read the June 4 issue, I couldn't help but contrast Fisher, Myers, Hague, Vasquez and Lucas of IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE with the portraits several pages further of our college hipsters with their LSD and marijuana problems. As long as this country has a few Bernie Fishers and his men I think we may make it after all.

GENE MACCHI
Hohokus, N.J.

Drugs on campus

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for your DRUGS ON THE CAMPUS series [by Richard Goldstein, May 21 and June 4]. This is probably the first time that a mass-circulation magazine has carried a sane, sensible, straightforward article on the non-addictive drugs.

MARVIN GARSON
Berkeley, Calif.

Gentlemen:

Not only am I the mother of two college men, but also a college admission counselor by profession, and the articles made me angry, sad and ashamed, as well as frustrated, to think that our law enforcement agencies and college officials do not or will not or cannot cope with this situation.

The quotation attributed to District Attorney Thaler of Ithaca—in which he stated that the current laws are "made for hardened criminals, not college rebels," and "you just can't expect a judge to sentence a college student to five years in jail because he's smoked a marijuana cigarette. You've got to think twice before you even bring a case into court"—disgusted me. For God's sake, why can't you?

I say get tough with these kids. Drug use is *not* akin to the vodeodo and whoopee of our college years.

JEAN R. FOSS
Milwaukee, Wis.

Sir:

My wife and I are long past the age of rebellion and have taken LSD twice. We took it for kicks—that is, to experience the most wonderful and exhilarating sensations imaginable. I shudder to think that a guilt-ridden anti-pleasure society demands that this private experience be made unlawful.

PAUL HUGHES
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Having taken psychedelics several times in college, I could easily identify with those students whom you refer to as searching for "their souls, or enlightenment, or just 'kicks.'"

I had looked into branches of Indian philosophy in conjunction with drug experience. While in India this year, I had the great fortune to meet Avatar Meher Baba, an Eastern spiritualist master who has stated that the search for truth through drugs like LSD is "as far removed from Reality as is a mirage from water." He has warned, "Although LSD is not an addiction-forming drug, one can become attached to the *experiences* arising from its use, and one gets tempted to use it in increasing doses, in the hope of deeper and deeper experiences. But eventually this causes madness or death."

These statements should cast grave doubt on the validity of any chemical short cuts to the truth, "the soul, or enlightenment." It seems more reasonable to rely on the wellsprings of energy and strength already within the individual self to begin the ancient search.

JAMES H. MCGREW
Somerville, Mass.

Victory in Vietnam

Sir:

Many thanks for Joseph Alsop's WHY WE CAN WIN IN VIETNAM [June 4]. I predict that this article will be the turning point in this campaign here at home—for two reasons.

First, the psychological mainstay of the draft-card burners and peace protesters has been the presumption that the Viet Cong were unbeatable—as though invincibility were equal to righteousness.

Second, as an authoritative public statement of the Communist nature of the "Liberation Front," the article effectively disposes of any notion that theirs is an agrarian-reform movement.

C. L. MURPHY
Tarzana, Calif.

Gentlemen:

Before we ask whether we can win or not, let's answer the first question: "Were we really committed to win a military decision in this undeclared war?" We were led to believe that our national security was at stake. If we spend 21 billion dollars in the next fiscal year in that country of less than 15 million people (without estimating the loss of American lives there), what state will our national security be in then?

E. REYNOLDS
Wilmington, N.C.

Gentlemen:

Undoubtedly "we can win in Vietnam," and General Westmoreland is entitled to high praise. The question is, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

Already, 3,644 American soldiers have been killed in Vietnam by an enemy with whom we are officially "at peace." An enemy whose source of supplies we can but will not destroy. Gen. Westmoreland's strategy to "seek and destroy" is being thwarted by politics in Washington.

GEORGES ST. JEAN
Tucson, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

I commend you on your editorial VICTORY IN VIETNAM? [June 4]. However, I would have liked to have read more than just a probing of the military and political possibilities of a "victory."

Continued on page 6

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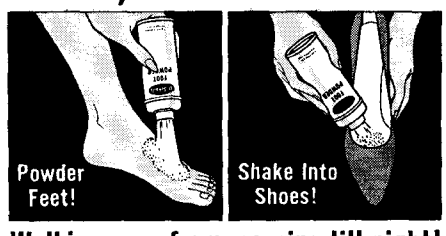

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Letters

I would be interested in a definition of the word itself. In terms of our senseless destruction of Vietnam, the thought of "victory" becomes absurd.

At any rate, the *Post* has shown considerable depth in its wise, though perhaps too gentle, questioning of American objectives.

LAURIE GUNST
Richmond, Va.

Reforming the church

Dear Sir:

Every now and then God sends us an honest-thinking, courageous man to attempt to untangle the mess man has made of Christianity. I am referring to Rev. William H. DuBay, WE MUST REFORM THE CHURCH [SPEAKING OUT, June 4]. I am 50 years old. My husband is a born Catholic. I am not. I could honestly accept his faith if Catholicism were converted by the beliefs and actions of Father DuBay.

MRS. JOHN GOLD
Eugene, Oreg.

Dear Editor:

Balderdash! The mission of the church is not to conform to a secular society, but to renew that society in Christ by sanctifying it with its sacramental life.

The church is not a misfit in the modern world as much as Father DuBay is a misfit in his church. However, with more study and an extra dose of humility, even he may qualify for membership again. May God give him that grace!

REV. SEVERIN LAMPING
Bowling Green, Mo.

Gentlemen:

What this man says about God and man's understanding of God is vital to mankind. Although Roman Catholic, he is speaking to any church.

However, the question must be asked, in reference to the title WE MUST REFORM THE CHURCH, who is the "we"? I do not see any chance of laymen doing the job in the denomination I have membership in. And, sadly I say it, the likelihood of the ministers taking the initiative is even more remote.

J. L. SQUANCE
Victoria, B.C.

Adam 'n' Eve

Dear Sirs:

Although I am well aware of some people's push toward "living Christianity" these days, Will Stanton's SECRET THOUGHTS OF A FIRST LADY [THE HUMAN COMEDY, June 4] was nevertheless the bottom of the humor barrel in my estimation.

MRS. A. LINDLEY
Eugene, Oreg.

Editor:

For the next century, no anthology of humor should omit Will Stanton's SECRET THOUGHTS OF A FIRST LADY. Your artist, however, should have been aware that Eve had no navel.

JIM THOMAS
Los Altos, Calif.

Durrell as comedian

Dear Editor:

I greatly enjoyed the dry humor of Lawrence Durrell's THE LITTLE AFFAIR IN PARIS [June 4], but I missed the beautiful poetic style he is capable of.

DERALD C. LUND
Tomah, Wis.

Gentlemen:

Lawrence Durrell's short story was the best humor I have read in years. We desperately need humor *now* in our magazines—there has been very little since Benchley and Wodehouse.

ELIZABETH J. DRESSER
Salisbury, Conn.

Candidate Reagan

Gentlemen:

I regret that my state, Illinois, does not have a man of Ronald Reagan's integrity, honesty and desire to do what is best for his country [CAN REAGAN WIN CALIFORNIA? by James Phelan, June 4]. Let's hope after Mr. Reagan serves his term as governor of California we'll all get a chance to vote for him—in a presidential election.

MRS. JOSEPH K. GUGLIOTTA
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

The State of California needs Mr. Reagan—we have had our fill of the "Experienced Politicians" that plague our government. Now we need an honest-to-God citizen who wants to make the state of California the wonderful place to live in that we know it can be. Be "RIGHT WITH REAGAN!"

MRS. J. L. BURKET
San Jose, Calif.

Big little man

Sirs:

Congratulations to a big little man [THE LAST, TRIUMPHANT RIDE OF JOHNNY LONGDEN, June 4]. Thanks for Al Stump's splendid article on the winningest jockey. As a Winnipegger, I saw Longden riding on western Canada's racing circuit where he really got his start. Fans feared he would continue to ride until a fatal accident, and we are happy that he has safely ended his brilliant riding career on a winning note.

J. T. BAILIE
Winnipeg, Man.

Good issue

Dear Sirs:

Your June 4th issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* is so good that any single article is well worth the price of the magazine.

SUE ELLEN DELANEY
Bristol, Va.

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

Cover: Harvey Lloyd (H. Brackman Assoc.). • 3–Wide World, Harvey Lloyd (H. Brackman Assoc.). • 10–Dan McCoy (Black Star). • 18–Ollie Atkins. • 25, 26–Harvey Lloyd (H. Brackman Assoc.). • 27–Wide World, Harvey Lloyd (H. Brackman Assoc.). • 28–UPI. • 29–James Woodcock, UPI. • 30, 31, 32, 33–Hans Namuth. • 34, 35, 36, 37, 38–Trevor Hamer. • 42–Bill Shrout. • 46–Cary Wilmer, Trevor Hamer. • 74, 75, 76, 77–Gert Berliner. • 78–Wide World, Harvey Lloyd (H. Brackman Assoc.). • 79–Harvey Lloyd (H. Brackman Assoc.). • 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88–Frank Dandridge.

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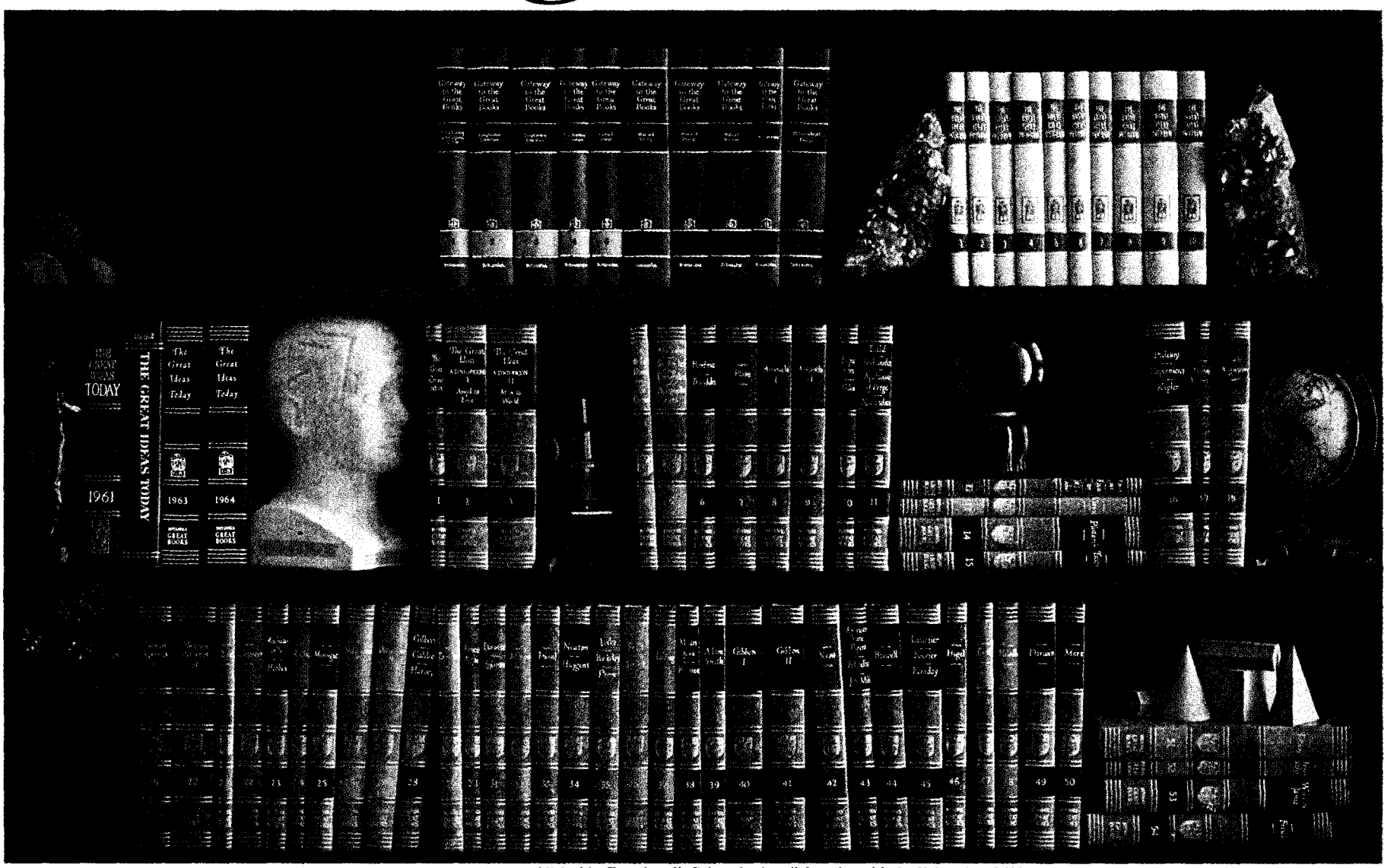

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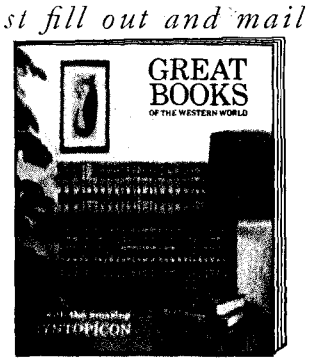

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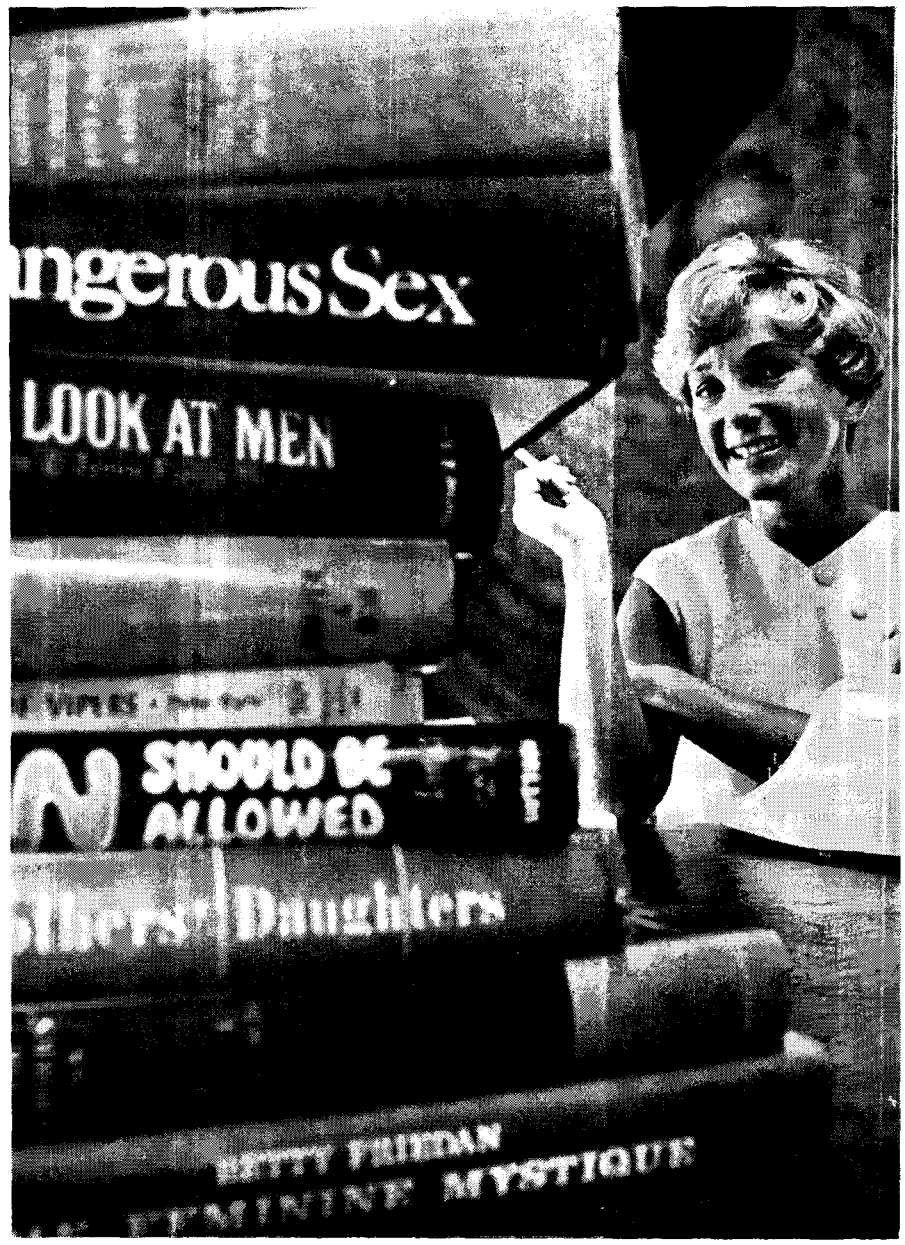
Speaking Out

WHY DO THEY TREAT WOMEN LIKE GUINEA PIGS?

BY ELAINE KENDALL



The author recently published 'The Upper Hand,' an irreverent study of dire problems facing the American male. She lives with her husband and two children in Princeton, N.J.

Woman-watching is so ancient an institution that it's impossible to point to anyone and say, "He started it." Chances are that the first essays of advice to women were drawn on the walls of a cave with a piece of charred female tibia, by a chap whose forehead sloped sharply backward. As soon as a few primitive types had strolled over to have a look and grunt their interest, the trend was under way.

Later generations of woman-watchers had their say in hieroglyphics, on papyrus scrolls and illuminated manuscripts, and finally, by means of movable type and cathode tube. The methods have changed over the ages, but the subject matter has remained the same—exhortation and criticism directed at women. By now the production has reached the proportions of an avalanche. Women in general and American women in particular are in danger of being suffocated under the barrage of books, television panels, magazine supplements and ordinary babble about their "identity," their "role in life," and their "function in the world."

For the first few millennia, the woman-watching industry must have been small and not particularly lucrative. Derisive discussions of female behavior appear in the Bible, in the works of the Greek philosophers, and in the world's poems, drama and satire. But within this century and especially in the United States woman-watching, as such, has become big business. Literally thousands of people are engaged in the business of analyzing what women are doing, how they should be doing it, and what they might do instead. Woman-watching is in the same state that stock speculation was before the crash of 1929—everyone does it regardless of qualifications, it's easy to make a fortune, and some of the practitioners should be investigated themselves.

It's possible, of course, that woman-watching has boomed because the word-mongers have exhausted all other subjects in the world, but that's a doubtful premise. It's far more likely that women have become the victims of all this verbiage because they're such handy targets for anyone eager to be an expert on a major subject without necessarily knowing anything at all. After all, no special credentials are required in order to set oneself up as a woman-watcher. One can either *be* a woman, like Betty Friedan (author of *The Feminine Mystique*), Phyllis McGinley (*Sixpence in Her Shoe*), Simone de Beauvoir (*The Second Sex*); or *not* be one, like Philip Wylie (*Generation of Vipers*), Morton Hunt (*Her Infinite Variety*), Dr. Karl Stern (*The Flight From Woman*). Books about women can be turned out by coeducational teams, such as the authors of *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex*, or by whole platoons of researchers, like those who specialize in producing statistics and worried judgments about the sexual behavior of the American female.

An American writer can do an inside job on American women; a foreigner can draw invidious comparisons between the women of his (or her) country and ours. Psychiatrists, sociologists, anthropologists, journalists and hundreds of plainer folks have given the woman question a go-round. It's almost frightening to think of all the groups which assemble to worry about The American Woman Today.

The subject of all this raging controversy is in the unenviable position of forever being IT in a game of Monkey in the Middle. The instructions and rules vary with the instructor and change every few days—women are told that they should get out of the house, stay home, join an organization, resign the presidency of their club, study ceramics, go back to college, bake bread, learn Russian, sign up for painting lessons, have more children but be sure to limit families to 2.6 offspring. If women had problems *before* the woman-watchers went to work on them, their confusions and difficulties have certainly been aggravated by all of this contradictory exhortation. Those women who had remained happily unaware that they were in a state of crisis are bound to realize before very long that something is the matter. What's wrong with the woman with whom nothing seems to be wrong?

The American woman has been so thoroughly exploited that her chances of eluding a television program or magazine extra on "The Many Faces of Eve," or of missing the fact that almost all the books on the library shelf are about *her* have shrunk to zero. (By count, the New York Public Library has 15,000 books on the subject of women, compared with 1,000 about men; 15,000 books, stacked up, would make a tower about as high as the Empire State Building.) But even though most of us are aware that there is a flourishing woman-watching industry, not everyone involved realizes that she's been supporting it all along, swallowing her nasty medicine like a good girl. It's really necessary to see the whole dreary picture in order to recognize what action should be taken.

For 50 years women have been the victims of gross invasion of privacy. No generation in the half century has been spared. In the first phase, the American woman was exposed to the suffrage movement, and probably saw her aunts, grandmothers and respected acquaintances lying down on trolley tracks, chaining themselves to lamp-posts, and being carried, kicking and fighting, into paddy wagons, all in the name of women's freedom. During this phase, she was told that women must get out and prove that they *deserved* the education, the vote, and the other fringe benefits the older generation had won. From 1920 to 1930, the American woman tried to do just that—get a Ph.D., run for Congress, change the world, study medicine, space her children at reasonable intervals. To some extent, she succeeded. During the Depression, however, women were bundled back into the home so that the few jobs available could go to men. At the time this seemed reasonable enough, and most women cooperated cheerfully.

World War II changed all of that, and women were again urged into the factories, the offices, and even into the armed services, where they were obliged to do unfeminine things like wear slacks, weld airplanes and make important decisions. Quite involuntarily, they also found themselves in sole control of families. But as soon as the war was over, the American woman, perhaps somewhat more competent and even a bit more aggressive than she had been before, was informed that she had been doing everything wrong. The woman-watchers began calling her

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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If you like to draw, you may have a God-given talent

America's best-loved artist tells of his rewarding life. He urges others to develop the natural gift that could change their lives.

By Norman Rockwell

I can't think of a greater waste in the world than being blessed with a natural ability . . . and doing nothing about it. A talent for drawing, for example, is a wonderful gift. It can bring you such a rich and rewarding life that it just doesn't seem right not to give it a chance to develop and grow.

Nobody knows this better than I. I was born in a shabby tenement in New York City. I guess I always wanted to be an artist. I remember, when I was six, drawing pictures on old cardboard to amuse my friends. At fifteen, I had earned enough money from odd jobs to go to art school. Then, over my parents' objections, I left high school after my first year so that I could attend two art schools at once.

Many times I became terribly discouraged and wanted to give up art school to start earning money. But my instructors encouraged me to continue and got me work to tide me over. One day a cartoonist friend urged me to submit my work to *The Saturday Evening Post*. To my surprise, they bought the first three pictures I showed them and asked me to do three more. I didn't know it then, but this sale started me toward the realization of my dream . . . making the most of the talent I was born with.

Others struggled, too

My story is not unique . . . other artists overcame greater hardships. Albert Dorne left school at 13 to support his family, but studied art at home in his spare time. At the age of 22 he was earning $500 a week. He went on to become one of the highest-paid commercial artists in America.

Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck and worked in a mill before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was orphaned at five. Robert Fawcett, "the illustrator's illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs struggled to support his family in a cold-water flat when he first broke into art.

As I progressed in my career, hundreds of promising artists came to me for help. I gave them as much time as I could. But what they really needed was an effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how of many successful artists.

A plan to help others

Albert Dorne found the way. One day over 18 years ago, he asked me to meet him in his studio. There I found Dohanos, Von Schmidt, Fawcett and Briggs. With them were Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck and John Atherton. Dorne pointed out the growing need for trained artists that existed. Then he asked, "Why can't we develop a way to share our art experience and knowledge with all who have talent . . . no matter where they live or who they are?"

All twelve of us loved the idea. Taking time off from our own careers, we poured all our knowledge of art – all our hard-won trade secrets into a unique series of home-study lessons. We made over 5,000 special drawings for a magnificent set of textbooks. After we had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed his own specialty. For example, Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw his famous "glamour girls." Dorne showed step-by-step, his own techniques for achieving animation and humor. I devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color.

New methods devised

Finally, we spent three years working out a revolutionary new way to correct a student's work. For each assignment the student would send in, his instructor would actually draw in black and white or paint in full color his detailed corrections. Then the instructor would dictate a letter of criticism and advice. This way, there would be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record of his progress.

And so we started the Famous Artists Schools. Our classrooms are the students' own homes; our faculty totals hundreds of years of professional experience. The School started in a converted old barn in Westport, Conn. Today it occupies its own modern buildings and has thousands of students. All of us with the School are extremely proud of what our students everywhere have accomplished.

Our students succeed

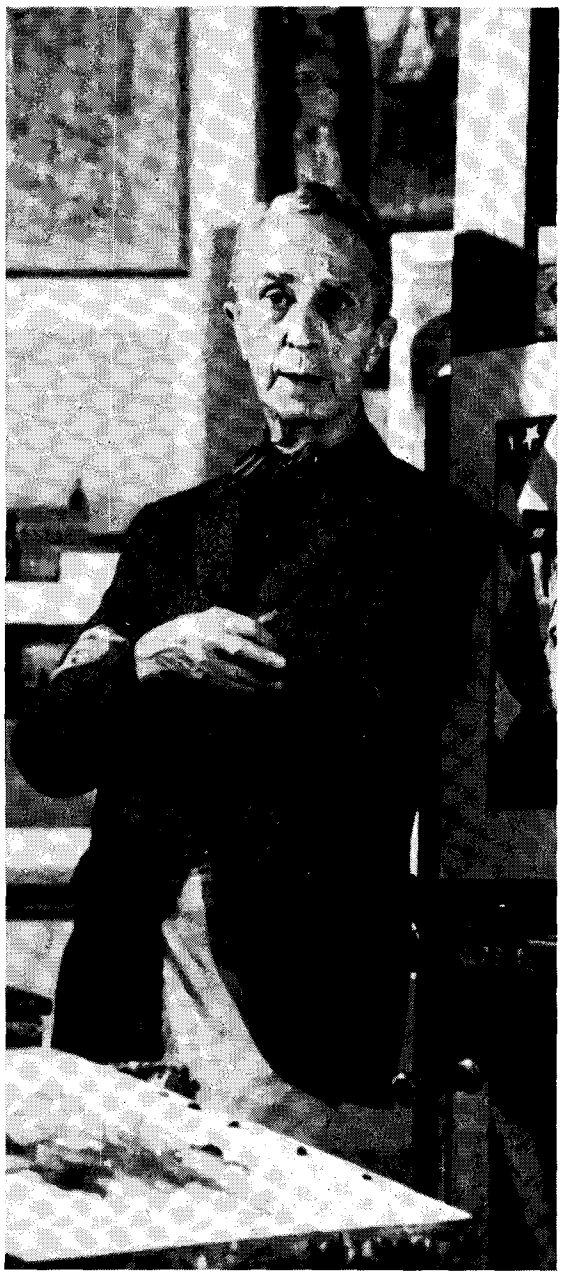
James Ryan of Los Angeles, Calif., is a good example. If his God-given talent for drawing had gone undeveloped, he might still be a clerk, unhappy with his low-paying, routine job. Taking our Course radically changed his future. Today he's an illustrator at Hughes Aircraft – and pours out a steady stream of free-lance art work in his spare time.

Virginia Bartter, a housewife from Ohio, found that our training helped her earn extra income for her family. Last year she received over $1,000 for paintings she did in her spare time and is now holding art classes in her home.

To Dean Brinkley of Arlington, Tex., the Course opened a new world of accomplishment. He's had growing success as an illustrator, doing important, high-paying free-lance art work for nationally known firms like Texas Refining Corp. And last year he participated in nine art exhibitions and had his own one-man show.

Since taking our Course, Felcie Wells, a Charlotte, N. C., housewife, has sold every painting she's finished. And she's made valuable contributions to her church – painting murals and handling the other art work.

I am not at all surprised by the success of our students. Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous. The School continually gets requests from art buyers all over the country asking us for practical, well-trained students – not geniuses – who can step into full-time or part-time art jobs.



Norman Rockwell almost quit painting in his youth because he was uncertain of his ability. Now he's helping others make the most of the priceless gift they were born with.

Do you like to draw? Do you have the desire to train toward a full- or part-time career in commercial art or fine art? If your answer is even a tentative yes to either, I urge you to take steps to develop your God-given talent to its fullest. You owe it to yourself not to waste it.

Unique Art Talent Test

Norman Rockwell and the other Famous Artists have created a revealing 12-page Talent Test, designed to discover people who have art talent worth developing. Formerly, they charged for the test. But now it is offered free and graded free.

Men and women who do well on the test – or can offer other evidence of art talent – may enroll in the School. But there's no obligation.

To get your free Talent Test, fill out and mail the attached postage-paid card. (If card is missing, write Famous Artists Schools, Studio 5189, Westport, Conn. 06880. Give name, address, age, and ask for Art Talent Test.)

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Forgotten road to success in writing

One of America's highest paid free-lance authors tells of opportunities often overlooked by people who want to write

By J. D. Ratcliff

I can't understand why more beginners don't take the short road to publication — by writing articles for magazines and newspapers.

Last year over 250,000 articles were bought by general magazines alone. And that's only part* of a huge market that will pay well for interesting pieces of almost any length on just about any subject that comes naturally to you.

I've earned a comfortable living for 25 years writing articles, and I've enjoyed every minute.

A wonderful life

I've interviewed a dozen winners of Nobel Prizes — among them Sir Alexander Fleming who discovered penicillin. I've talked with heads of state including at least one king, and with scores of the world's leading industrialists. In the past year, I covered stories from Bangkok to Basel to Buffalo.

It's a wonderful life. No commuter trains to catch, no office routine. Whether I'm abroad on assignment, at home on the Jersey Palisades or at our summer place off Cape Cod, I write from 8 a.m. to noon every day — no more, no less. My afternoons are my own.

How to pick subjects that sell

A big advantage of article writing is that you can break in with material right out of your own everyday experience. One of the first pieces I sold was about the adventures of a test pilot I knew. Another told the story of a friend of mine who was caught in a balloon that ran wild. Look at the table of contents of any general magazine; chances are you'll find several articles you yourself might have written.

You can make good use of your special interests too. One of mine is science, and it's provided dozens of story ideas — from eye-witness accounts of dramatic new heart operations, to a report on some amateurs in Berlin who built an astronomical observatory out of salvaged junk. Your passion may be insurance or religion or football, raising roses or raising children. Whatever it is, you should be able to draw on it for articles that could inform and entertain thousands of readers.

Knowing *what* to write is about half the battle. The other half is knowing *how*. To produce saleable articles, or any other form of writing, you must master the tools and techniques used by successful professional writers.

You might develop these skills on your own through sheer blood, sweat and rejection slips. But when I look back, I can't help thinking of all the time and agony I would have saved if I could have found a real "pro" who was willing to work with me.

Today, such help is available to beginning writers everywhere through the Famous Writers School — founded by Rod Serling, Faith Baldwin, Bruce Cat-ton, Bennett Cerf, Max Shulman, Mignon G. Eberhart, Bergen Evans, Red Smith, John Caples, Rudolf Flesch, Mark Wiseman and myself.

*11,000 newspapers and Sunday supplements, plus thousands of specialized magazines, also pay well for fresh material.

A new kind of writing school

We poured all our secrets of success into a set of specially created textbooks and writing assignments. Then we worked out a method for bringing to each student, in his own home, the many hours of individual instruction a developing writer needs.

When you send an assignment to the School, one of our instructors — themselves all professional writers or editors — spends up to two hours analyzing your work. He blue-pencils corrections on your manuscript, much as an editor does with established authors. And he returns it with a long letter of specific recommendations on how to improve your writing.

Your course begins with the fundamentals upon which every writing career must be built. Then you get concentrated training in writing articles and other non-fiction. (If you prefer, you may specialize in Fiction, Advertising or Business Writing.)

Students breaking into print

This training works well. Our students have sold their writing to more than 100 publications, including *True, Popular Science* and *Redbook*.

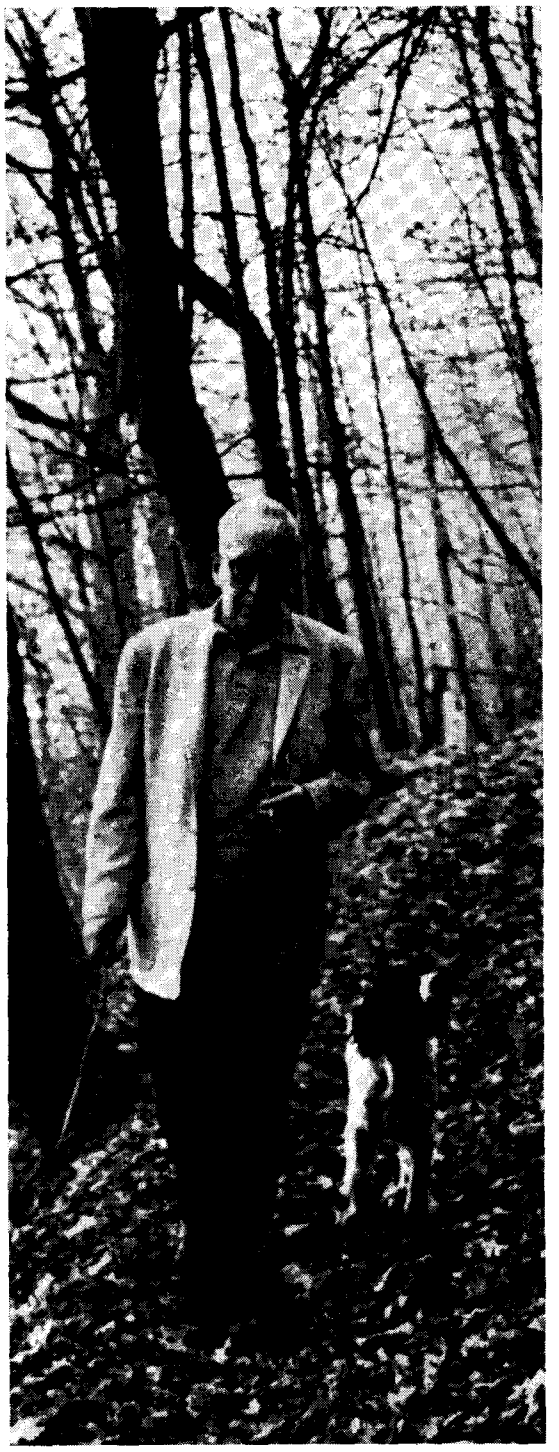
William W. Blanks of Los Angeles, Cal., who enrolled with virtually no writing experience reports, "Recently, I've sold three more articles, which means that so far I've sold everything I've written since enrolling in your School." Doris Agee of San Mateo, Calif., says, "I've just received a big, beautiful check from the *Reader's Digest* for a 'Most Unforgettable Character' piece. Without Famous Writers School, the article never would have been written."

"Thanks to your training," writes Arthur Emerson, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., "I was able to leave my job as a gas station attendant and become a writer for a large company in my area." And Margaret Nelson of Concord, Calif., writes, "I just finished my third lesson and I've already sold my first story to Ideal Publishing."

Doris Stebbins, S. Coventry, Conn., says, "Taking your course made it possible for me to sell six articles to *Woman's Day* for $2,050."

Stephen Novak, Wayne, N. J., just received a check from *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*. "That's 11 stories sold in six months," he announces. And Robert Lory, Richmond, Va., reports, "After a few months with your School, I sold to *Fantasy and Science Fiction*. I've tried to crack this market for two years!"

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, our students find great intangible rewards in writing for publication. As my colleague Faith Baldwin puts it: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being...makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."



"Jack" Ratcliff on a typical afternoon stroll through the New Jersey woods, where he conceives many of the articles that prompted *Time* to name him "America's No. 1 craftsman in the field of non-fiction." Although he writes no more than four hours a day, he has had over 100 articles published in the *Reader's Digest*, and hundreds more in such magazines as *McCall's, The Saturday Evening Post* and *This Week*. Among his books are *Modern Miracle Men, Lives and Dollars, Birth*.

Writing Aptitude Test offered

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some rather nasty names, of which man-eater and castrater were not the worst by any means.

The war with the Axis was over, but the war with the American woman was just shaping up. There were border skirmishes all over. American women were compared most unfavorably with the women of other nationalities who, as our veterans said, "really knew how to please a man." The fact that many European and Asian women had no other way to stay alive during the war years except by catering to the whims and desires of American soldiers seems to have escaped the notice of the observers, perhaps because most members of the armed forces were young, naïve, starved for feminine companionship, and not in the least hard to please. During this trying postwar period, our American woman, presumably full of ideas, projects and energy, was shamed back into the kitchen, the boudoir and the nursery, and told that she had to find her contentment right there.

All that energy and new efficiency, confined to the house, went into frenzied domesticity—an orgy of cooking, polishing and scrubbing, sewing, weaving, bread-baking and, inevitably, the overmothering of existing children and the overproduction of new babies. America quickly became overweight, overpopulated, and more concerned than ever with the woman problem.

It's not surprising that children born and brought up during this decade developed some extraordinary forms of rebellion. "Havoc!" shrieked the woman-watchers (who were now branching out into children-watching). "Get out of the kitchen, take a job, join an art class, learn a second language, run for the school board, go back to college, take an interest, stop wasting your life!" Obedient and still eager to please, women made a somewhat less successful try at it all than they had before, perhaps because it was the third time around for many of them. Moreover, for some the skills were obsolete and the patience worn thin. How does a woman whose last job was riveting P-38 fighter planes retool herself for computer programming? Even a very young and relatively undamaged girl could hardly endure all the advice being foisted upon her without showing some signs of strain.

But instead of giving the subject a rest, a whole new set of women-watchers leaped into action and suggested that from now on, women must plan to slice up their lives like a pizza—one segment for school, another for a job, a third for motherhood, a fourth for continued training, a fifth for more education, and so on.

It's summer, 1966. A boycott is 50 years overdue, but never mind. United, American women can bankrupt the woman-watching industry within a month. What are we waiting for? Another television debate between a woman account executive and the mother of 10 children on the topic of marriage versus a career? Turn off your sets, and in less than a week the producers will be on their way to Brazil, to film life in the *favelas* of Rio. Do we want five million more copies of a magazine supplement on "The American Woman—Tragedy or Transition?" The mixture will be exactly as before—reports on do-it-yourself obstetrics, on job opportunities for "The Empty Years." A think piece entitled *I Gave Up Femininity for Feminism* (or vice versa) by an elderly veteran of the campaign for women's rights. And, as an added attraction, a searching analysis of why women wear slacks, by a professor of abnormal psychology. Leave it on the stands, cancel your subscription, and the chances are excellent that women won't be mentioned on Madison Avenue for a long while, perhaps long enough for a whole generation of girls to grow up unscathed.

Right this minute, there's a woman-watcher putting the finishing touches on the galleys of a new book about women. The publisher is planning a first printing of 50,000 copies. Can American women get along without that book? Can we resist reading the reviews, reserving it at the library, mentioning its title to friends, inviting the author to speak in our auditoriums? I think we can, as soon as we realize that, without readers, publishers and writers look for other work—or, at least, other topics. The boycott would also operate to silence the woman-watching radio commentators—those who do interviews with tourists from other countries who say, in a variety of charming accents, that America is a matriarchy. A mere flick of the wrist will put an end to that bit. We might even refuse to buy whatever is being pushed by the sponsor.

It's easy to see how the boycott will affect the woman-watching industry, but what of the American woman herself? She will benefit immeasurably. A sizable number of college girls, on the point of failing all their subjects because so much of their time has been spent in questioning each other for a national survey of the sex habits of coeds, would get back to their books. Various alumnae societies, planning six-day community seminars on Our Disconcerted Sex, would abandon the idea. Thousands of women, no longer wondering whether unpaid volunteer work is really fulfilling, would return to their Gray Lady posts in the hospitals, which have been frightfully understaffed since the appearance of *The Feminine Mystique* in paperback. Arts-and-crafts classes would be suspended everywhere because of a sudden lack of interest in creative use of leisure. There would be no more frustrated amateurs.

Even more encouraging, the Wightman Cup team would make a clean sweep at Wimbledon, and the girls will explain that they don't see anything unfeminine about winning anymore. New York's drama critics would give an award to a play in which a middle-aged woman is portrayed as gracious, charming, sympathetic, witty and interested in the welfare of her family. After the boycott, there's only one question remaining: How will we employ all the ex-woman-watchers? We don't want them to be a public charge. Those who are sensible and competent will soon start to think about—and watch—some really pressing problems. There's civil rights, the decay of our cities, foreign policy, and LSD, for a start. A few of them might even want to do some research on the problems of American men, a subject that has been ignored too long.

Elaine Kendall

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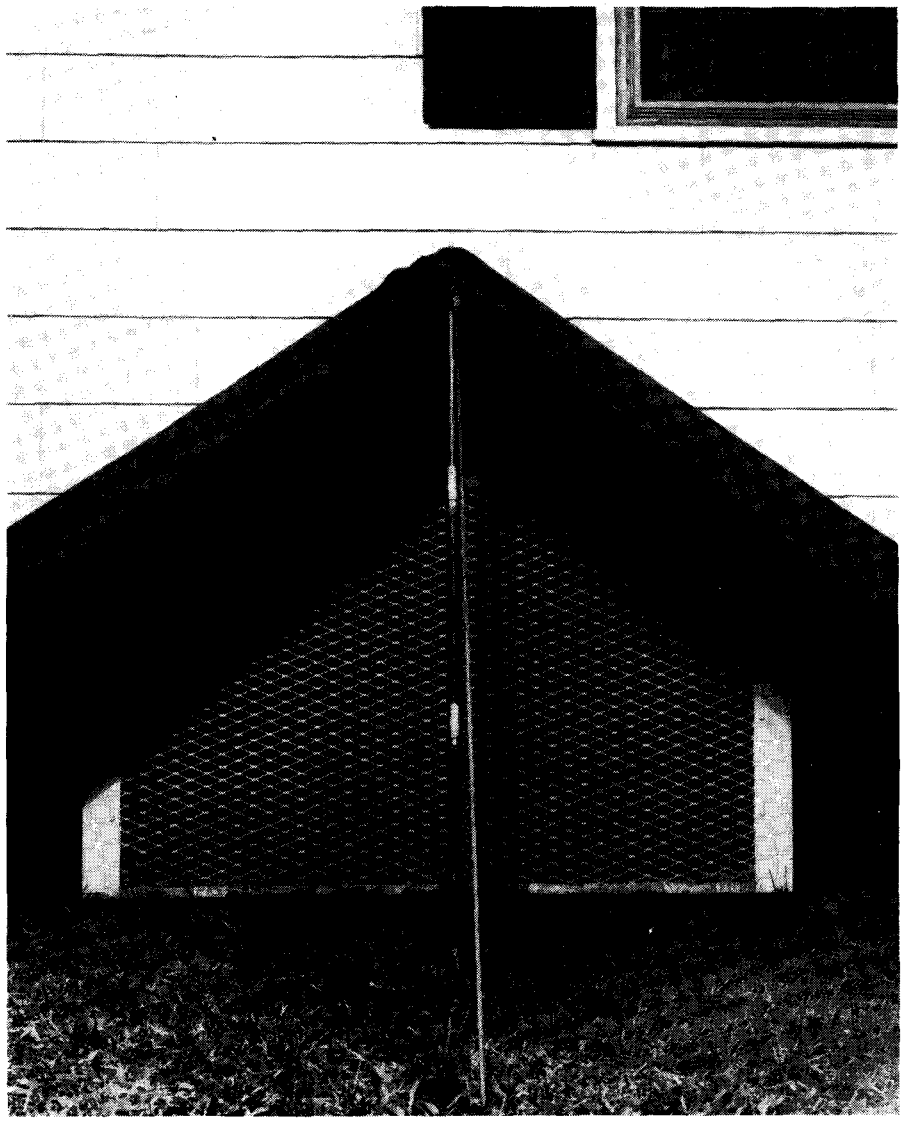

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The dangerous poor

WASHINGTON:

There are streets in all our big cities where a well-dressed man is a fool to walk alone even in daylight. All across the country, the constantly rising crime rate threatens the very fabric of our urban society. The reason is clear—what Michael Harrington called "the invisible poor" are rapidly becoming the dangerous poor.

For a quick, clinical look at the dangerous poor, a good place to go is the jail of the District of Columbia, a squatly hideous brownstone fortress which was built when Ulysses S. Grant was President. There are usually about 1,200 people in the jail—almost double its planned capacity. Except for the alcoholics, who are predominantly white, about 90 percent of the inmates at any one time are Negroes.

Ray Nelson, an intelligent professional penologist who is assistant director of the Department of Corrections, explained these facts of jail life to me, and then took me on a long tour of the place. The jail turned out to be a confusing maze of corridors, cages, cellblocks and massive locked doors. Nelson led me down a long pipe-lined corridor, and when a door was unlocked, we found ourselves in a wire cage with a couple of dozen naked men.

They had just arrived, and they had been searched and fingerprinted, and were waiting their turn to take a shower. The charges against them included housebreaking, selling narcotics, public drunkenness, and "presence in illegal establishment"—probably a hangout for drug addicts, Nelson explained.

There was one white man. He was not old, but already he showed the stigmata of the hopeless drunk—the broken veins in the wrecked and frightened face. The rest were Negroes, young men with hard bodies. Their black eyes were indifferent or defiant, but there was something defenseless about them, as they slumped naked on the wooden benches, behind the heavy wire of the cage.

Ray Nelson led the way through the ancient maze to a cellblock for men charged with the more serious crimes. Four tiers of windowless cells, seven feet by eight, each with an open toilet and a double-decker bed for two prisoners, reached to the ceiling. In the dining hall below the tiers of cells about a hundred men were seated elbow to elbow at wooden tables, eating off tin trays.

"Looks like an old Jimmy Cagney movie, doesn't it?" said Nelson. It did. I asked if there was ever trouble at mealtimes. There was "tension" sometimes, Nelson said, but the guards could be reinforced in a matter of minutes if the prisoners got out of hand. "They sure can raise hell with those tin trays," said a guard who was listening to our conversation.

At one end of the dining hall, at separate tables, the transvestites were eating—"the girls," everybody in prison calls them. There were about a dozen of these sexual perverts, one white, the rest Negroes. They are kept in a separate row of cells to protect them from sex-starved inmates. At the end of the meal they got up and minced off together to their special cells, hideous in their lumpy prison clothes.

We walked along a row of maximum-security cells for hard-to-discipline prisoners—they are not let out to eat or exercise. One prisoner complained to Nelson that he had been locked up for 47 days, for fighting. "I done wrong," he said, "but that's too long." Another man was badly bruised. His cell mate, he said, "went mental" and beat him up. There was something embarrassing, even shaming, about peering in from the outside at these men cooped up like animals in their tiny cages.

Nelson led me on through ancient corridors to one of the dormitories where men charged with lesser crimes are kept. There are two dormitories, huge rooms so crammed with double-decker bunks there is hardly space to move. Our tour was on a Friday, and the dormitories were only half full. Men lay on their bunks, or languidly played cards on them, or just sat and stared. It was a cool day, but the room was stifling—it must be hellish in the full heat of a Washington summer—and there was a smell of stale bodies and stale vomit about the place.

Monday was the day the drunks came in, Nelson said, sometimes 500 or more at a time. "You should see it on a Monday," he said. "It looks like something out of the Middle Ages."

We went on to "death row"—there was no one waiting to die at the time—and Nelson showed me the electric chair. It was installed in 1925, and it has an oddly old-fashioned look, like a picture in an old rotogravure section. Nelson showed me the padded helmet and the leg strap through which the electricity flows. Since 1925 the chair has killed 50 men.

"To the outside world they're wild animals that have got to be killed," said Nelson. "But we feed them and keep them, and they get to be human beings to us. It's hard to pull that switch."

Our last stop was "the Hole"—a row of cells where major offenders against prison rules lie on mattresses on the floor, without light to read, eating reduced rations, sometimes for a month or more. The cells are 84 inches by 77. There were Negroes in five of them. I peered into one cell, and a handsome Negro with a beard peered back, with a hard grin on his face, and dark, defiant hatred in his eyes.

The jail is a fine breeding ground for hate—it is the best recruiting center in Washington for the Black Muslims. It is also a fine finishing school for young criminals.

A jail is not a luxury hotel, of course, and a lot of the inmates of the D.C. jail are certainly bad and dangerous people who deserve to be where they are. Moreover, Ray Nelson and the other officials struck me as reasonable men, trying to do their best with what they had.

And yet the jail seemed to me to explain in part why the invisible poor are so rapidly becoming the dangerous poor. Most of the people in the jail are there *because* they are poor. On an average, about 60 percent of the people in the jail have been convicted of no crime. They are waiting to be tried. If they were not poor, they would be out on bail. Some of them wait for a year or more.

To keep a man in jail month after month, when he has been convicted of no crime, is a monstrous injustice. It is an injustice of which responsible people are belatedly becoming aware, as suggested by the recent action of Congress to correct it, as far as the federal courts are concerned. But the invisibility of the poor has made this sort of injustice equally invisible to most of the non-poor.

When Ronald Goldfarb, a young Washington attorney, wrote an article for *The New Republic* on the subject, the Washington *Post* picked up his lead and published a series on the D.C. jail. Many prosperous Washingtonians (including this one) were innocently astonished that such things went on in the nation's capital.

Actually the D.C. jail is better than most, and the same sort of thing goes on in almost every big city. And thus, in a vicious circle, the invisibility of the poor promotes injustice, and injustice helps to turn the invisible poor into the dangerous poor.

Stewart Alsop

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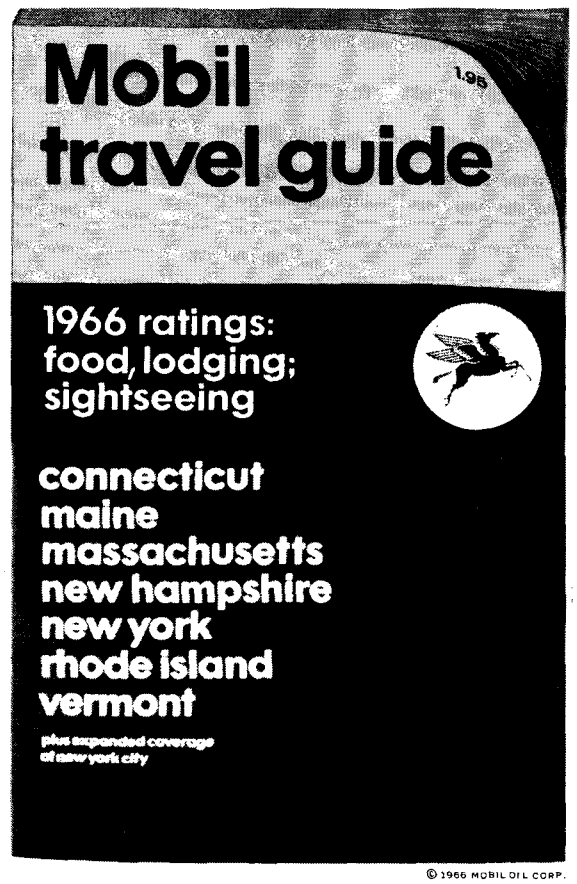

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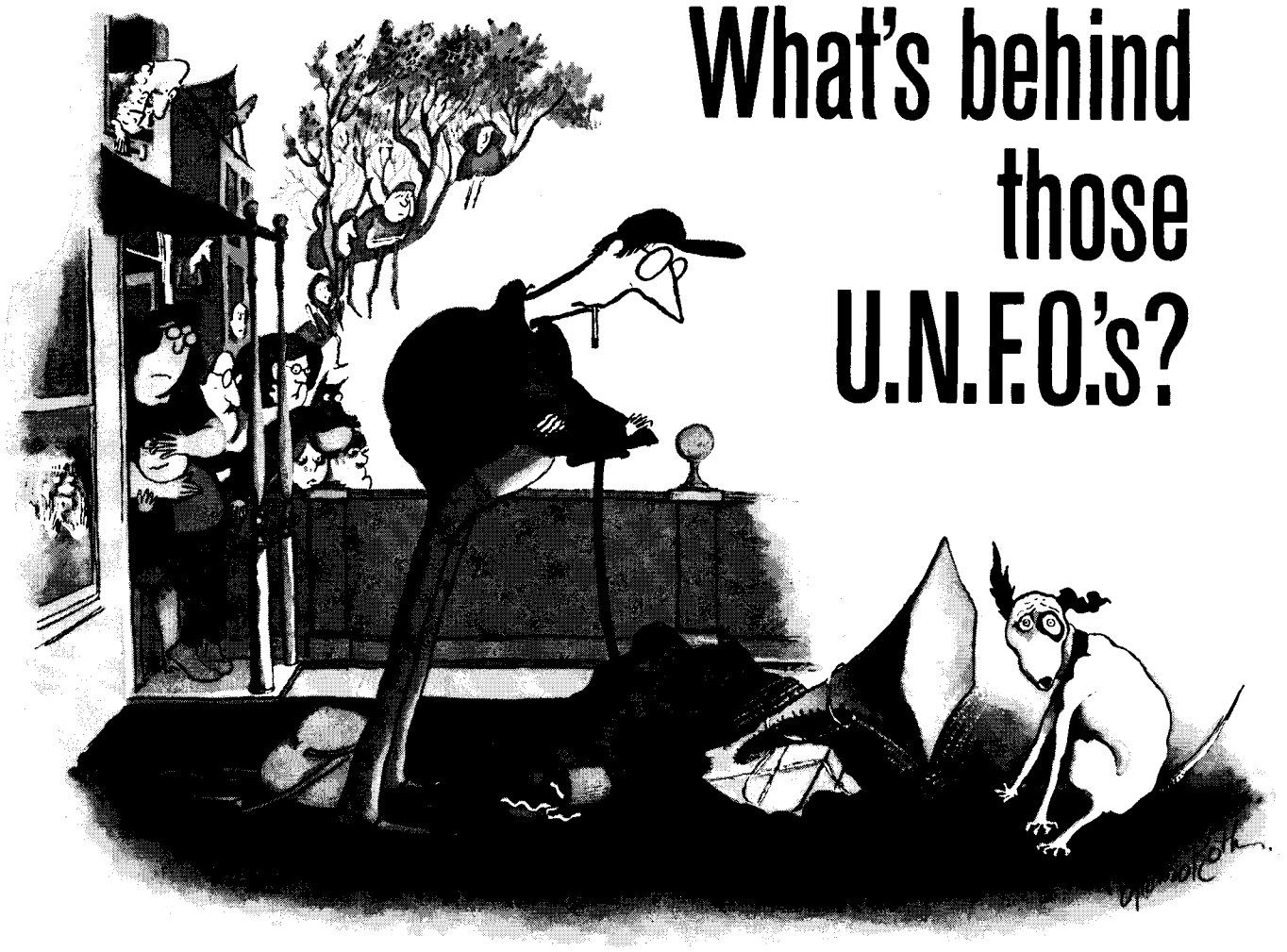
By Will Stanton

What's behind those U.N.F.O.'s?



It was an otherwise normal Monday morning in Elsie, Okla. Assistant bank manager Clay Trowbridge unlocked the vault of the Farmers' Trust to find inside a 4½-foot scarecrow made of some sort of crockery. With two tellers as witnesses, he relocked the vault and summoned the bank examiner—only to find, on reopening the vault, that the scarecrow had disappeared.

In Surfeit, Nebr., housewife Marian Causey discovered an unidentified saddle-shaped object while defrosting her freezer. She placed it in the garage to show to her husband when he got home from work, but it was accidentally picked up by the trash man. Mrs. Causey remembers it as being pale beige and sticky to the touch.

A week later fisherman Al Selznik was trolling for muskie in Lac Petite, Wis., when he hooked a similar—or possibly the same—object. Unfortunately, his boat overturned as he was heading for shore, and the object, which he describes as made of tan celluloid, was lost.

At a high-school track meet in Pugsley, Pa., 400 spectators and participants witnessed an object which appeared during the mile relay, circled the track once and disappeared behind the stands. It was variously described as a fire hydrant, a sundial and a churn. Star sprinter Specs Howard, who was within a few feet of it at one point, had no idea what caused it to move, but said it appeared to be made of putty.

From all sides come reports of Unidentified Non-Flying Objects. "With the advent of summer," says Emil Borglund of Duluth, president of the U.N.F.O. Society, "we expect an increase in sightings. But it's not just a seasonal thing. It can happen to anybody at any time. The society's goal is to inform the public and put pressure on the authorities. We feel the authorities have been remiss."

While some cases can be written off as hoaxes, mass hysteria and coincidence, Borglund said, there is a hard core of authenticated sightings for which there is no valid explanation.

Consider the case of Althea Campbell of Tucson, a retired schoolteacher. She found a U.N.F.O. while going through a desk she purchased at an auction. It looked something like a child's hat, she reported, appeared to be made of petrified wood and gave off a low humming sound. Miss Campbell promptly mailed it to the FBI.

Questioned, the FBI denied any knowledge of the object. A spokesman pointed out, however, that there was "no known reason" why a piece of petrified wood should not be shaped like a child's hat. He said an average of 12,000 persons each year reported low humming sounds and that FBI policy was to ignore them. (The Air Force stated that weather balloons have been known to emit a kind of humming which might be heard over a great distance in a dry climate like Arizona's.)

Equally puzzling is the case of Mrs. Carlton Mingus. While cleaning her summer home in Maine, she found under the bathtub—which was of the four-legged ball-and-claw design—an object she was unable to account for. She described it as "sort of like a soufflé, only green." She showed it to Mr. Mingus, who was also baffled. He took it into town and displayed it to Mr. L. V. Endicott, owner of a local department store. Endicott said he had never seen anything like it. On the way home Mr. Mingus stopped at the apartment of Mrs. Norma Hostetter for the purpose of examining her clothes dryer. Returning to his car an hour or so later, he discovered that the object, which he had left on the front seat, had disappeared.

A spokesman for the Quartermaster Corps said that from the description it might well have been an army M1 sponge that had been used to wipe up some green paint. The Air Force said the description tallied with that of an experimental buffering device which might have fallen from a weather balloon. Asked how it could have gotten under the tub, the public information officer suggested tramps.

The night following the sighting, Mrs. Mingus says she was awakened at 2 A.M. by a voice which she described as "definitely foreign" saying, "Foncie, play it one more time." She awakened Mr. Mingus, who listened for over half an hour but was unable to hear anything. This episode was repeated at irregular intervals for several months.

"I never used to believe all this stuff," Mrs. Mingus told reporters, "but I'm definitely a believer now." Mr. Mingus was not available for questioning, having gone to stay with cousins in Seattle.

Rumors that U.N.F.O. sightings are "unlucky" may be traceable to cases like that of Lou Welter, of Julienne, Md. Welter had just bought a used car and was taking his wife out for a shore dinner when he had a flat tire. He opened the trunk and found inside an object which Mrs. Welter referred to as an enormous flyswatter but which Welter said looked like a small Trampoline with a handle. "The wife said we should notify somebody," he recalled, "but I told her, hell, it's probably part of one of those balloons—if the Air Force wants it they can come and get it." When they reached the restaurant, they found the trunk lid had come unfastened and the object had presumably fallen out on the road. "I lost my jack, too," Welter said. "I really picked a lemon when I bought this car."

But U.N.F.O. Society president Borglund decries "superstition" in connection with U.N.F.O.'s. "The newspapers make out like we're a bunch of nuts," he complains. "But we've had sightings by preachers, scoutmasters, Daughters of the American Revolution—all sober, responsible people."

Borglund discovered his U.N.F.O. while digging for worms in his backyard. About a foot beneath the surface he uncovered a package wrapped in brown paper and tied with a heavy cord. "It was shaped like one of those old phonographs with the horn," he reported, "and it smelled like airplane glue." Borglund summoned neighbors to confirm the sighting. Later, he went inside for a knife to cut the cord, and when he got back, the object was gone. With remarkable presence of mind he got his camera and took a picture of the hole. Although the snapshot is rather hazy, the hole does have a resemblance to an old phonograph as it would appear from the inside looking out. (The Air Force has refused to comment.)

At the request of reporters, Borglund made up a list of Do's and Don't's for future observers.

1. Remain calm. There is no record of any U.N.F.O. having a harmful or dangerous effect.

2. Do not leave the object unattended or attempt to move it.

3. Always know location of the nearest camera; take photos if possible.

4. Immediately notify the local chapter of the U.N.F.O. Society, whose trained personnel will take charge.

5. Avoid the use of stimulants.

6. Remember that a study of U.N.F.O.'s may help unlock the mysteries of the universe. They are just as much a part of our American heritage as freedom, basketball, and Arbor Day. They are a responsibility and a trust. They are everybody's job. □

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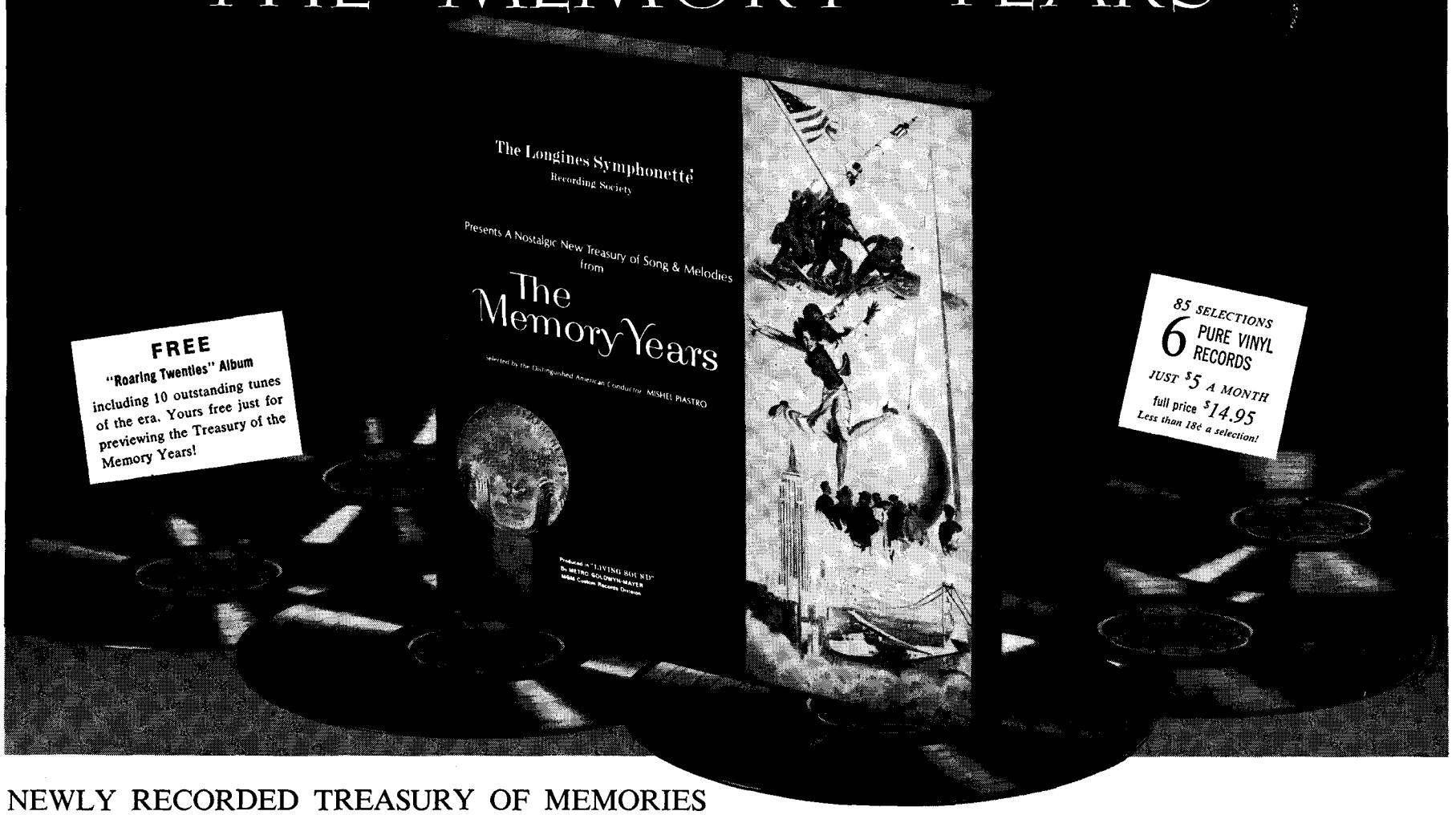
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The Saturday Evening POST

KIDNAPPED!

By Peggy Ann Bradnick with John Bird

On Wednesday, May 11, a strange recluse known as the Mountain Man seized a 17-year-old high-school girl and forced her to follow him into the heavily wooded mountains of southern Pennsylvania. In the giant manhunt that followed, an FBI man was killed and a deputy sheriff wounded. The final trackdown involved helicopters, armored vehicles and over 1,000 men, and captured the attention of the world. Only one person knows what happened during that terror-filled week—the kidnapped girl herself, Peggy Ann Bradnick. Here, for the first time, is her story.

If I live to be 100 years old, I'll never forget how it all happened. It was a pleasant spring day, I remember, a Wednesday afternoon, when that strange man came out of the woods and onto the winding gravel road that leads to our house. That scene is still fixed in my mind like a color photograph, but the earlier part of the day is a bit hazy. I know that it had been an ordinary day at high school, except that we were beginning to worry about final exams. I left school with my brother Jim, who is 16, a year younger than I. He rode with me on the high-school bus to Shade Gap, a little village on Limestone Ridge, where we transferred to a local bus which also picks up the grade-school kids, including our younger brothers and sisters: Mary Louise, 11; the twins, Debbie and Donnie, 9; and Carol Jean, 8. This bus goes down a winding back-country blacktop road for about a mile and three-quarters before it stops at our lane.

It probably was about ten minutes to four when the six of us got off the bus at our corner. Because it was such a warm, balmy afternoon, we sort of ambled along and the younger kids weren't running ahead as they usually do. The oak trees on the ridges were just leafing out, and here and there the dogwoods were blooming. I was carrying my chemistry book and a tablet and a black sweater that was too hot to wear. I was dressed in a bright red corduroy jumper with a white, long-sleeved blouse under it.

We had walked just a little way down the lane when we noticed a man with a gun coming out of the thickets on the left side of the road. I said to Jim, "That looks like somebody hunting groundhogs." People carrying guns aren't any curiosity around our neighborhood.

Then I noticed that he was wearing what seemed, at first, to be a mask, but actually were these deep, one-piece green-tinted goggles that motorcyclists wear. And he was pointing the gun, a shotgun, right at us. We couldn't run; he was between us and our house and there was no place to go. So we just froze. We know what guns like that will do. He walked up to us and stood there, holding his gun on us like you see the bandits do in those wild-West movies.

"Which one of you little sons of bitches is going to give me any trouble?" he said.

I said, "Oh, none of us will," and I think Jim said, "We won't give you any trouble."

The man was glaring at me through those goggles. "No, you won't give me no

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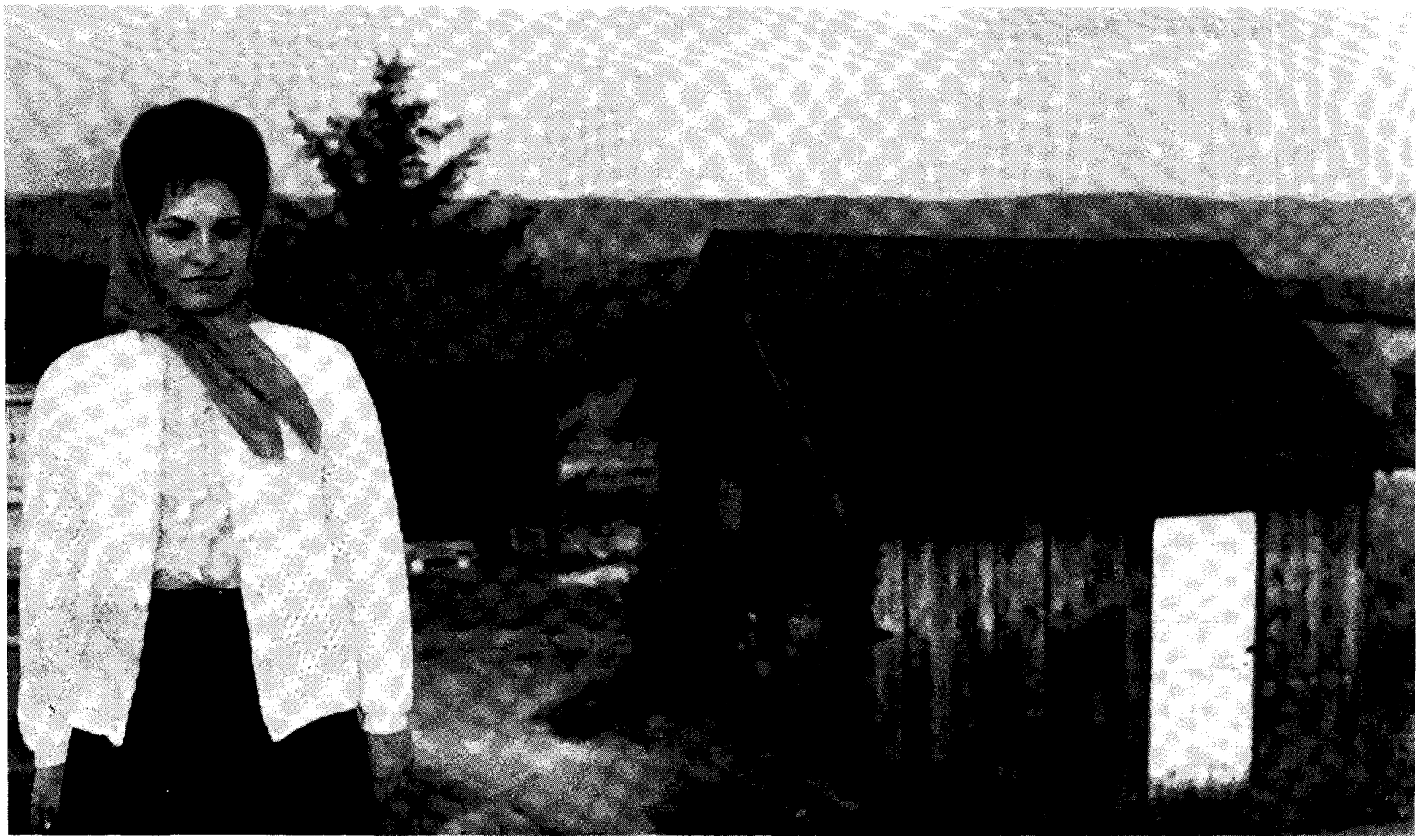

Peggy Ann Bradnick was taken to the Mountain Man's cabins and chained outside while he inspected them; when he discovered they had been broken into, he knew FBI was onto him.

trouble—especially *you*." And faster than I could think he grabbed hold of my arm and started dragging me along. I tried to push away from him, but couldn't get loose. My book, sweater and notebook scattered along the roadside. The man pulled me toward the right side of the road, the low side, and shouted back at my brother, "If she comes with me I won't hurt her." The next thing I knew we were deep in the brush and he was pulling me along like a wild man.

The man moved through the brush like an Indian. He seemed to know just where he was going. I was dragged along, trying to duck under the branches that whipped across my face. I couldn't do anything to avoid the briers and snags that tore at my legs. My impulse was to scream, but I fought it down. I was afraid that if I yelled he might use that shotgun on me. Within five minutes or so we had crossed a little stream and climbed to Hunting Ridge, which runs behind our house. And there I could hear my father's voice, frantically calling, "Peggy! Peggy!"

Later I learned that Jim had run to the house where my dad was frying chicken for the evening meal. (My dad has been out of work as a result of a back injury, and my mother was in Shade Gap doing housework for a friend.) "A man got Peggy!" Jim gasped as he burst in. "Down the lane!"

Dad grabbed his shotgun off of the kitchen wall and ran back to the spot in the road where my book and sweater were lying in the dust. That's when he started calling for me as he tried to follow our tracks. Dad is a good tracker and woodsman; during World War II he was a scout in the 1st Infantry, and he landed on Omaha Beach in the invasion of France. But he couldn't find our trail beyond the little stream, and he decided he had better call the State Police so they could bring in dogs before the trail was cold. Probably it was lucky for both me and Dad that he didn't find our tracks, because it turned out that the shotgun he grabbed wasn't loaded. There's no doubt in my mind, knowing what I do now, that if Dad had come on us the Mountain Man would have shot him down—and me too, most likely.

As it was, we could plainly hear Dad calling me. I wanted to answer—I could hardly help answering. But at the first "Peggy!" the Mountain Man instantly turned to me and snarled, "*Peggy, if you answer him, I'll kill you right here,*" and he pointed his shotgun right at me, his finger on the trigger.

I kept my mouth shut and we plunged along. He would go uphill for a little bit, then angle along the slope. At one point we came to a marshy little stream in a hollow and we waded up it for some distance. "I know they'll get police dogs out after us," he told me, the first time he had spoken to me except to give orders. "They aren't apt to follow us through water." I realized then that he wasn't a moron, that he knew what he was doing.

Down below I could hear my father calling. 'If you answer him,' the Mountain Man said, 'I'll kill you right here.'

In about 20 minutes we reached the top of the first big ridge east of my home, and he slowed down and explained, matter-of-factly, that he had planned for a long time to grab me, and now he had me, and he intended to keep me for the rest of my life and I might as well get used to the idea. "I've been watching you for three months," he said. "I've been coming over the mountain in the wintertime watching them take you to the school bus in a car. So I waited until springtime, when you would be walking. I came yesterday afternoon but you didn't show up. (I was ill and stayed home that day.) Today I was supposed to go up to a farm above your place and feed some horses, but I decided a woman was more important to me than any horses, so I waited for you instead."

That is when I knew for sure that I was dealing with a crazy man. A chill went through me when I realized he really thought that he could just go out and capture a girl, just like a stray cat, and keep her at his beck and call, regardless of her feelings or her family or the police. Worst of all, he seemed to think I should be flattered by all the careful plans and preparations he had made to kidnap me. The whole thing was creepy and unreal. I resolved then and there not to cross him and not to show any anger, no matter what he did, because I was sure that this would make him turn violent.

We walked on for a few minutes until we came to a little open place among the trees and he stopped and took off his goggles. He began to look

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a bit familiar, but I certainly couldn't place him. He was of medium height and was sort of hunched over, as though he was walking uphill. He was wearing a dirty blue jacket and trousers about the same color, and he had a reddish-brown cap pulled down over his hair. His boots were a greenish kind of rubber and had no laces in them. His complexion was weather-beaten, but it appeared that he had shaved that morning—in honor of the woman he planned to capture, I suppose. When he opened his mouth, I could see that some of his teeth were missing, and those that were left were dirty brown snags; he probably hadn't used a toothbrush for years. His cheeks seemed puffed out, and when he talked he seemed slightly tongue-tied, as though he had something in his mouth.

Then, as we stood there, he poked a finger inside his mouth and pulled out a strange contrivance. It consisted of a curved wire and two pieces of wood, one at each end, carved to make thin, rounded disks. When it was in place the disks filled out his cheeks. He saw me staring, goggle-eyed, and he explained that he made this cheek-filler to change his appearance, that he tried it out before he came over to get me. "I looked at myself in the mirror and it made me look a lot younger," he said. "So I decided to wear it."

I was so astonished that I just blurted out, "I think I know who you are."

He looked sharply at me. "If you think you do, you probably do," he said. "Who am I?"

"You're the Bicycle Man."

For several years there had been this man who rode a bicycle around the mountain roads in the area around Shade Gap and Burnt Cabins. He was around 45, but looked older. He was likely to be on the roads, day or night, always all hunched up over the handlebars and staring straight down at the road. He never looked up, never spoke to anyone. Everyone called him either the Bicycle Man or Bicycle Pete; we didn't know his real name. But we were afraid of him.

"Yes," he said. "You know me—and that's another good reason I'll never let you go."

The Bicycle Man had a habit of looking away when he talked to you, and never seeming to listen when you tried to talk to him. Even now I can't say that I ever saw his eyes straight on; I haven't the slightest idea of their color. During this conversation he was carefully storing his cheek-filler and his goggles in a sort of haversack he was carrying over his shoulder, a homemade affair put together of green nylon or cotton cloth, with a zipper across the top. He used it to carry his shotgun shells, a can opener, a small transistor radio, and even two spoons which we were to use to eat from the cans of food he had hidden at various places around the mountains. In his crazy way, he had thought of everything. Now he dropped the haversack to the ground and started taking off his jacket and peeling off his pants, switching the shotgun from one hand to another as necessary. I was relieved to see that underneath these clothes he had another jacket and another pair of pants. He threw the discarded clothes at me, saying, "Here, put these on. That red dress sticks out like a sore thumb." I put them on—dirty old clothes—right over my blouse and dress.

Then he motioned for me to start walking, and we headed east toward the towering, long Tuscarora Ridge to a high point that some folks call Neelyton Mountain. On a map it's about three miles from where we started, as the crow flies, but at the time I was completely lost, and the Bicycle Man never told me where we were going, except toward the very last. Now, as we trotted through the woods like a couple of Indians, he introduced himself, rather formally, "My name is William Hollenbaugh. But you call me Bill." I certainly didn't say "Glad to meet you" or anything like that; I kept my mouth shut. But after that, when I had to speak to him, I called him Bill.

For hours we kept climbing and moving along ridges until I thought my lungs would burst and my legs would simply stop working. The sun went down and it started to get dark. Finally, around nine o'clock, we stopped to rest on the top of the mountain, and Bill began talking to me. He went over the whole business again about how carefully he had watched me all these months and planned to get me, and then he added, "Peggy, you know I taken you because I love you."

With a sinking feeling, I thought, *Here it comes.* One thing for sure, I wasn't interested in the kind of love he probably had in mind. In fact, I haven't had any experience even with innocent high-school crushes, because my parents are quite strict and asked me not to have dates with boys until I graduate. I like boys and dancing and the fun things teen-agers do, but as yet I haven't had a boyfriend. And here was this creepy character telling me that he loved me!

I thought that perhaps I could shame him. "Is this the way you show that you love someone?"

Before this he hadn't even bothered to answer when I asked him anything, but now he said, "This is the way I have to."

"I've never heard of anyone showing their love by just going out and grabbing a woman," I said.

"But you don't know what I'm after," he said to me. "I want sex. I never had a woman love me that way."

Then I was really scared. I blurted out that I wasn't interested in that kind of love—and he grabbed me and slapped me as hard as he could, right across the face, three times. While he was slapping, he was yelling, "You're damned well gonna get interested in it. You're gonna spend the rest of your life with me and you have to face up to it someday."

How I kept from screaming and crying I'll never know, but while part of my mind was terrified, another part kept calm, warning me that any cries or screams would make him turn completely violent. He was right on the edge of madness, and I knew he might beat me to death then and there. I just took the blows and the curses and didn't fight back or even say anything. I'm sure this was the best thing to do, because in a moment he calmed down. He sat there for a while, sort of growling and mumbling, and then he began talking again, as though he was explaining something to a child, about the way he had it all figured out. He didn't want to make me pregnant, he said, because we would have to live in the woods and I couldn't go to a hospital to have a baby, or wouldn't be able to get a doctor, and would probably die. He said that he could control himself and wouldn't rape me because then, the way he figured it, he would lose me. "You have nothing to worry about," he said. "All you have to do is to show me that you really love me, without actual relations. All I want is the sensation of touching a woman. I never did that."

Then he pawed over me like somebody out of their mind, and that seemed to be all he wanted. Certainly I couldn't have stopped him if he had intended to go farther. I can't claim to understand a twisted mind such as his, but he was a withdrawn, lonely misfit who never had any friends except his dogs. Although he talked a lot about sex, I don't believe he was as much interested in it as he was in proving to himself that he could get a woman he could call his own.

Around ten o'clock we began to see spotlights from cars poking their beams into the woods. They were down on the road at the foot of the mountain and were the first sign that search parties were out looking for me. I had a big surge of hope. I figured that the search parties would put a line of men around the mountain, and if Bill saw he was surrounded, he would surrender.

But he had other ideas. When he saw the lights he cursed them and said we had to get out of there and we'd go where they never would find us. It was dark, but he knew exactly the way to go down Tuscarora Ridge toward the Pennsylvania Turnpike east of Burnt Cabins. We came down out of

Kidnapper William Hollenbaugh was former mental patient. He lived, with three dogs, in these cabins near Shade Gap.

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'I guess you know by now that I'm the one who shot at all those people,' he told me.

State policeman uses bullhorn to gather searchers; kidnapper kept track of them by listening on his radio.

Map of area was used to coordinate search parties.

KIDNAPPED!

the hills within sight of the turnpike not far from the Tuscarora tunnel. I could see the lights of the cars and hear them rushing along, and it seemed strange to me that those people were riding along up there, listening to music on their car radios, or perhaps news about Peggy Ann Bradnick being kidnapped, and here I was within a stone's throw and nobody knew it.

Then Bill took me right to the base of the turnpike and along to a culvert that goes under it. There was water and mud ankle deep and we waded through it and came out on the south side of the turnpike—completely out of the area the police and the search parties were surrounding. I'm not positive, but I think Bill was listening to his transistor radio through an earplug. I didn't see it until several days later—after he shot the FBI agent—but it's possible that he had it in a pocket. He walked along with his collar turned up and his cap pulled down, so I didn't notice any wire, but he always seemed to know where the police were and where they weren't.

After going under the turnpike we climbed some ridges. I was dead tired and my loafers were wearing through and my feet were beginning to blister, but Bill kept on the move, always listening for sounds of pursuit. He refused to stop for any sleep, I guess because he was afraid that I might slip away from him. At that time he didn't have the chain.

As it turned out, we didn't get any sleep until early afternoon the next day, Thursday, May 12, and had nothing to eat until late Thursday night. By that time I had walked, climbed and run farther than I would have thought possible, with or without food and water—but I was so frightened most of the time that I didn't notice. Even when I got a chance to sleep, all I could do was doze for a minute, and then I would pop wide awake.

Although nobody was searching for us on the south side of the turnpike, Bill got to worrying about the three dogs he had left locked up in his shack on Highway 522, about halfway between Burnt Cabins and Shade Gap. Even though this was in the center of the area of search, an area about eight miles long and three or four miles wide, he started working his way back. I don't recall how or when we came back under the turnpike, but about two o'clock in the afternoon we were angling along a ridge on the Burnt Cabins side when a helicopter flew over, real close, and Bill went into a panic. He pushed me into a clump of buck laurel, which has heavy overhanging leaves. "If they eyeball us out," he said, "it will mean death for somebody."

He made me lie down and covered me with leaves, and he scrooched back under the brush. We stayed hidden most of the day, jumping from one hiding place to another. But at least I got some rest. And while we were hiding out, he began talking about himself.

He said he had come to this area about four years ago after he got out of prison—he was in the insane asylum part of the time, but he said prison—and he couldn't get work, so he was on public assistance. He rented this two-room cabin and lived there with three dogs. He said, "Nobody in this world ever cared for me," and I asked, "What about your relatives? You must have some." He said he had a brother and a sister who lived up around Mifflintown, about 40 miles north, "but none of them will have anything to do with me, either."

He talked a lot, too, about the grudges he had against people and how he planned to get even. One of his pet hates was the prosecuting attorney at his trial more than 20 years before when he was sent to prison for burglary. He also was mad at the public-assistance officials in Huntingdon County, claiming that they kept "bugging" him to get a job and he had got mad and told them just to close his case. He said, quite seriously, that this was the reason we couldn't live in his cabin, that he would have no income to pay the rent or buy food, so we would just have to live in the woods.

When the sun went down and he stopped worrying about the helicopters, we came down the ridge, sneaked across a couple of roads and into the Limestone Ridge country behind Bill's shack. It was about three or four miles from where we started. Even though it was dark, he moved through the timber and along the little streams almost as fast as he traveled in the daytime.

Finally, about 10 o'clock, we came to a trash dump in a hollow back of his place. His shack stands out in an open field right above the highway, and I wondered if he was walking right into a police trap, because surely they must have figured out by then that he was the man who took me. But I underestimated his cunning. He made me creep up to this dump with him, and he rooted around in there in some big cans and came out with a piece of heavy chain about five feet long. It was the kind of chain lumber workers use to haul logs around. He wrapped one end around my neck and fastened it with a padlock, and the other end he locked around the trunk of a pine tree. After he got it all in place he lifted the loop around my neck to make sure that I couldn't slip it over my head. Then he said, "Do you think you can get away?" and I said, "I don't see how I could." He said, "OK, just keep your big mouth shut," and took off in the darkness across the field.

Chained there in the dark woods, I prayed that some of the searchers would catch him or would find me before he came back. But in about 10 or 15 minutes I heard a rustle of leaves and some soft steps, and there he was. "There's a hell of a lot of cars running around over there for some reason," he said. "It was a bad idea to leave you back here. If a search party found you, they probably would tell you to keep your mouth shut so they could shoot me when I came back." Then he unchained me, put the chain and the locks in that

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'But I never intended to hurt nobody. I just wanted a woman.' Then he told me everything.

As manhunt grew, armored personnel carriers were called in from nearby units of 104th Armored Cavalry.

FBI agent Anderson was killed with one shot.

carryall haversack, and we started back to a ridge near the turnpike.

When we got to the top of the ridge, there was a big rock pile, and he started climbing around in these rocks. I was completely worn out and I couldn't take any more. "Where are we going?" I asked. "When are we going to stop?"

"I'm taking you to get something to eat," he said, as though he was proud of himself. "Don't you think it's about time we ate?"

After climbing around awhile he stopped and said, "Do you see anything unusual about this?" pointing to part of the rock pile. I told him it looked just like rocks to me. Then he moved some twigs and lifted up a door which had rocks cemented to it, and there in the side of the hill was a small cave, just about big enough for one person to get into. Apparently he had dug and chiseled it out, and then carried cement up there and fastened those rocks to the door so that it looked like part of the hillside.

Standing there, we could see the cars on the turnpike below us and the big floodlights where the engineers are excavating to build a second tunnel through the mountain. I couldn't see what was in the cave, except something that looked like an old lantern and some canned goods. Bill took out a couple of cans, took a can opener out of his green haversack and opened them. "You eat half and I'll eat half," he said. The first one was a can of some kind of fruit-juice mixture and the other was a can of baked beans—not my favorite food, but I was so hungry that anything tasted good.

Afterward he chained me in the buck laurel back of the cave and told me to go to sleep. He didn't try to molest me in any way; in fact, he made no advances of any kind for the next four days. We spent the next day, Friday, roaming in the woods on that ridge near the cave, keeping out of sight of the helicopters. Occasionally we could hear dogs barking as though they were on the trail.

The days sort of blurred together, and I began to wonder if the police or the search parties *ever* would find us. I know that we ate again on Friday on a different ridge, where Bill had a rusty old can of corn hidden in a lard can in a brush pile. Saturday doesn't stand out for any reason; we just kept moving around. But Sunday was a big day for a couple of reasons. First, Bill was still stewing about his dogs being locked up in his house without any food, so we worked our way across the valley to the northwest, crossing several highways, including Route 522, to the flanks of Gobbler's Knob, the biggest peak in our area. This put us fairly close to Bill's shack. Then we spent from 10 o'clock in the morning until 6 at night watching a big house on a country road down in a little valley. He intended to rob the house to get some more food, and he watched it all day through binoculars he had picked up from one of his hidey-holes. He studied that place for hours, just like a buzzard, wanting to be sure that nobody was coming there to stay.

By this time I was getting even more afraid of Bill, if possible, because he had told me that he was the sniper who had terrorized the whole countryside around Shade Gap for two years. "I guess you know by now that I'm the one who shot at all those people," he told me. "But I never intended to hurt nobody. I just wanted a woman."

I acted as though I didn't believe him—and for a while I did think he was just talking big. I said, "Why, you told me you never did anything like this before."

"Yes," he said. "I done all them cases." And he proceeded to tell me all the details. In each case it seemed like he shot at the people when they tried to get away or when something surprised him. To hear him tell it, he felt he *had* to shoot at times like that. For example, he thought that Mrs. Ned Price—who lives not far from us—was all alone when he went down there to get her on Good Friday a year ago. He said he had been watching her for some time and knew that Mr. Price worked late at night. But on this particular evening Mr. Price was home, and just as Bill sneaked up on the house, Mr. Price came out in the backyard with an electric lantern to pick up some fishing worms. He heard a noise and flashed the lantern in Bill's direction, and Bill shot him in the leg with a high-powered rifle. It smashed the bone so badly that the leg had to be amputated. "That light was a real shock to me," Bill said. "I thought he recognized me, so I had to shoot him."

In another case, Mrs. Christine Devinney, he knew she was alone and he broke in the kitchen door. But she heard the noise and came into the kitchen with a rifle. Bill shot the rifle out of her hand, smashing a couple of her fingers. He was wearing a mask and knew she hadn't recognized him, so he helped her put a tourniquet on her hand before he left.

Now, on Sunday evening, after watching that empty house most of the day, Bill started for his cabin. By this time it was known all over the country that he had been missing for at least five days, that he had been in prison for burglary and in Pennsylvania's Farview State Hospital for the criminally insane, and my young brother, Donnie, had identified him from a police photograph as the man who had kidnapped me. More than 600 armed men were tramping through the country from Burnt Cabins to Shade Gap. Supposedly the police were watching Bill's cabin 24 hours a day.

Yet somehow we managed to hike down from Gobbler's Knob to the woods back of the Hollenbaugh shack. Bill found some dog food he had hidden among the trees, and he chained me there and started creeping up on the shack. It was just dusk. Pretty soon he came back and the dogs were with him—a white one about the size of a collie, a little brown-and-white one named Laddie—his favorite—and a small brown dog. Bill was disgusted with everything. He had walked right in the back door of his house and found the lock broken, so he figured the police probably knew that he was the kidnapper. (*Continued on page 78*)

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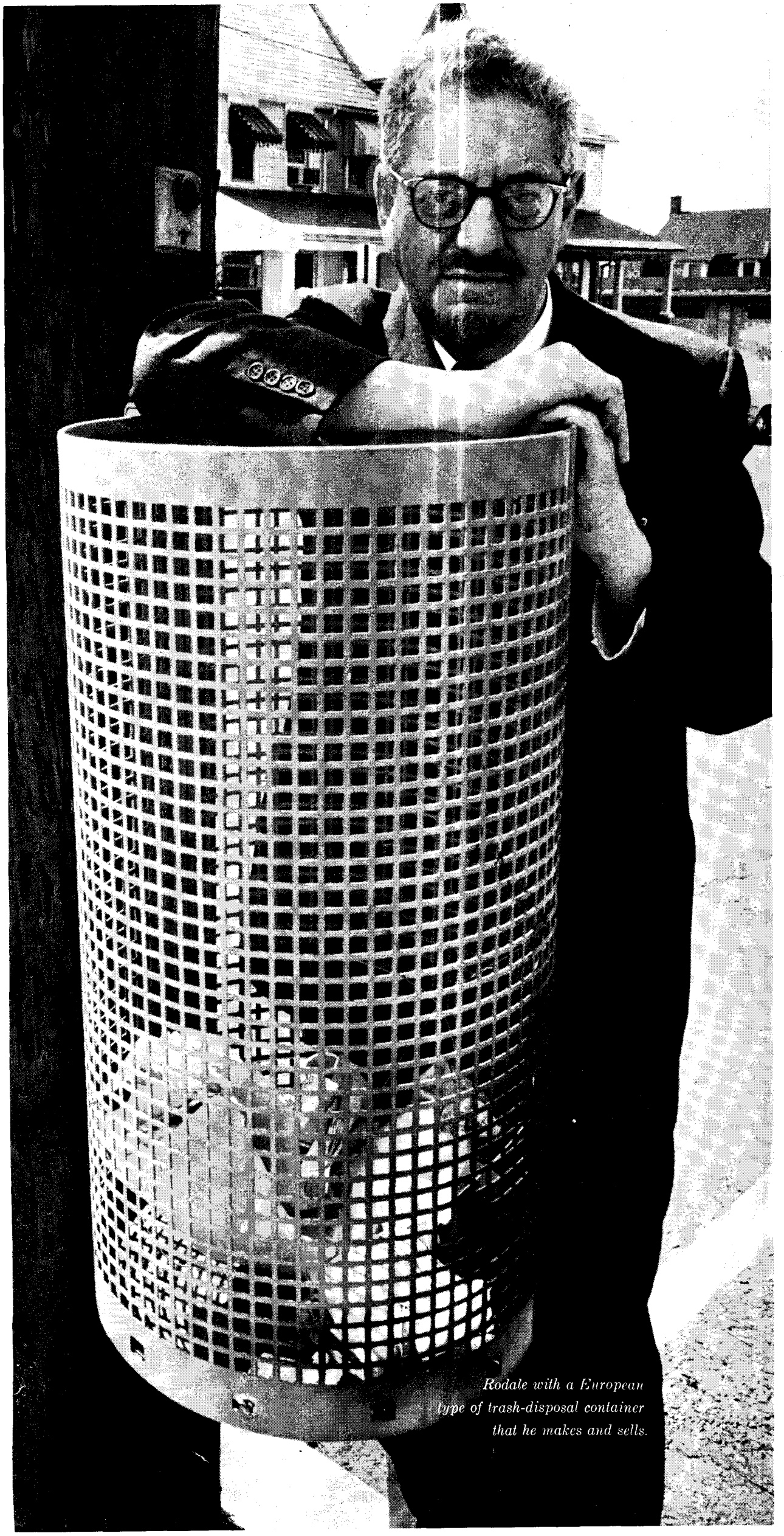

Rodale with a European type of trash-disposal container that he makes and sells.

With starry eyes and a nose for profit,

Apostle of the compost heap

By ELEANOR PERÉNYI

A friend, a writer who gardens or a gardener who writes, got into a New York taxi. "So you know who I just dropped off?" said the driver, celebrity-conscious as our hackies always are. Mickey Mantle? Zero Mostel? "Mr. J. I. Rodale, *if* you know who I mean. . . ." And the point is that she did. J(erome) I(rving) Rodale, of whom millions of Americans have never heard, is a cult figure to an astonishingly large audience—who call him, respectfully, Mr. Rodale—a prophet whose concern is with the assault of progress on the physical and mental health of men.

This has involved him in a staggering number of activities, with bewildering crosscurrents of response. To the more than 725,000 subscribers to his magazines, *Prevention* and *Organic Gardening and Farming*, as well as uncounted others who have been converted by the related books (*The Health Finder, Complete Book of Composting, How to Eat for a Healthy Heart*), brochures and newsletters (*Health Bulletin, Compost Science*) that pour like an undammed river from his Rodale Press, he is the Don Quixote of the compost heap, tilting his lance against the dangers and curses of the technological world. His list includes chemical fertilizers, pesticides, additives, fluoridation, food processing, smog (and tobacco smoke), sugar refining as well as an array of more personal obsessions that include plastic and aluminum in the kitchen, wheat flour and aspirin.

Government agencies take an equally dark view of him. The Federal Trade Commission has proceeded against his press for "false and deceptive" advertising of his book *The Health Finder*, while the Food and Drug Administration and the A.M.A., who have included displays of his books at "anti-quackery conventions," have called him a "merchant of menace"—an epithet he would return with interest. Finally, there are the New

Photographs by Hans Namuth

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. I. Rodale writes plays, sells electrical supplies and designs gadgets, but his passion is the art of growing food.

York theater critics, to whom his morality plays about health, written and produced by himself, are a kind of tormenting joke.

He has some curious resemblances to Barry Goldwater. He is of Polish-Jewish extraction; he involves his followers in a primitivism that crosses the contemporary American grain. But Rodale is far from the radical Right. He is against big business and its corroding effect on government, not the other way around. He is anti-commercial—his magazines are among the few in the country to refuse advertising that does not conform to editorial belief. His heroes are not God-fearing American pioneers but the Hunzas of the Himalayas ("world's healthiest people") and Egyptian laborers ("lowest cancer rate"). He is a successful businessman—a manufacturer of electrical-wiring devices—but the workings of his mind are a long way from the Rotary Club.

Rodale's magazines are so crankily personal that subscribers feel they know him well, a feeling played up by a *Farmer's Almanac* tone and format. A photograph of him adorns the lead page of *Prevention* every month. Bespectacled and wearing a clipped Freudian beard, it is an odd face to find in these homespun surroundings. Like Freud, too, he is often his own case history, sharing his symptoms and mishaps with readers, who respond by telling all about *them*selves, often ending with such fervencies as "Thank you for being your brother's keeper," or just "God bless you, Mr. Rodale."

Even the photograph does not quite prepare one for the man himself. Short, genial, graying, with a nattiness to his dress, Rodale has none of the healer's dubious glamour. He has been happily married for 39 years, has a son and two daughters, eight grandchildren. It is easy to guess that he is an indulgent boss, a soft touch. He talks as openly as he writes. What startles is that the spoken words so often turn out to be identical with the written ones, as if it had all been rehearsed. Under the niceness, something sad is visible, the man who has had to reach his conclusions by himself, without the correction of more critical minds. He exists in the disabling isolation of the self-educated.

This isolation is partly geographic. Though obviously a big-city man, Rodale has lived for years in rural Pennsylvania. His farm, his factory, his press, and the homes of his sons and daughters are all within easy bicycling distance of Emmaus—a middle-sized town like a thousand others, with a decaying heart of good old houses, junky new ones on its fringes, heartening glimpses of a still-unspoiled countryside. The Rodale Manufacturing Company is on one of the drearier side streets, the kind of three-story brick factory where the lights burn all day and nobody bothers to install an elevator. Whole families work here, neighborhood people who nod in a friendly way to the boss over the bashing of machines that spit out tiny brass parts. A labor leader would find it all too patriarchal. There has not been a strike for 20 years. "We keep paying them more," says Rodale. "But our volume goes up. I've stopped worrying."

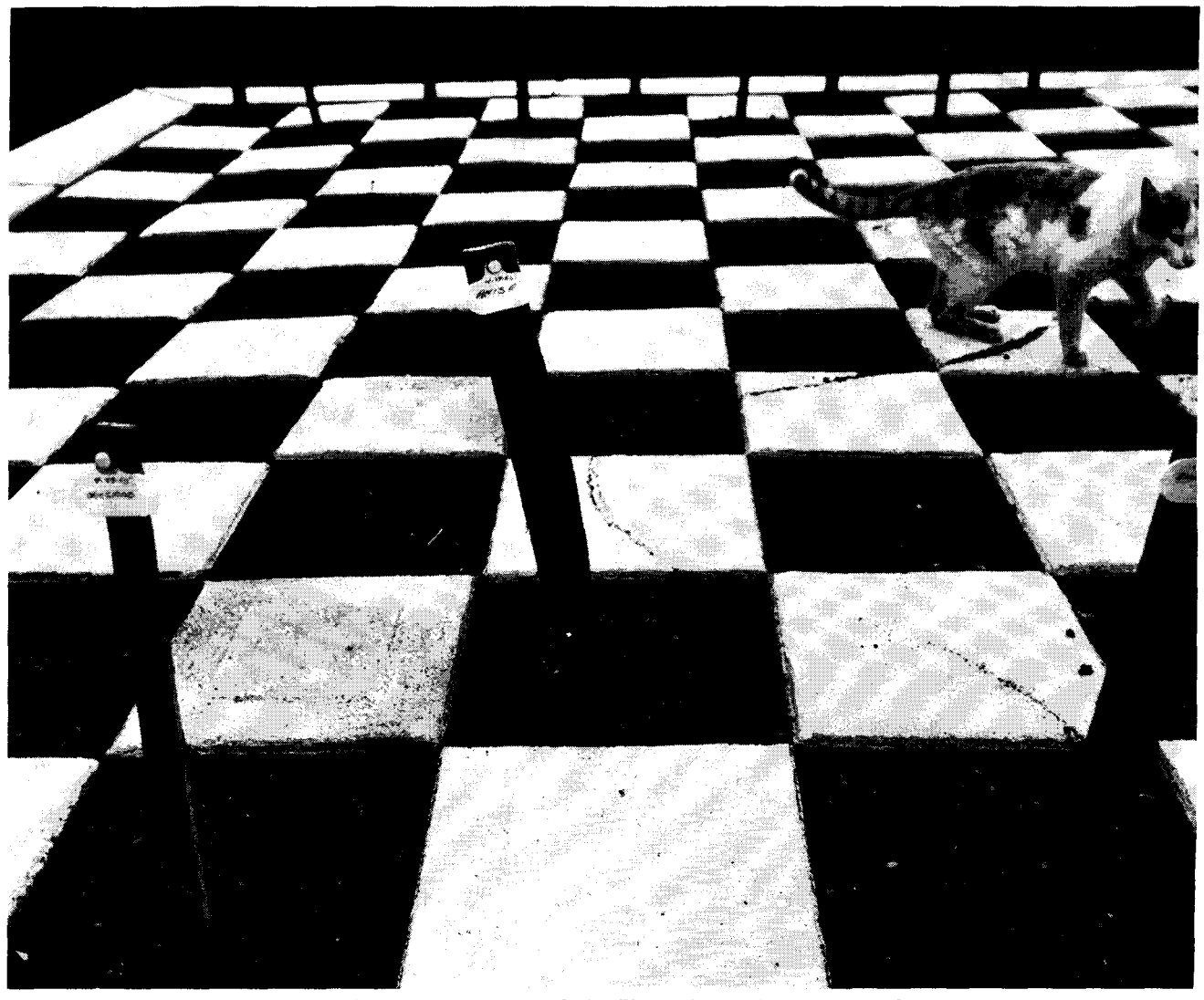
On the factory's ground floor is a room still marked ORGANIC GARDENING. the original home of the first magazine. Today it could not house a fraction of the activities of the Rodale Press, which has long since moved to handsome quarters of its own on the edge of town. Except for a pretty view of encroaching hills, this new building disappoints visitors, who look for a little (organic) dust. "They want roll-top desks, something quaint," says Rodale wistfully. In fact, this efficient plant is no longer under his immediate direction; his son Robert handles the publishing; a son-in-law manages the electrical business. Rodale keeps an eye on both, writing copiously for *Prevention* and bringing in new ideas for electrical devices every time he comes back from a trip—he once toured Europe in search of a silent light switch.

As Rodale's ideas proliferate, so do his offices and places of residence. He has offices at his factory, at the Press, and in New York, where he also owns an apartment, characteristically *two* apartments thrown together. But his real home is the Organic Experimental Farm, a few miles outside of Emmaus. The most ardent disciple could not be disappointed here. More than 50 acres of land, it is a place where it would not surprise you if the animals began to speak. The barn, of old Pennsylvania Dutch construction, is as beautiful as a frigate, and without a metal nail. The chicken houses, where the organically fed birds flop happily over pits of rotted manure and topsoil, have, miraculously, no smell. There is a troop of black Persian sheep like so many karakul coats, and four or five Hereford and Angus cows. These last are not for milk—mother's milk is the only kind approved by Rodale, who is against dairy products—but for meat. Shrugging off the suggestion that there is something horrid about eating cow, he explains why he will not eat steer meat (or, for that matter, capons). Castration, he thinks, by altering the hormonic structure of animals, may make their meat harmful in the human diet.

The unsacred cows and the smell-less chickens are only the beginning of the curiosities. There is an enormous greenhouse, a vegetable plot, a little orchard, and in each a special Rodale touch. In the greenhouse, many mysterious cans are set among the cabbages, and up in the orchard the trunks and boughs of the trees are twined with copper wires. "Just an idea," says Rodale, "to see if they will attract static electricity." *What?* Well, if you read *Organic Gardening and Farming*, you understand. The November, 1964, issue carried a piece about the effect of atmospheric electricity on beans (those grown under wire netting weighed 20 percent more than their unwired brothers), and most issues since have carried testimonials on the effect of metal placed near plants. Stones, too, are thought beneficial by Rodale, both for the minerals leached from them and as mulch, and the vegetable plot is accordingly set with them as if it were a rock garden.

Beyond the beans are the Sir Albert Howard plots, 16 large concrete cylinders buried in the ground. Named for the founder of the organic movement, they suggest some lost form of worship but are, in fact, the site of experiments with wheat, oats and other crops, some fertilized organically, some with chemicals. The resulting vitamin and mineral content is measured by an independent biochemical laboratory. Our side usually wins.

To the untutored eye, the farm might be any well-pruned estate. But initiates notice that even ornamental plantings have organic overtones. The pods of the honey locust trees are full of nutrients; the ruddy fruits of a rosa rugosa hedge contain more Vitamin C than oranges. And the farm's real



Rodale's herb garden consists of plants alternated with concrete blocks. The checkerboard pattern is purely ornamental.

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His Word-Finder has sold over 200,000 copies, yet many of the words do not exist elsewhere.

Because he believes that copper wiring might attract atmospheric electricity, Rodale sets his vegetable garden with wire netting as well as with heat-retaining stones.

raison d'être is never far from view. In the fields are the compost heaps, before which believers stand in respectful silence. Enormous and symmetrical, as one's own never are, they exude a fragrance, a scented decay found nowhere else but on the floor of a virgin forest.

Rodale tramps around all this at least once a day, making incessant notes on tiny yellow pads, not necessarily about what he is looking at. The things that engage him stun the mind. One must go to his study or studies—three large, book-lined rooms built onto the Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse—to grasp their extent. Here are the records of Rodale's activities past and present, a sort of mental compost heap. A table 16 feet long is piled with transcripts of plays, photographs of London manhole covers that caught his attention a year or so ago, models for decorative wall plaques. (He got involved in a small business to manufacture these plaques after wandering around New York one evening and noticing that "people didn't seem to be doing anything to beautify their doors. Now, you could use Morpheus, the god of sleep, [*sic*], for a bedroom, for instance . . . you get the idea?") His questing eye has also noted a superior kind of trash can used in England and Switzerland. He had copies put into production at once, has sold them to a number of American cities. He has devised all sorts of educational gimmicks. Some are passé now and relegated to cabinets. Some are current—LP records to instruct in French or chemical evils; and movies, the first of which was *The Troubles of Mr. McFoot*, a lesson in posture.

But above all there are books, thousands surely, many of them published by the Rodale Press. A notable shelf is occupied by his Story Classics, charmingly printed and illustrated editions of Gogol's stories, the Bashkirtsev-Maupassant correspondence, some Henry James essays.

Rodale's hours speak for the efficacy of his health theories. At 67, he keeps a schedule a farmhand might balk at. He is up at 5:30 and works in his study until eight o'clock, writing or digging into the mountain of medical journals and technical papers that are his grist. He breakfasts at eight o'clock on stewed prunes, wheat germ, an egg, coffee. It is hard not to suspect that the coffee is a weakness, though he won't admit this, insisting that the bean contains Vitamin B. He takes a walk before an early lunch and may do so again in the late afternoon. He dines at five o'clock and is asleep by nine o'clock, unless he is in New York rehearsing at his theater. What is the clue to all this activity? Rodale takes 60 tablets of vitamin supplements a day, with something of the air of a man defying fate. "Nature," he says, "wants me to be a dull individual. By increasing the potencies, I can beat nature."

Rodale was born in 1898, one of the eight children of a grocer in the old New York ghetto. The location is important because he is almost a blueprint of its traumas. He has never outgrown its idiom or its self-punishing, vaudeville funniness. He tells stories like the one about a man who came to complain that a Rodale-made heating pad had electrocuted his wife—"But if you'll give me my money back, I'll forget it." At seven, he was flogged through Hebrew by an old-country teacher who hoped to inculcate Talmudic strictures in young Jewish Americans. Rodale, who often animalizes his dislikes, refers to him as Red Donkey, which suggests Chagall's comic dream of ghetto life. Red Donkey undoubtedly did much to steer Rodale away from orthodoxy, though it is a question whether some of his dietary phobias, especially milk, do not have a connection with the "godly cleanliness" of the Talmud—the phrase is Rodale's.

A fragile child whose mother nursed him until he was two years old, he soon developed the whole canon of neurotic symptoms—dizziness, headaches, colds. He was bad at games, short-sighted, a prey to nightmares and fantasies of persecution, gorging on the sugar he now considers so deadly. A poor starter if ever there was one, he was an early candidate for self-improvement courses: Bernarr McFadden's body building; the Swaboda System, which told him to be close-mouthed; the Life Extension Institute, which found him with a frantic pulse rate of a hundred beats a minute.

His exit from the bacterial culture of the slum into the asepsis of the middle class was, however, conventional. After high school he learned bookkeeping. He frequented dance halls and learned to smoke cigars. He soon picked up the idea that he was "being kicked around because of my religion," and that Gentile firms would not hire him. But the Internal Revenue Service did, and a little later the indubitably Gentile firm of Robertson, Furman and Murphy, accountants. Finally, in 1923, collaborating with one of his brothers (who is now dead), he started the Rodale Manufacturing Company, his electrical works, with a capital of $6,000. Business was shaky for a long time, deservedly he says; the products weren't good. (They are today. There are no more heating-pad stories.) At the height of the Depression, the brothers decided to move from New York to a small town. The move saved the business. Its effect on Rodale was more complex.

In the small-town atmosphere, the real nature of his problem began to be evident. It was explicitly American. Half knowing that something was wrong with the world he lived in, half knowing what it was, he needed to think and had no intellectual training; he wanted to be a man of cultivation without knowing what the ingredients of culture really were. He wanted, heaven help him, to write. This is what he says about it. "I read a book on how to write a story . . . nothing! It was too abstract. . . . So, being an accountant, I analyzed the problem. What was my greatest weakness? My verbs—my words of action lacked action. I tended to use words like 'give' and 'get,' whereas the published stories I read had words in them like 'bestow' and 'obtain' and 'procure'. . . ." With this disastrous observation in mind he started an enormous file of nouns with appropriate verbal attachments, clipped from all kinds of printed matter. This, he thought, might make a book; but no publisher agreed. What people won't do for Rodale he usually does for himself. He decided to publish his *Verb-Finder*. This volume, later enlarged into *The Word-Finder*, is an extraordinary testimonial to his naïveté and tenacity. It has sold over 200,000 copies at seven dollars each, yet it is difficult to see its use beyond a kind of subjective free association. Under EYES are 1,080 words, many of which do not exist, and others whose aptness defies analysis: age-blue, gin-cleared, land-lubber, Tarquin, welkin.

Every prophet has his hour of revelation. Rodale's came in 1941 when he read an article by the late Sir Albert Howard, a British Government agricultural scientist who founded the organic-farming movement and pioneered, mostly in India, the use of compost, its basic material. "It struck me," says Rodale, "like a ton of brick. For the first time, I realized that food affects health, and that chemical fertilizers are dangerous to people, animals and the soil. . . . I realized that from this point our lives would not be complete without a farm. No longer could I enjoy eating store-bought vegetables and meat. A powerful impetus surged over us, and within a few weeks my wife and I became the proud owners of one of the worst pieces of land in the country."

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The protagonist of Rodale's play, 'The Hairy Falsetto,' was Red Ridinghood's wolf.

This flock of black Persian sheep is fed organically produced food resulting, Rodale thinks, in better meat. He does not milk his cows, believing dairy products to be harmful.

It was to be the kind of story told and retold in *Organic Gardening and Farming:* soil ruined by chemical farming, dead chickens under the barn, even the rats, living off chemically grown grain, were paranoid. And at last, after much trial and error, a beautiful harvest of corn. Watching the first wagonload, Rodale had his second epiphany. "If this was what a couple of amateurs could do," he asked, "what could experienced soil-men accomplish with the organic method? I felt I had to share this information with the rest of the country. It would not be fair to know this and say nothing about it, considering that I owned printing presses and was a publisher. In May, 1942, the first issue of *Organic Gardening* appeared. I didn't dream I was touching off a powder keg."

It would not be fair to know this and say nothing about it. Who could resist such a man? Not us early subscribers. We threw out the poisons we had been using in our Victory gardens, sent for earthworms, praying mantises and ladybugs to kill our aphids, all to choruses of laughter, and some irritation, from our families and assistants. The compost idea was steadily resisted by every hired man who came along, required as he was to pile leaves and grass-cuttings carefully, alternate the layers with earth and lime, sift out sticks and bracken, turn regularly. It was all an appalling nuisance, but we knew in our hearts that Mr. Rodale was right.

The next venture was *Prevention,* a magazine with the same format as *Organic Gardening and Farming,* but devoted to health and nutrition. It is now the more successful of the two, though less attractive to this reader, mostly because the regimen it advocates is a tiresome one for a greedy gastronome to follow: no bread, white sugar, milk, citrus fruit, hydrogenated fats, tobacco, alcohol, and of course no canned or processed food at all, the rest organically grown if possible. Sunflower seeds are recommended and a number of natural vitamin and mineral supplements.

Rodale's position is certainly negative, in the sense that he is against nearly every kind of technological tampering with our environment. But does this make him a quack? The question ought to be answered, because if he is, all's well with our world, and if he isn't, our world is dangerously wrong. No persecution fantasy is needed to see the specter of powerful interests behind the drive to discredit Rodale's ideas. By contrast, the resources of the health groups (one-man stores and modest mail-order businesses operating out of small towns or marginal organic farms) command little influence.

Typical of what he is up against is the case of the Federal Trade Commission against the Rodale Press. At issue is the advertising for a 928-page book called *The Health Finder*—a compendium of organic theory almost entirely based on extracts from medical journals, reports from university research and the like—which had actually been out of print for a twelve-month and not advertised for several years, before the eye of the FTC fell on it. For the use of such come-ons as "Cut down on your doctor's bills," the Rodale Press has been charged with false and deceptive advertising.

As it happens, the legal point raised is of the utmost importance to publishers in general, because to prove the advertising of a book false, it is necessary also to prove the falsity of what it advertises—that is, the contents of the book itself—and under the First Amendment these are not subject to trial. Or so Rodale believes, and he has hired Thurman Arnold, one of the most distinguished constitutional lawyers in the country, to prove it. So far, the results have been inconclusive. At preliminary hearings, parts of the complaint have been upheld, others dismissed. But the tangle is far from unraveled. The American Civil Liberties Union has entered for Rodale, and at least one of the commissioners, Philip Elman, has questioned the right of the FTC to bring the charges at all. "Congress," Elman said, "did not create this commission to act as a censor of unorthodox ideas and theories in books, whether they deal with politics or health." As for the unorthodox theories themselves, the commissioner reminded his colleagues that it was once necessary to regard the earth as flat. Rodale has already spent $50,000 on the case, and if the final ruling of the FTC goes against him, he will appeal right up to the Supreme Court. "Commercial publishers," he says, "are afraid to fight this kind of case. They can't afford it. . . . We can."

There is no doubt that Rodale belongs to the great race of fanatics. Like Schliemann, the discoverer of Troy, he has made enough money to be able to underwrite his convictions, and perhaps to prove them. The difficulty is that he has so many guises that could be mistaken for a quack's. He does too many things and promotes them too assiduously. He owns a travel agency (organic tours to Europe a specialty), a theater, and talks of opening an advertising agency. Two years ago he launched an "educational" magazine. Called *Quinto Lingo,* it reports in five languages such items as: "It was not until 1785 that right and left shoes were introduced in England. . . ." and tells jokes that make a literate reader wince. Even more recent is *Rodale's New York,* a sort of catchall pamphlet of his rambling thoughts on every subject under the sun.

Rodale's penchant for corny jokes may be his worst weakness. To prepare himself for his career as a playwright, he once went to every single comedy on Broadway, noting what made people laugh. He found over 40 categories of dependable gags—"like when a character is lying and the audience knows he is lying." However, he failed to note whether the critics laughed or not.

This failure has been central to the most bizarre of all his projects, the Rodale Theater. Located in an old hall in the heart of the Bowery, where the bums snooze all day by the ashcans, it has been spruced up with the usual off-Broadway open stage and encircling seats. It is the sort of place where you would expect to see something by Ionesco, and that is almost what you do see. All Rodale's plays are handwritten by himself to illustrate some message about health, but his scripts are so chaotic, his imagination so curious, that the message is often hard to figure out. Moreover, he rewrites and renames his plays so often as to turn them into what seem like spontaneous "happenings." Perhaps his most characteristic production has been *The Hairy Falsetto,* whose protagonist is Red Ridinghood's wolf. (This wolf is very important in Rodale's private bestiary; he also appears on a record about food additives.) Everyone else in the play is either mad or lost or both—a grammarian in search of asterisks, a man who thinks he is Solomon. Introduced by Rodale as diversion from the plot, these personages soon become the plot itself, and like an antique vaudeville turn, they go on and on. Obviously this production, like the others he has put on since 1962, when the theater opened, was savaged by such critics as went to see it. But critical opposition does not bother Rodale. He has an explanation: The critics are against his message; it is as simple as that.

If Rodale's plays, like his writing style, put a strain on his admirers, this does not really detract from the validity of what he has to say. Every man has his weaknesses, and like his wolf, J.I. Rodale is all too human. □

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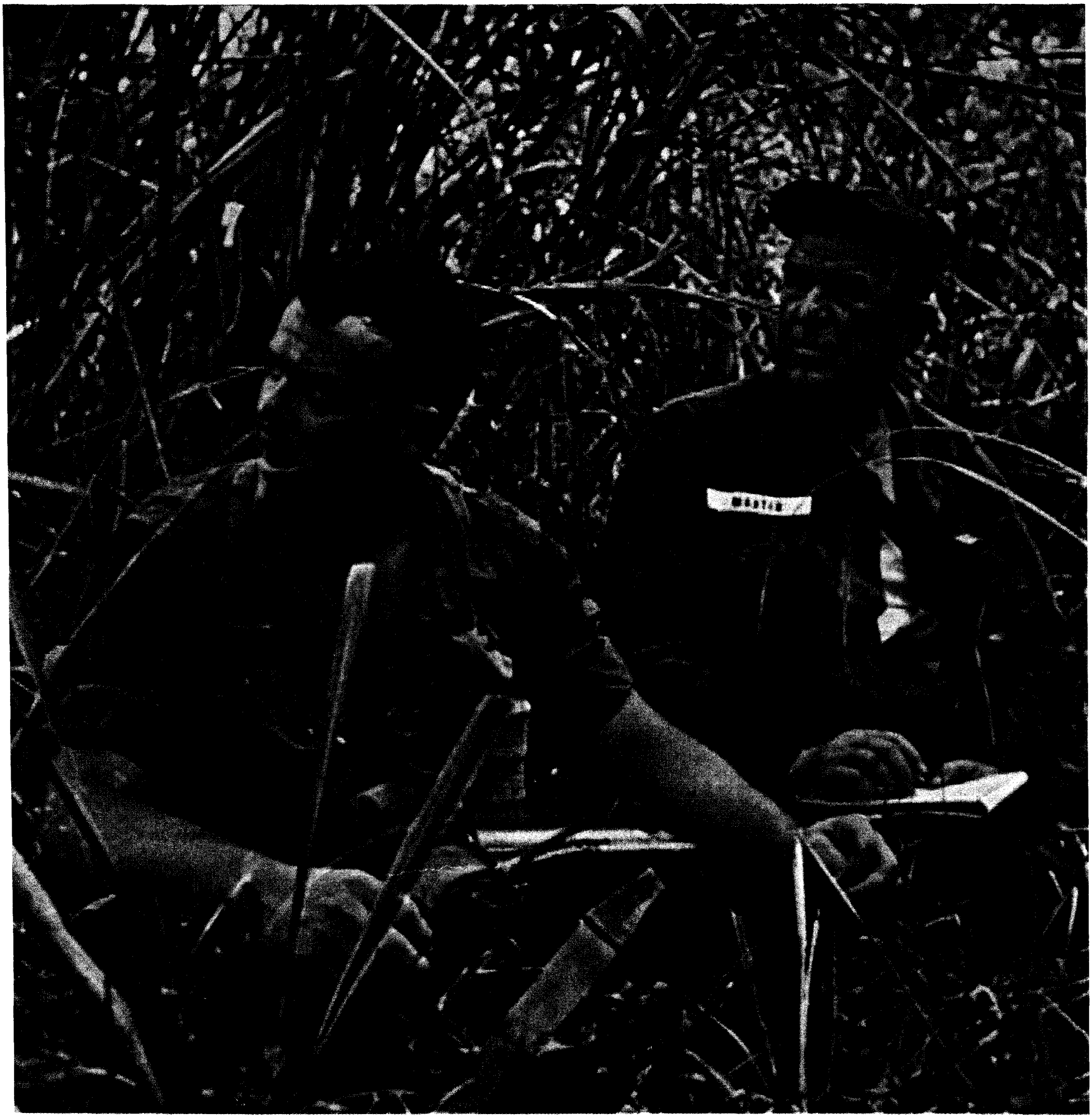
As a reporter, I've talked to a lot of American GI's on battlefronts in World War II and Korea, but this time it was different: I was going to find out what war was like for Pfc. John Martin of Bravo company—



Photographs by Trevor Hamer

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MY SON IN VIETNAM

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

From San Francisco to Saigon, and from Saigon to An Khe, and now, on this rocky footpath leading under tall trees to his foxhole, I kept wondering what to say when I finally found him. Don't get emotional, I kept telling myself. Don't embarrass him in front of his friends. Play it cool. Say something flippant, like, "Private Martin, I presume," or better still, just play it straight. Just say, "Hi, John, how's it going?"

We came to the crest of a little rise, and Platoon Sgt. Zubrod, who was guiding me, stopped. "There he is," he said. Thirty yards ahead three troopers stood around a little fire, drying their rain-soaked shirts. For a moment I didn't recognize him. From babyhood he had always been a chubby guy, built solid, like a brick. Now he was lean as a summertime rabbit, burned black by the sun. He wore a thin black moustache, and dark glasses, and his hair, cut short, was curly.

We moved up slowly, and I said to myself . . . Remember—just stick out your hand and shake, don't try to hug him. . . . We were very close before he looked up and saw me. His jaw dropped, he stared, and then he used language I'd never heard him use at home: "Good Goddlemighty!" he said. "What the hell are you doing here?" He stuck out his hand.

"I was in Saigon," I said, "but they kept shooting up the place, so I thought I'd better come up here, where it's safer."

He grinned and poked me in the stomach. "What's with the pot? I had a letter from Mama saying Hollywood was after you for Moby Dick. They want you to play the whale."

Suddenly he remembered his manners. "Excuse me," he said, "Dad, this is David Crosby. He's on the machine gun with me. And this is Robert Ellsworth. He's in the next hole, on the ninety-millimeter recoilless. Dave . . . Bob, the vision you see before you is my father." He nodded toward the huge platoon sergeant standing beside me. "I see you've already met the Papa Bear."

Sgt. Zubrod grinned. "You got everything you need?" he asked me. "OK, I'll get on back to the C.P." With a walk that *was* remarkably bear-like, he set off down the trail to the log-and-sand-bagged bunker that was, at the moment, the command post of the outfit I'd come across the world to find—the 1st platoon of Bravo company of the 2nd Battalion of the 5th Cavalry Regiment of the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile)—now deployed 11,000 miles from its home at Fort Benning, Ga., at a place called An Khe in the central highlands of South Vietnam.

Darkness was coming on. Off to the east the far hills had turned a smoky blue. We stood on the flanks of a gentle slope; behind us, the rising ground was covered with a thin forest of slim, white-barked trees, with an underlayer of low, thick scrub. Before us, down the slope, was the raw slash of the defense perimeter, 400 feet wide, that encircled the huge cavalry encampment. It was called the Green Line, but there was nothing green about it. Every tree and bush had been cut and burned, and the rough land smoothed off so that a crawling man could find no defilade. It was a formidable barrier-in-depth of barbed wire—five rows of great loose rolls of concertina wire fastened to steel stakes—and between the rows of of wire had been planted various explosive devices.

Fifty yards back from the nearest wire were high watchtowers, 30 of them in the 18-mile circuit of the camp. They were manned by machine gunners during the day, and at night by specialists operating sensitive watching and listening instruments. Between the watchtowers were the sandbagged gun pits where riflemen, machine gunners and grenadiers stood guard from dark till dawn. Back of them, in the woods, were the mortar batteries, and back of the mortars the 105's and the 155's and the big 175's that throw a 400-pound projectile more than 20 miles, and behind them—on a field called the Golf Course—were the helipads where the gun ships stay on call. At the center, protected by all this bristle of guns and wire and minefields, was 1st Cav headquarters—the hospitals, supply dumps, chow halls, chapels and office tents of division command.

In the other direction, beyond the wire, lay Viet Cong country—swamps and high grass and thin forest land of pine and palm trees where, up until a few months ago, "Charley," the Viet Cong, prowled at will. Now our patrols traversed it by day and set ambushes beside its trails and clearings at night. Far out, four miles beyond the wire, was a picket line of scattered outposts, lightly manned but able to bring down flare ships, gun ships and artillery fire on Charley the moment he was spotted moving over the forest trails.

The Green Line had formerly been closer in, a loose-linked series of gun positions scratched hastily into the earth. Now it was a barrier behind which the 1st Cavalry could stay forever, if it chose. From here it could fly its battalions out to harass Charley wherever he might be hiding in the hills, and bring them back to rest and refit in safety when the campaign was over. High on the flank of Nui Hon Chuong, a mountain rising in the center of the encampment, was the mark of permanence—a huge black horse's head on a yellow field—the shoulder patch of the division done in concrete. It was visible for miles, a landmark and homing beacon to the far-ranging patrols, a defiant challenge to Charley.

On the perimeter the old, open gun pits were being replaced by concrete bunkers. Engineers were laying out interlocking fields of fire, and every 50 yards around the circuit tall concrete poles were being set up, carrying batteries of floodlights that would illuminate the barrier zone like a football field if Charley showed up.

In the sector where we were, though, the gun pits were still raw holes dug into the white sandy earth, and it was in one of these that my son and his friends fashioned me a shelter for the night. They stretched a poncho across a corner of the hole where, when not on guard, they slept on the ground beside their guns.

"OK, Papa-san," John said. "Blow up your air mattress and throw it down. Use your pack for a pillow and your poncho liner as a cover. Put your canteen close at hand and rub on some bug juice to repel the mosquitoes. Then all you've got to do is kick off your boots, and you're ready for bed. I think I better warn you, though, we'll probably have company tonight."

"Charley?" I asked.

"No," he said, "Sergeant Locklear. He walks the line about two o'clock in the morning to see if the guys on sentry duty are awake, and he always falls in this foxhole. There are other visitors too. Last night I dreamed that I was twiddling my fingers in my hair. It was so real I woke up. Then I realized I was sleeping with my hands folded across my chest. So I reached up and grabbed, and something fuzzy went "skeeeek" and ran down my chest and out of the hole."

"Did I ever tell you," I asked, "about the time on

John and Harold Martin share (left) a short break while out on patrol, and (right) a poncho hooch and a weapons check, to prepare for the coming of night, with its dangers.

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Okinawa when the rats ate Captain Buchanan's moustache?"

"Yes," he said, "you told me."

"It just goes to show," I said, "that down on the rifleman's level, wars don't change very much."

All up and down the defensive line, though, as the platoon got ready for night, it was evident that this war *had* changed from anything I remembered. In a cleared place in front of the platoon C.P., helicopters were whirring in, dropping their loads of weary, sweat-soaked troopers. They'd been out all day, John explained, working out a new way of dropping men in rough terrain. Before, they had been going into clearings, or open paddies in the valleys. In forest country, these clearings were rare, and Charley had rigged them with booby traps, and encircled them with guns.

"It makes for a pretty hairy operation," John said. "The choppers go in low and flare out over the drop zone. If the drop zone's full of logs and brush and downed trees, you have to jump from the chopper while it's hovering maybe six, eight feet off the ground, and with all the gear you are carrying you hit with a hell of a thump. Being the machine gunner, I'm the first out, and as I jump out, I feel the chopper begin to lift. Sometimes the ammo bearer, who is the third guy out, jumps from a chopper that's already twelve feet in the air. He hits like a watermelon rolling off a kitchen table.

"Since there's a good chance Charley's got a welcoming committee waiting, there's always a lot of shooting before we get there," he said. "The artillery's first. Then the gun ships go in with rockets to beat up the brush around the drop zone, and the gunners in the choppers are firing as they come in. Sometimes, when the landing zone is too rough, we go down rope ladders, but this takes longer and the chopper pilots sweat it. It keeps them in the area too long."

The newest technique, he explained, gives an airmobile outfit a great deal more flexibility in its assault landings. No longer do the choppers have to go into clearings where Charley is sure to be waiting, or land in paddies in valleys, which leaves Charley in possession of the high ground. The choppers now hover over the forested hilltops, and the troops slide down into and through the tree canopy, on long nylon ropes, using the same rappelling technique which enables mountain climbers to bounce down the sides of steep cliffs. This frustrates Charley, who can't guard every hilltop in the highlands. The experience also can be unsettling to a man who suffers from acrophobia. Occasionally a trooper panics when the moment comes to launch himself backward into the treetops. He grabs onto the helicopter skid, and hangs there by an arm and a leg, while his sergeant, who is already on the ground, defoliates the surrounding forest with comments on his character. Those who boldly make the plunge find it an exhilarating, though bruising, experience.

It was nearly dark as the last helicopter landed. John brought his machine gun down from the tower to set it up for the night. The shrill singing of the crickets—a sound so universal and persistent in the Vietnam highlands that it is noticed only when it stops—began to fade. The dusk was filled with the sound of birdcalls. There were no cheerful cheepers and chirpers among them, no exultant singers. They seemed, instead, to be doves and cuckoos, uttering low, mournful cries.

I remembered from my boyhood in Georgia that this sad calling of doves at sunset was a sign of rain.

So it was in Vietnam. A slow drizzle began to fall as John set up the gun. Fascinated, I watched him, a stranger to me now—a professional working at his trade. Swiftly, mechanically, his hands moved through the loading routine—pull the bolt back, open the cover, lead in four rounds to the feeder tray, close the cover, snap the safety on. . . . Carefully he leveled the tripod on the sandbags, set the gun to traverse from dead ahead to a line

The author watches his soldier-son demonstrate the correct use of a grenade launcher. Later the elder Martin . . .

85 degrees to the left. There he stuck a short stake in the ground, so he wouldn't fire on the men in the next hole.

Through the drizzle a slim, blue-eyed sergeant appeared, trailing a thin wire behind him. Beside the gun he laid a rubber-covered device that looked like a hand stapler. John introduced us. "Sergeant Richardson has been out in the wire, arming the claymores," he explained. Richardson reached into a sandbag and pulled out a putty-colored curved device, the size and shape of the back of a stenographer's chair. "It's a plastic explosive," he said, "with little lead balls imbedded in it. You can burn it, shoot it, stomp it, or drop it and it won't do anything. It takes an electric charge to set it off. That's what this thing here is for. It's the detonator. You attach it to this wire that leads to the claymore and squeeze it, and blam—old Charley gets his butt full of marbles."

A hundred yards away at the platoon C.P. a mechanical mule bounced to a halt, bringing mail and the evening chow. The men left their guns, filed through the chow line, filled their paper plates, found seats on piled sandbags or on the ground, and then forgot to eat. In the gathering darkness under the trees each man hungrily tore open his letter and was suddenly transported back across the world to home. A small, blond trooper, who hadn't gotten a letter, broke the silence.

"Dammit," he said, "somebody read something out loud."

Over by the sandbagged bunker the Papa Bear and Lt. Keith Sherman, slim young commander of the 1st platoon, were busy with vital matters of internal security. While Lt. Sherman whittled a wooden trigger, Sgt. Zubrod tested the tension on a strong elastic band, normally used to hold a camouflage cover on a steel helmet. He snapped it around a metal ammo box.

"Every night," the lieutenant explained, "a big fat rat creeps through this gun port here and steals a candy bar. Tonight we'll get him." He set the trigger, touched it with a twig, and the metal jaws of the ammo box snapped shut.

The rain had stopped, and a thin, yellow quarter moon shone through scattered clouds as we made our way back through the dark to the gun. Behind us, in the woods, mortars fired with a hollow sound, like a cough, and the 155's made a noise like the slam of a far-off door. There was the thin, dry rustle of the outgoing shell, and seconds later, in the hills beyond, the deep ker-roomp of the explosion.

"That's H and I fire," John said "—harassing and interdiction. They fire a few rounds every so often all night. It gives the artillery guys something to do."

Off to the east a bright star suddenly blazed in the sky, hung for a moment and began a slow descent, silhouetting the distant hills.

"Flares," John said. "Somebody out on the picket line thought he saw something, or heard something, so he asked for some light. You see that gap over there? That's Mang Yang pass. The highway from here to Pleiku runs through it. Charley loves to set ambushes there. And we love to set ambushes for Charley there. So nearly every night there's a lot of shooting in the pass."

A shadow loomed above the hole.

"How many fillers you need?" a voice said.

"Three," John said.

"You get two," the voice said. Then, in a hoarse whisper, "the password's 'Coffee—Song.'"

The big shadow moved away, leaving two smaller shadows standing in its place. They were the "fillers"—clerk-typists from the artillery batteries, who pulled guard duty on the barrier line with the shorthanded rifle platoons. The two moved away to build their hooch, the poncho shelter that would keep off the rain.

I stood the first watch with John. The moon was gone, the sky now black with cloud. Again a drizzle of rain was falling, and we were able to see each other only as dim shapes in the darkness. We talked in low tones, while behind us the mortars coughed and the howitzers banged, and the deep explosions shook the hills. The tension that had existed between us was gone—the wisecracking and the kidding were over for a while.

For me it was a strange moment, deeply mov-

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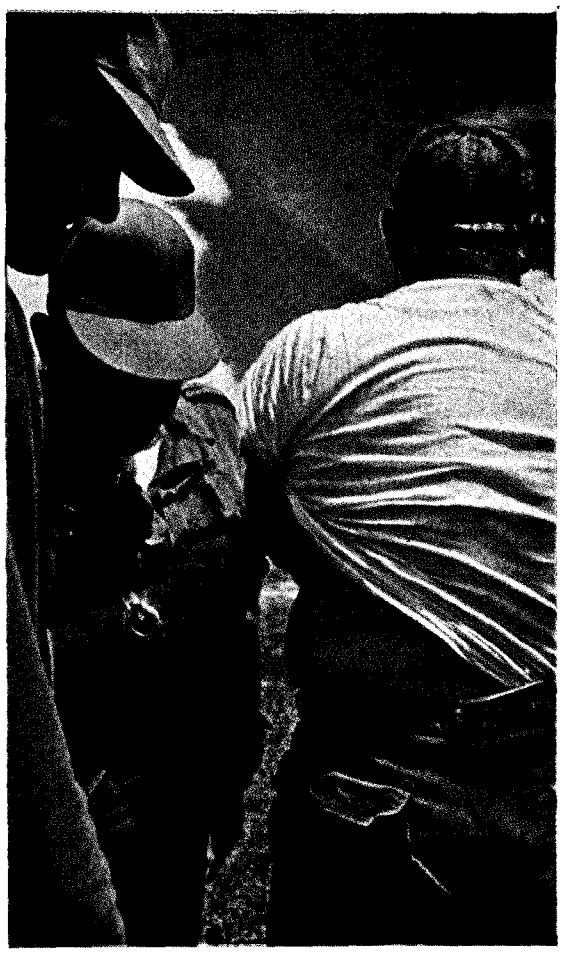
'Every soldier there can tell you, to the day, how much longer he still has to serve in Vietnam.'



. . . tried the weapon and wounded himself in the side.

ing. I remembered nights like this on Okinawa, and afterward in Korea, when men stood guard in muddy ditches, and flares lit the sky, and all night long the cannons boomed. And I remembered coming home from Okinawa to find him, a chubby four-year-old, glaring angrily from behind chairs and sofas at the stranger who had come to oust him from his place as man of the house. Now, 20 years later, I was standing in a muddy hole with him, far away from home, in another war, and we were both remembering the years of his growing up, and the decision that had brought him here.

"I wouldn't change it," he said, "even if I could. When I called you last year and asked you if I could quit the university and join the Army, I didn't have the foggiest idea I'd end up out here, humping the hills with a machine gun, and getting shot in the leg by a little guy I never even saw. But even if I had known it, I think I would have gone on and done it anyway. For I've met some of the greatest guys I ever knew out here."

"I guess that answers a question I was supposed to ask you," I said. "About how you'd feel about transferring out of this outfit. There's a clerk-type job back in Division you could probably get. I know a guy . . ." I stopped, and there was a long silence.

"No," he said. "Leave it alone. I appreciate it. But I trained with these guys, and I came over here with 'em, and I fought Charley with 'em. I was in the hospital with a bunch of them. And now we are back in the line again. So I think I'll see this through . . . with these same guys . . . as long as I've got to stay over here."

I asked him how long that was, and he said he didn't know for sure. The tour was a year, and every man can tell you, to the day, how much of the year he still has to serve. But, John told me, there was a big fat rumor going around that, for the guys who had been in combat, it was going to be cut to ten months. "If that's true," he said, and you could hear the hope in his voice, "I've got it made. My tour started the day I cleared San Francisco—November 28, 1965."

To the professional soldiers—the old noncoms and the eager young officers—though they too dream of home, the length of their tour matters less, for the Army is their career, and the combat time looks good on their record. To the civilian soldiers, their military service is something to be endured, enjoyed if possible, and terminated as quickly as it honorably can be.

I said I'd heard some talk that, to avoid upsetting the careers of students who were eager to stay in school, the tour in Vietnam might be extended to 14 months, instead of being reduced to 10. At this there was another long silence.

"Yeah?" he said. "In that case, Papa-san, the citizens of San Francisco will witness one of the strangest sights ever seen on this earth—an entire cavalry division swimming toward them across the Pacific Ocean."

The length of his tour is about the only facet of U.S. policy that profoundly concerns the foxhole soldier. Hidden away in an ammo pouch, he carries a small transistor radio, and when he can find a spare moment, he clamps it to his ear, listening to the Armed Forces Radio broadcasts. But the music of Flatt and Scruggs is of more interest to him than the protests of Senators Fulbright and Morse. And the Grand Ole Opry is preferred to a report on General Ky's troubles with the Buddhists. He does not waste time philosophizing about whether this is a just war or not, or whether we should have gotten into it in the first place. He's in it, and there's nothing he can do about it but fight, and survive if possible, and when his tour is done, come back home.

"What do you think about when you are standing guard out here in the dark by yourself?" I asked him.

"Home mostly," he said. "What it'll be like to get back there. Wondering if the reality of getting back will be anywhere near as good as the dream. . . ."

We talked on. He seemed to feel not anger, but a pitying contempt for the antiwar demonstrators, the draft-card burners. "People back home get excited and say they ought to be drafted and sent over here," he said. "We don't want 'em. Nobody would want to go into combat having to depend on one of those guys."

"Actually," he said, "I've got more respect for Charley than I have for those people. At least Charley will fight, and when you think about what he's got to fight with, you wonder how he keeps resisting. No air, no real artillery except antiaircraft weapons, nothing but small arms and a few mortars. No way to get about except on his two flat feet, wrapped in old tire retreads."

"The time your platoon got ambushed—was there anything about that fight that you didn't tell us in your letters?"

"Not much," he said. "We came down off the ridge into a dry paddy, and a couple of snipers fired at us, so we went charging up the paddy to get at the snipers. About the time the whole platoon got out in the open, Charley let loose with mortars and grenades and automatic weapons. I got zapped in the leg and crawled down a ditch toward a big water-filled hole where old Papa Bear was assembling the wounded. I found another guy in the tall grass and pulled him along. We finally got air strikes in there, and they smashed Charley, and the medevac choppers came in and lifted us out. One thing I forgot to mention: There was a guy in the hole, wounded pretty bad, and he had pulled some empty boxes over himself to keep off the sun. He would pray awhile, and then he would cuss the Army. He had one foot sticking out from under the boxes, about the only part of him that wasn't wounded. And a chopper came over and dropped a box of ammo on his foot. Then he really did cuss."

By now it was 11:15. John moved off in the black dark, to wake the artilleryman who would take over the guard. The trooper came over, stumbling sleepily, and we crawled under the poncho where David Crosby was already snoring. It began to rain harder, the first of the monsoon rains. Water ran down the sides of the hole and made a little rivulet between the air mattresses where we slept, but the sandy soil, dry for months, thirstily drank up the rain.

Dawn came like a Chinese painting, with a gray mist drifting in the hollows of the distant hills. David Crosby, who had the last watch, went out to disarm the claymores, and the men of the night patrol, their green fatigues black with rain, came home through the mists like tired ghosts.

At the platoon C.P., Sgt. Zubrod had waked that morning to find a rat in his homemade trap. This left him in an expansive mood.

"Martin," he said to John, after chow, "go in for a bath. Take your old man with you and show him the town."

We trudged along a new-made road, rough and rocky, and already dusty under the blaze of the morning's sun, to the Bravo company C.P. One thing never changes in war—the look of a company street with its rows of dusty squad tents. Under the canvas in the broiling heat the empty cots sat drunkenly askew on the uneven ground. Down the center were the weapons racks, now empty, and the rail on which were hung the duffle bags of the men still out on the line. John dug into his for a pair of clean fatigues and pulled out the old green twill that the sweating troopers have come to hate.

"They don't dry out," he said. "You hump through the boondocks all day, sweating like a horse, and you sleep wet at night. There's a new fatigue, made out of lightweight poplin or something. Soon as you take your web gear off, it starts to dry. They've got a new jungle boot, too, that dries quick, and with a cleated sole that doesn't slip. But this far down the line, new gear is hard to come by."

At the end of the company street John peeled off the muddy, sweat-stained greens he'd been sleeping in for a week, and stepped under the thin warm trickle of the improvised shower. In his letters he had spoken lightly of his wound. Just above the knee, on the side of his left leg, I saw for

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On patrol with his son, Martin learned that Americans avoid the easy river [illegible] where Viet Cong often set ambushes.

An Khe has become a boom town, with beer joints and brothels and souvenir vendors.

MY SON IN VIETNAM

the first time the long, red scar where the bullet had gone in, traveling upward through the thigh muscle. Just below the hip joint was a longer scar where the doctors had cut the bullet out.

"Judas Priest!" I said. "You *did* get zapped."

"Yeah," he said. "Next time it's my turn." He soaped happily. "Don't get the idea, though, that I'm thirsty for revenge. If I never see Charley again, it'll suit me fine."

We dressed in clean fatigues and hitched a ride on a passing truck, across the Song Ba River, where women pounded clothes on rocks, to the town of An Khe. Before the 1st Cavalry came, An Khe was a dusty Montagnard village, lost in the windswept expanse of a vast upland valley where the French once had a garrison. Now it is a raw boomtown, a haven for thousands of refugees who have come in from the hills to escape the fighting, and to find jobs working for the military. Each morning, like an army of black ants, the men, and the hardier women, go out to cut trees and burn brush, clearing a broader field of fire beyond the perimeter wire.

In the village the long main street is a stretch of dusty open-front shops. Here the pattern of growth has been as old as war. Close behind the troops had come the beer joints and the brothels, then the laundries and the tailor shops, the barbershops and the little restaurants; then the souvenir vendors, selling cheap brocades and lacquerware, and the "artists," copying on silk hideous reproductions of the snapshots of wives, sweethearts and babies, which the GI's carry in their wallets.

Along the dusty main street, thronged with strolling troopers, children held up imploring hands, begging for piasters. A blind musician squatted in the dust, making strange, wild music on a weird one-stringed instrument which he held steady with his feet. Pony carts clattered past, and in the lean-to barbershops, GI's flinched and swore as the untrained barbers, using dull hand-clippers and duller shears, hacked at their hair.

The military, being wise in the ways of the soldier on pass, does not attempt to dictate where he gets his laundry done, or his hair cut. In the interests of health, however, it does exert police and medical control over certain other personal services. Off the main street, behind high walls, a new compound has been erected, known officially as An Khe Plaza, but called Sin City by the troops. Here MP's stand guard at the gates, checking the identity of those who enter, and keeping the peace in the garish little bars which line three sides of the U-shaped compound. Behind doorways hung with strips of colored plastic—a curtain that admits air but discourages the entry of flies—troopers drink beer and wait their turn to pass through a second door, beyond which lie the quarters of the "boom-boom" girls.

We walked down the street, peering in each bar. Each seemed the same with its loud, harsh music, its dirty floor spattered with spilled beer and strewn with cigarette butts. We went into one that seemed a little cleaner than the others and ordered a beer. It was hot and gassy. John didn't seem too comfortable. Nor was I.

"They've let the place get filthy," he said after a moment. "Let's get hat"—a cavalryman's phrase meaning to depart in haste.

We left without finishing the beer and caught a "taxi," a little cart drawn by a tiny pony. Beyond the village on a hill was a new restaurant called the Main Rotor—a helicopter phrase—but known to the troops as the Rotary Club. Here, under a low ceiling, there was a cloth on the table, and the silver was clean, and the beer was cold, and the menu was a mixture of French and Chinese.

Troopers John knew drifted by and stopped to chat. Some of them had been with him at Bong Son, and with them he seemed to share a special bond. One of them had been his ammo bearer. "He got hit in the butt with a mortar fragment, got hat, and that's the last I saw of four hundred rounds of ammo," John said amiably. "The last I saw of it too," the trooper grinned. There was another trooper who had earned his Purple Heart in a most peculiar way. A Viet Cong tracer had ripped through the seat of his trousers, setting them on fire. And there was Pfc. James Clark, a short, dark man who had come nearer to death than any of the rest, and had the proof to show it. A Viet Cong bullet had gone in the front of his steel pot, nicked his scalp, bounced off his skull, and gone out through the back, leaving two clean holes in his helmet opposite each other.

We slept that night at B company, on cots, with our clothes off, under canvas. All night the wind blew, and a hard rain fell, and lying there dry and easy, I thought without envy of the troops in their holes on the Green Line. The next morning, when we showed up just after dawn, they were crawling out of the gun pits, or from under the wind-blown hooches. They were damp, but reasonably cheerful. The chow wagon arrived, bringing hot coffee, sausage and powdered eggs. Again Sgt. Zubrod was cheerful. He had caught another rat.

It was Sunday morning, but Sunday is a working day on the Green Line. At the platoon C.P. the day patrol drew C rations, ammo and white-phosphorus grenades, and set off for a day of humping in the rough, rolling country beyond the wire. The work details, drawing saws, axes and dynamite blocks for blowing stumps, enviously watched them go.

David Crosby came by, carrying his rations in a long, black sock tied to his belt. He was armed with a grenade launcher, a short-barreled weapon like a sawed-off shotgun. John checked his web

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gear for him to see that all was in order—a .45 and two pouches of ammo, grenades, long knife, canteen, entrenching tool. Crosby, who had slept wet all night, was grinning cheerfully as he moved out.

"Sure," John said. "Anybody had rather go on a patrol than pull a work detail around here—digging gun pits, filling sandbags, blowing stumps, cutting brush. A day patrol, that is. It's no pleasure staggering around in the dark out there, falling over logs. An ambush is all right. You wallow around in the weeds till you make a nest, and then one guy at a time watches with the sniperscope while everybody else goes to sleep. You get a good night's rest on an ambush. Unless, of course, old Charley is moving about."

He went off to burn brush and pile logs for the working choppers, which picked them up in slings and hauled them away. The sun was hot, the crickets singing. The wet brush burned with an acrid smoke. The work gangs moved slowly, as if they walked underwater.

I climbed up to the watchtower where a short, sleepy-eyed trooper named Gardner stood guard with the machine gun. "It's a good weapon," he said, speaking of the M-60. "But this one here"—he patted his M-16 rifle—"this is the real P-bringer. It brings pressure on Charley with a capital P."

Far out beyond the wire an ant-swarm of little men in conical hats were attacking the forest with short-handled sickle-shaped knives. Striking quickly with small strokes, they could fell an eight-inch tree in an amazingly short time. The troopers, who jump from hovering helicopters, hate this primitive forestry, for, chopping at shoulder height, the native woodmen leave a high, sharp-pointed stump.

At midmorning Sgt. Zubrod came back from battalion headquarters and announced that there would be services at the division chapel at 1300, and anybody who wanted to could go in to church. Immediately all the work gang expressed a fervent desire for spiritual sustenance. "Must be for the benefit of the press," one said. "I've been out here three weeks, and this is the first time I ever heard anything about church."

In the heat of noon we walked in, over the rocky road, to find a new tin-roofed chapel of raw, unpainted lumber. It was empty, and the hand-lettered sign in front said, SERVICES—0900 AND 1800. "Too bad," said the troopers who had come in with us. "Which way is the PX?"

John and I went in and sat down together on the hard, straight-backed homemade pews. The altar was of plywood, the altar rail a two-by-six. We sat there for a while in the empty church—the first time in a long time we'd been in a church together. I looked at the paneling of the wall beside me. On it was stenciled, 2 SHELLS—76 SEMI-FIXED/W SUPPLEMENTARY CHARGE AND FUSE/ 105 M HOWITZER LOT KN.

The chaplain came in—a crew-cut, flat-bellied young captain who looked more like a company commander than a clergyman. We told him we'd gotten the wrong word about the time of the service. He said he was sorry about that. The service was at 1800, but he guessed, looking at the sign, the 8 did look a little like a 3. He'd be happy if we'd stay, though. There was an operation coming up, he said, and there should be a good crowd at 1800. There always was, just before an operation.

We walked over to the PX, and the shelves were nearly bare, so we bought a jar of dill pickles, and started back to the Green Line. We stopped awhile at a huge old banyan tree, where a sharp-nosed sergeant with a whipcrack voice was checking out troopers on the rappelling technique. He showed them how to wrap a short length of nylon rope around their waists, pass it between their legs to form a sort of cradle, and tie it at the waist with a square knot. He snapped a metal snap ring to the square knot, and sent the trooper up a swinging rope ladder to a little platform high in the banyan tree. There another sergeant attached the snap ring to a long rope, which was secured to the tree bole, and hung down to the ground. Then, in a soothing monotone he said, "Now they ain't no way in the world you can fall and hurt yourself. Hold onto the rope with your left hand and stand up on the edge of the platform facing me. Put your right hand behind your back and catch the rope hanging there. That's your control. Loosen a little, you go down. Tighten up, you stop. Now, laaay back—waaay back-back-back. Now. Bend your knees and KICK!" The trooper, hypnotized by the soothing tone, launches himself backward, slides gently down and lands on the ground, wearing a look of surprised delight.

On the ground, one trooper, when his time came to go up the tree, sat down. The sergeant stood over him. "You going to jump?" the sergeant asked quietly. The trooper shook his head.

"Why ain't you going to jump?" the sergeant asked.

"It's too damn high," the trooper said. "It don't look safe to me."

"It looks safe to all these other guys? But it don't look safe to you?"

"That's right," the trooper said.

"I'll ask you once more," the sergeant said. "You going to jump or not?"

The man sat silent, looking down at the ground.

"All right," the sergeant said quietly. "Get up. Take off your rope."

Walking back to the Green Line, I asked John what they'd do to the man who had refused to jump. "Reclassify him, I guess," he said. "It's a shame too. If he'd just gone on and done it once, after that it wouldn't have bothered him."

Back at the Green Line there was a rumble of thunder. A gust of hot wind sent twigs, dust and small stones swirling from the bare earth of the barrier line. A black cloud was rolling out of the northeast, blotting out the blue sky of late afternoon. Crosby jumped into the gun pit and started pulling down the poncho shelter.

"I damn near drowned in here last night," he said. "Let's set up the hooch on open ground." Quickly we strung communications wire between two high stumps, flung the wildly flapping ponchos over the wire and struggled to tie them down before the rain came. We weren't quick enough. Flung like buckshot in a gale of wind, the hard rain hit with a roar. We worked on, soaked to the skin, till we had the hooch tied down, with a ditch around it to carry the runoff water. There was no use taking shelter now. We stood there in the rain. "One thing about it," John said, opening his mouth to gulp the cool, sweet rain, "it's the quickest way I know to get your laundry done."

It was still raining gently when the chow wagon came, bringing beef and potatoes, and "milk" made out of ice-cream mix. We ate from soggy paper plates, sitting under the dripping trees.

That night while John pulled guard, I climbed to the watchtower, where a crew stood guard with two electronic devices. One was an instrument called a starlight scope, which could see in the dark by reading differences in temperature. Warm things showed as white, cool as black. The other was a kind of ground radar that supposedly detected movement by reading subtle differences in the background noise.

On the dark platform of the tower I could sense a certain tension. "The guys on the radar think they hear something," Sgt. Locklear whispered. "Here." He handed me a set of earphones that felt like big, rubber-lined coconut shells. All I could hear was a murmur and hiss, a sound like the sound of surf—broken now and then by a faint, repeated drone.

"That little hum they hear—they think it's Charley. They think he's out there cranking a hand generator," Locklear said. "We are sending out a patrol to check it out. You can see them with the scope. Here. But for God's sake don't drop it. It cost Uncle Sam $12,000." He pushed a heavy metal tube into my hand. I had been peering into the darkness, seeing absolutely nothing. I raised the scope. In a faintly greenish glow all the terrain in front, from the gun pits, to the wire, to the distant trees, showed up like a ghostly snow scene. In the foreground a patrol was making its way slowly through the gates in the wire. They were clearly visible, the warm bodies of the men showing white against the cool dark background of the earth.

The men on the radar could follow the patrol with their instrument too, and by relaying directions through the

Back from Korea, which he covered for THE POST, Harold Martin hams it up with John in 1952.

The chaplain expected a good turnout for evening services. There always was, just before an operation.

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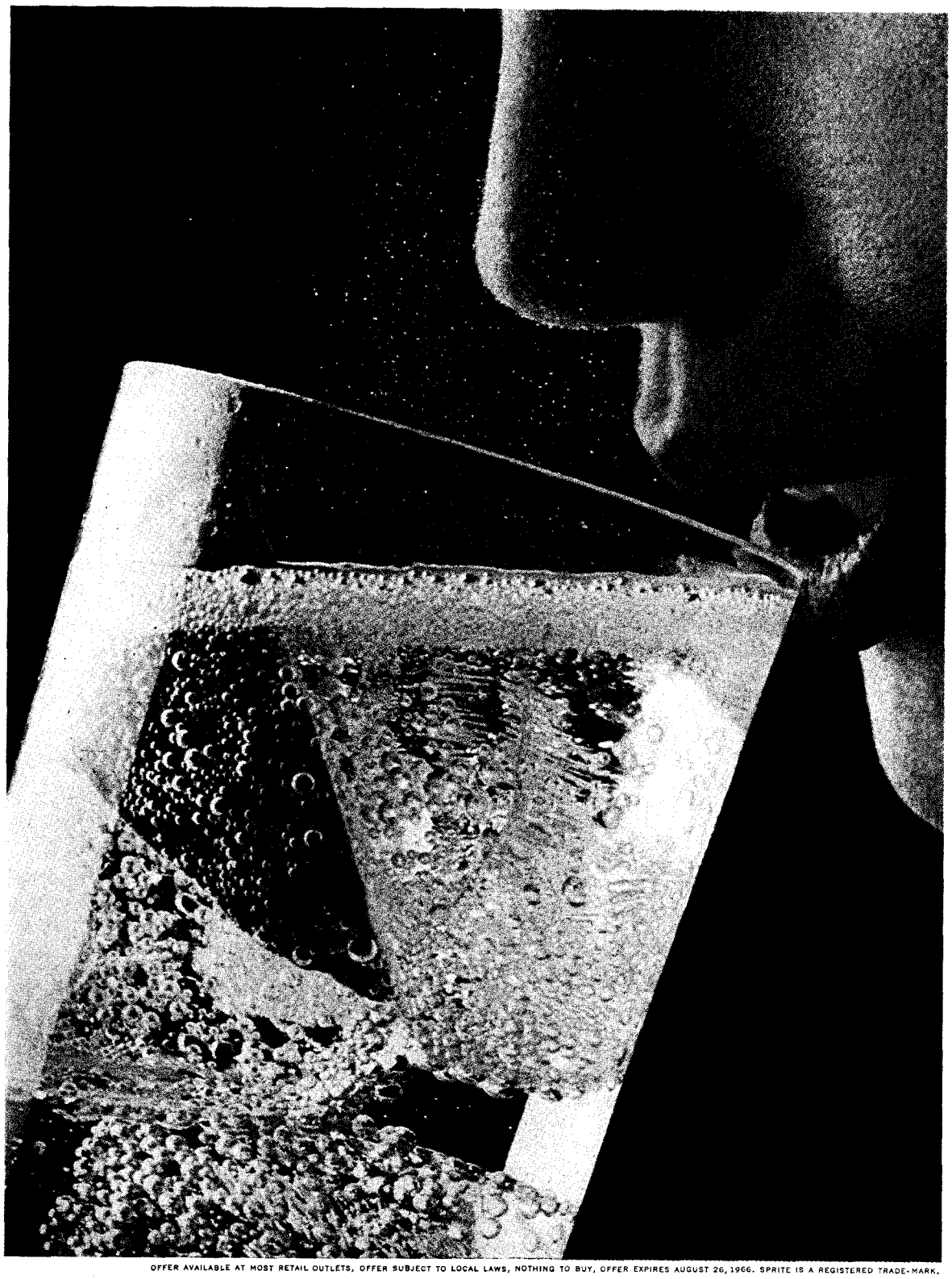
$250,000! Here's your ticket. Now go to the store, match the bubbles and win!



How many bubbles does it take to make Sprite so tart and tingling? Don't bother to count—the number on the ticket inserted below is your personal answer in this big new sweepstakes for Sprite.

Go to your favorite store. Compare your ticket with the winning numbers displayed there. If your number matches, you've won one of the 2,500 prizes of $100.

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command post, they could direct it to the source of the suspicious sound. I listened as they were guided—"You are thirty meters from it now. Move up twenty meters. . . . See anything?" "Naw." "Hear anything?" "Yeah." (There seemed to be a note of relief in his voice.) "What?" "A bunch of ------- frogs!"

That night, back in the hooch, I told John about the patrol, and the hand-cranked generator that turned out to be a chorus of frogs. "Those radar guys are always hearing something," he said. "The other night they thought they heard somebody out there riding a motor scooter. You'll see for yourself, in a couple of days, that nobody could ride a scooter out there."

"I'll do what in a couple of days?"

"I guess I forgot to tell you," he said. "I go on patrol Tuesday. I figured you'd like to go."

Late that night we were awakened by sounds of firing. Up the line, past the C.P., mortars crumped and grenades banged around a rough outcrop of rocks that jutted up in the middle of the Green Line. The next morning we found out why. At a tower up the line the men on the radar thought they had heard Charley, assembling his forces behind the rock, and fire had been called down on the rock. A patrol next morning found no sign that Charley had been there. The next night, though, we heard machine guns stuttering on the other side of camp. This time the radar was right. It had caught Charley, armed with satchel charges, trying to sneak across the barrier in the direction of the helipad.

On Mondays the platoons go out beyond the wire to fire their weapons. Rifles, grenade launchers, machine guns all bang away in one wild, crashing symphony. The reasoning is this: The more often men fire in training, the more likely they are to fire back instinctively when they are suddenly taken under attack, instead of hitting the dirt and lying there, failing to shoot. It is also important, in a unit as small as a platoon, that each man be familiar with the other man's weapon.

Standing there in the great crash of noise, watching John sprawled behind his machine gun, pouring a stream of tracers into a distant ant hill, I remembered something that happened when he was very small. I had taken him with me on a trip to Fort Benning, and we had gone out in the field to watch the firing of the 75-mm. recoilless rifle, which was a new weapon then. It fired once, making a very loud noise, and Johnny had jumped two feet off the ground. An inspection party of generals and colonels from Washington came up as the crew prepared to fire again. "Hey, you," John said, addressing the largest general, a three-star, "you better putcha fingers in ya ears. It's gonna make a big damn bang."

The general looked down, smiled, and put his fingers in his ears. A brace of brigadiers and a gaggle of colonels did likewise. The gun went "bang!"

"I toldja," John said.

Today he would be paralyzed in the presence of a three-star general. As a pfc. he even says "sir" to a sergeant major. But he has gotten over his fear of loud and sudden noises.

There are other, deeper changes in his character too. As a youngster, and as a student, he was an amiable fellow, warm and friendly, but not notably ambitious. All that has changed. As we lay in the hooch that night, the weapons sergeant came by and told him that a new Sp-4 had been assigned to his platoon. Since the machine-gunner's job called for an Sp-4, he was going to drop John back to assistant gunner and give the gun to the new Sp-4.

There were reports that a Chinese Communist battalion had been spotted in the area. The patrol would check.

John's comments were couched in language that would not have pleased his pastor. The gist of his remarks was that he was fed up with playing musical chairs with the gun. He either kept the gun, or the sergeant could take the gun and dispose of it in a most incongruous way. And he would go back to a rifle platoon, where he'd have some chance of moving up to Sp-4 himself.

The sergeant muttered placatory phrases and left. Lying there in the dark, I told John I didn't realize he felt such a fierce affection for the gun.

"I don't," he said. "I hate it. Humping that thing all day puts smoke on you, and when you tangle with Charley, you are the one he goes after hardest. But if I don't hold onto it, I'll never make Sp-4."

And what, I asked, was so great about being an Sp-4? My ignorance seemed to surprise him.

"Money, for one thing," he said. "A pfc. is an E-3. He's one cut above nothing. He gets paid $190 a month. An Sp-4 is supposed to know something. He's a machine gunner, or an automatic-rifle man, or a grenadier, or a 90-millimeter man. And he gets $240."

The next morning we went on patrol. The chopper came in very early, and we went out to it, bent over in the roar of noise and the wind-blown grit thrown up by the whirling blades. It dropped us in a dry rice paddy, 6,000 meters beyond the wire, roared up quickly and was gone. We patrolled in from there, moving out quickly to the west-northwest. At the point, carrying the light, quick-firing M-16, was a trooper known as "Ranger" Hall, who moved through the brush like a big black cat. Behind him came the patrol leader, Sgt. Clayton Davis, a slim, slope-shouldered, long-necked trooper whose head worked on a swivel. Behind him, carrying the pack radio, a load that would give a mule a hernia, was Sp-4 Clarence Wood. Back of him was an ex-Marine named Charles Bailey, a gray-eyed, laughing man who wore his blond hair long and his cap at a cocky angle. It gave him an antique look, like the daguerreotype of a Confederate soldier.

Behind him, burdened down by two canteens, 55 years, 235 pounds and a .45 pistol, came the elder Martin, his rear guarded by his son, carrying a grenade launcher. Next came photographer Trevor Hamer, covered by two riflemen—Jerry James Fitzgerald, who when not on patrol mans the 90-mm. rifle, and a slim, scholarly looking man named Lemuel Gray.

We patrolled through wild country, rolling and rough, a land of many moods and textures. There were great open stretches of thin forest, rising above short grass, that had the look of the African veld. There were thickets of bamboo and swampy marshes, and vast open plains where the grass grew higher than a man's head. There were old cut-over fields of charred high stumps, mark of the region's primitive cut-and-burn agriculture. And there were black, swift-running rivers, racing over slippery rocks between steep muddy banks that, toward the end of the day, were hard for a heavy middle-aged man to climb. There were also palm trees and low bushes, bearing beautiful white trumpet-shaped flowers. There were also resinous trees, into which Charley had dug holes that a small cooking pot would fit into. The resinous sap would flow to the bottom of the hole, and Charley would set it afire and cook his rice in the heart of the living tree.

If it was the haunt of the Viet Cong, it also was the native habitat of the peacock and of *Gallus gallus*, the wild jungle fowl. A flash of black and blue and crimson boomed from a bamboo thicket and rocketed through the trees. Every rifleman on the patrol fired at him, but the wild ancestor of our gamecocks flew on triumphantly, unhit, to alight on a limb in a distant pine. He fell then in a burst of fire, but in the tall grass we could not find him.

Signs of Charley were few. There were ricks of wood here and there, cut for the charcoal "factories"—primitive clay ovens in deep pits under thatched roofs—and in an open field we came on an oven at work. The orders are that anything in the area that might be useful to a guerrilla must be destroyed—crops, wild game, hooches, even ovens—for charcoal is an ingredient of gunpowder. But when we radioed the C.P. and gave our map coordinates, the lieutenant told us to leave it alone. It was, it seems, a "friendly" oven, providing cooking charcoal for a village not far away.

After five hours of steady moving Sgt. Davis called a halt, settling down in a little clearing under a tree. "Security," he ordered, and the riflemen moved out to the edge of the clearing. They sat down, facing outward, laid their weapons close to hand, shook a can of C rations out of the carrying sock, and ate their lunch. The sun blazed down; overhead, a hawk circled. The air was filled with the high, shrill singing of a million crickets. After we ate, Sgt. Davis sent three men over to hurl white-phosphorus grenades into a bamboo thicket.

"We burn these thick places," Davis explained, "because Charley uses them to hide his mortars in. He will sneak in at night and bury the mortar tube in the ground, set at the proper angle. Then he will fire eight or ten rounds in a hurry, pop a mat of grass over the buried mortar and take hat. The high bamboo hides the flash of the mortar from the night C.A.P., the planes that patrol the Green Line."

By midafternoon, far off, we could see Hon Chuong Mountain and the Black Horse shield on its crest. The day patrols, when they are nearing home, may fire their weapons if they wish. Each man is proud of his own weapon, and each wanted me to try his. Sgt. Davis's M-16 felt light and fragile, and it looked like a plastic toy gun, but was accurate, and it sprayed bullets like a fire hose. Charles Bailey's M-14 felt heavy and solid, like the old M-1.

John handed me the grenade launcher he carried when on patrol. He opened the breech, slipped in a stumpy fat cartridge. The "bullet" was a grenade the size of a hen egg.

"See that farthest tree?" he asked, pointing to a tree some 300 meters out. "Try to hit the top of it."

I fired, watching the flight of the little grenade. There was a blossom of black smoke in the top of the tree.

"It's a great antisniper weapon," John said. "The grenade breaks into a thousand little pieces about the size of an aspirin tablet. It'll tear a sniper to pieces if you put it in the tree with him."

I fired again, and again, the last time at a nearer tree. There was a bang and a puff of smoke and John yelled "NO!" and dived for the ground, and as I turned to question him about this curious conduct, a hot ice pick jabbed me in the left flank.

He picked himself up. "You curled everybody's hair that time," he said, "dropping a grenade that close. It's a miracle nobody got zapped." He noticed me feeling my side. Curious, he lifted up my shirt.

He was wrong about one thing. The little piece of shrapnel the battalion doctor dug out of me was only about half as big as an aspirin tablet.

Late that night the platoon got the word that it had been looking forward to, half in eagerness, half in dread. The safe, but boring, days were over. The 2nd Brigade, to which the battalion was attached, was leaving the Green Line. The next morning Bravo company would turn over its sector to a company just in from the Cambodian border. We would go into base camp, draw ammo and supplies, and move out the following day on a 10-day search-and-destroy operation in country somewhere north of Pleiku.

"'Search and destroy' is like killing sharks in the Gulf Stream," a trooper from Florida said. "You chum some bait and throw it overboard, and when the shark comes around for the bait, you shoot him in the head with a rifle. But he usually gets a bite or two of the bait before you kill him."

In these operations the infantry serves as bait, going out to find Charley by drawing his fire. Since Charley is essentially a guerrilla, he will not do battle unless he is sure he has the ad-

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vantage. To tempt him to show himself, therefore, the searching units are small—of squad or platoon or company strength. When he does reveal his position, the world falls in on him. Planes and helicopters roar in with napalm and rockets, and artillery pounds him mercilessly. A few days later the briefing officers in Saigon report a highly successful operation. The Viet Cong dead may number 40, 50, 100 or more. American losses will be described as "light" or "moderate," which they well may be in terms of the division, the regiment or the battalion engaged. But the squad or the platoon which ran into Charley in the first place may have been pretty well wiped out. The planes and choppers don't always get there quick enough.

On the night before the operation, Capt. William A. Taylor, commander of Bravo company, called his platoon leaders to his tent to brief them on their mission. The area the brigade would be going into, he said, was supposed to contain a corps headquarters, protected by at least a company—perhaps by a battalion—of Viet Cong. There had also been reports that a Chinese Communist battalion had been spotted to the west of this first objective, and this would also be checked out. There were Montagnard villages throughout the area, he said. They were fortified and believed to be unfriendly.

"But," he added, "remember this when you check out the villages—Do NOT FIRE UNLESS YOU ARE FIRED UPON. I repeat: Do not fire on any village unless you get fire from there.

"If you are fired on from a village," he went on, "gas the village, then go in and check it out by hand. But don't pour a lot of fire in there and kill a lot of women and children.

"If you do get fire, and there's a strong wind blowing toward you, so you can't use gas, then use whatever means are necessary to protect your men. But use gas if you can. We've got plenty of it. (*Note:* This is a nonlethal gas, and though its use has been criticized in this country, its purpose is to save lives.)

"Another thing," the captain went on. "There will be no fraternization. Nobody will go into a native hooch for *any purpose* except to check it out."

"Do we issue prophylactics?" the lst sergeant asked.

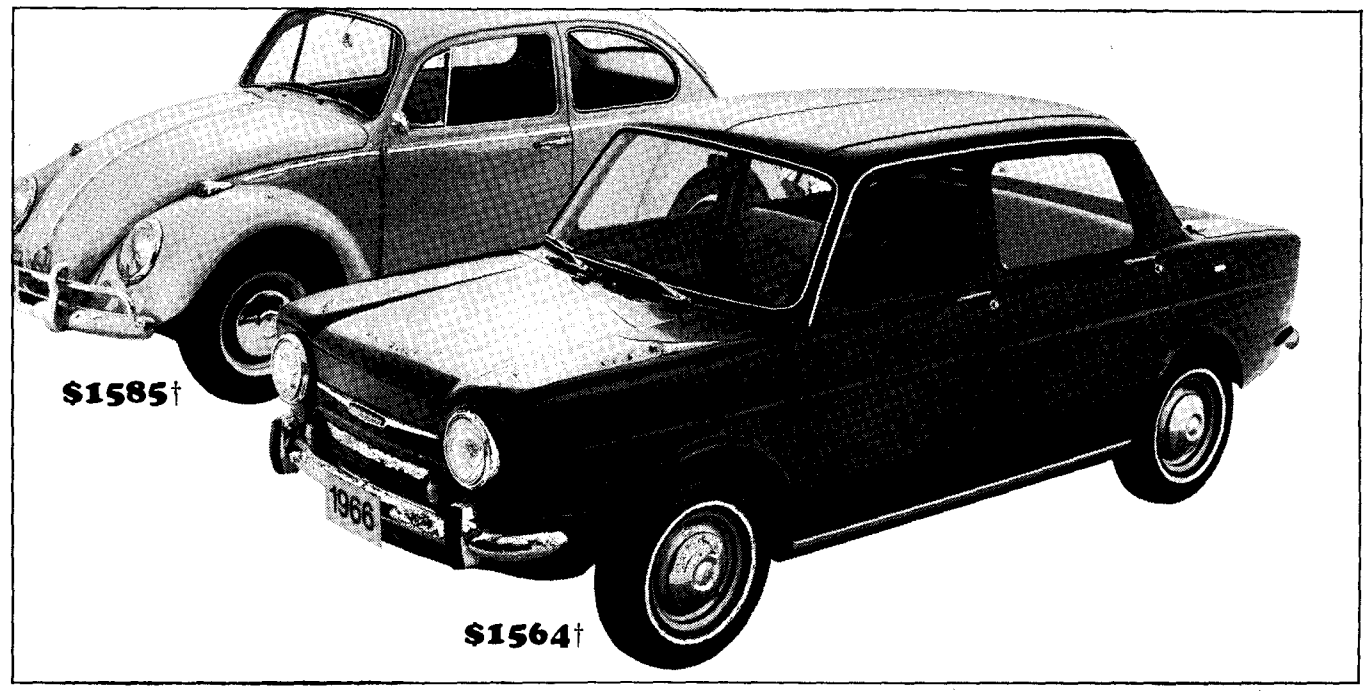
The captain thought for a moment. "No compromise on that order," he said. "That would be like saying 'Don't fraternize, but in case you do. . . .' I mean 'Don't Fraternize,' Period!"

It was almost midnight before the briefing ended. In the B.O.Q. tent, Lt. Keith Sherman, age 23, commander of the 1st platoon, sat down to write his wife a letter. On the rough packing box he used as a desk was her picture in a silver frame—a beautiful girl, gently smiling, with wavy brown hair and huge brown eyes. Next to the framed picture lay two rusty hand grenades.

Down the company street the word of the company's mission had spread fast. From the squad tent where John slept came the sound of singing. Earlier in the evening I had found a note on his bunk telling me that he had gone to the enlisted-men's club, where a beer ration of two cans to a man was being issued. The beer ration evidently had been augmented later from unofficial sources. As I came into the tent at midnight, Troopers Bailey and O'Quinn were singing with great and lachrymose feeling, "Your Cheating Heart." A dozen troopers sat and sprawled on the bunks in the dim light of a candle set on an ammo box, and a canteen cup of something stronger than beer was being passed from hand to hand. John, in a burst of comradeship, was telling a tall soldier on the bunk across from him, "You lemme know when you come through Atlanta, and we'll tear the town apart. They'll have to declare it a disaster area."

He looked up and saw me. "Come in, Papa-san," he said jovially, making room for me on the bunk. "Sit down." He took the canteen cup from another trooper and handed it to me.

"We are gathered here," he said, with an expansive gesture, "as is our custom before an operation—getting ourselves mentally, morally and spiritually prepared to go out tomorrow



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1956 : John, in first tuxedo, squired his mother on dance floor.

'We touched down and the troopers poured out of the helicopter. They landed running, and the chopper lifted.'

1966 : Pfc. Martin fights Communists, and dreams of home.

and chase a battalion with a platoon."

The gulf that lies between the generations betrayed me. "You better get yourself physically prepared," I said. "Why don't you guys knock off the yodeling and get some sleep?"

There was a sudden silence. In the dim light of the candle, they looked very young, but they were not children to be scolded and sent to bed. I tried to cover up. I stood up and pretended to yawn. "Sorry," I said, "I keep forgetting that you guys are about thirty years younger than I am. At your age you don't need sleep."

He followed me as I went out into the company street. We stood there for a moment in the dark. Finally, "Look, Dad—about tomorrow," he said. He paused, but I knew what was in his mind: I'd had my war; this one was his.

"I didn't realize I was fouling you up," I said. "I thought, so far ——"

"Sure," he said, "you've done fine—all the guys wonder how a guy in your shape—I mean, you did fine, on patrol and all that. But patrolling off the Green Line is one thing—that country around there is pretty well secure. Tomorrow will be different. We'll be in Viet Cong country. We'll hit the ground running, and we'll keep humping all day. And if you get in tall grass and lose the man in front of you ——"

"I get the message," I said, "but don't worry. I didn't come out here to try to fight the war with you. I'm not that stupid. I wanted to come out here and stay with you for a while, so I could try to tell the people back home how the plain old dog-faced, drag-tailed, dead-eyed, bone-tired, foxhole soldier lives, and what he talks about and thinks about, as he fights this war.

"So, about tomorrow—don't sweat it. I'll make the assault landing with you. Then I'll stay in the landing zone—at the battalion C.P.—while you guys strike out through the boondocks. And unless something comes up, I'll leave you tomorrow night."

I thought, when he said good night, that he sounded relieved.

Morning came early, with a cuss fight in the company street between Sgt. Zubrod and a sergeant from the 2nd platoon. Some of Sgt. Zubrod's men, it seems, had swiped some hand grenades the 2nd platoon's sergeant had squirreled away for his own people.

Along the street the troops were lining up, their gear and weapons laid out before them for inspection. A red-eyed sergeant snarled savagely at a tall, sleepy-looking trooper. "Who the hell ever told you to secure a grenade to your harness that way? You want to get blowed half in two!"

A little brown man wearing an Australian hat and boots that were too big for him stood at one side with a big German shepherd on a leash. Hasso, the scout dog, had a wound in his neck you could lay three fingers in, but he strained at his leash and barked at the sight of the troops getting ready to move. His Vietnamese handler had his hands full. He had a pack on his back. He had a suitcase in one hand and a small, yellow briefcase in the other.

Capt. Taylor felt it curious that the dog handler should be carrying so much baggage. He sent 1st Sgt. Detrich to inquire. The dog handler obligingly showed him. His bags were packed with hundreds of the waterproof metal-foil envelopes that come in C-ration packs. He had enough cigarettes, toilet paper, candy, sugar, salt, pepper and chewing gum to outfit a battalion.

"My God," said Sgt. Detrich in his high, piercing voice, "this guy's no dog handler. He's a ------- rolling store." John came over after his gear had been inspected. He hadn't shaved, and he saw me frown.

"OK, OK," he said, feeling his chin. "We going to a party? Is Charley going to serve tea?"

He struggled into his gear. I remembered the afternoon on the Green Line, when, for a joke, he had hung it on me. The machine gun weighed 23 pounds; the web gear—canteen, pistol, pack, entrenching tool, first-aid kit, gas mask, sock full of chow—another 25 pounds; two bandoliers of machine-gun ammo hung around the neck, 25 pounds more. Nearly 75 pounds of dead weight in all. Just standing there with it had borne me down. Yet he and his fellow troopers could carry it all day through rough country, though they did it without pleasure.

"This airmobile concept doesn't go far enough," John said. "All a trooper should have to hump is his weapon, ammo, water, first-aid kit and entrenching tool. Everything else ought to follow him by chopper."

To a chorus of birdsong the company moved out along a rocky road to the field where the helicopters waited, their rotors whirling lazily. They were Chinooks, big, twin-rotored ships that carried roughly 30 men with all their gear. Climbing aboard, the troopers fell strangely tense and silent. There was no wisecracking, no horseplay. For many of them this was their first operation. For others, including John, it was the first since the ambush at Bong Son had decimated the 1st platoon. Out of 37 men, two had been killed and 24 wounded; of the wounded, John and eight others had returned to duty. Silently they climbed in, settled back against the bright-red nylon web of the backrests, dropped their chins on their chests and went to sleep.

There was a roar and a blast of blessedly cool air as the choppers lifted. In the open ports machine gunners hung on their safety straps, watching the ground below.

I stood up and peered over the chopper pilot's shoulder. Soon below us we saw the gun ships swimming back to base, like a school of minnows. Ahead was the landing zone they had just finished pounding with rockets and machine-gun fire. Dust and smoke rose from it, and there was fire in the brush, for the preparation had been thorough. Artillery, fixed-wing planes, helicopters, each in turn had pounded it. Now, as the gun ships pulled away, the lift ships roared in. We flared out, touched down, and the troopers poured out the back of the Chinook in a storm of dust and twigs and pebbles kicked up by the thundering beat of the rotors.

They landed running, headed for the brush. The chopper lifted and was gone. And all at once I was alone in an open field, in an eerie silence.

I remembered the captain's briefing: With north as 12 o'clock, Bravo company's sector was from 1 to 5. I headed for the bushes to the east of the field. Soon I saw men with weapons moving ahead of me in the thicket. The battalion sergeant major came up. The colonel was asking about me, he said. I followed him to where Lt. Col. E. C. Myers, the battalion commander, was making a quick check of the area. Back with troops after a tour in the Pentagon, he had the look of a happy man. Nearby there was the muffled boom of an explosion and a billow of yellow smoke. The troops, moving through the brush, were tossing smoke bombs into the openings of a network of tunnels. Punji stakes—slim, needle-pointed bamboo spears—lined the trail we walked on. The colonel kicked sideway at them, and they snapped off at the ground—indicating they had been there a long time. Capt. Taylor came up. His men were tossing frag bombs and smoke bombs in the mouths of the tunnels. When the smoke cleared, he said, men would go in to check them out. But they looked as if they had been abandoned. Everywhere, in the open field where we landed, there were square holes, hip-deep, dug in the red earth, and in the bottom of these holes sharpened bamboo stakes had been set in place. But the holes had not been covered over with the thin covering of twigs, earth, grass and leaves that would turn them into deadly traps. Charley, it was obvious, had recently been here, and in considerable numbers. But he had gone.

The field where we landed had been the dirt airstrip of an old French coffee plantation. The gutted shell of a manor house still stood, between a stretch of smooth green lawn and a garden now grown up in weeds. On the lawn the 155-mm. batteries were already banging away, dropping a curtain of fire ahead of the troops moving out on the search. The battalion headquarters was set up in an open space before a long row of solidly built brick houses, covered with plaster—quarters of the men who had worked the plantation for the French. These, too, were burned-out shells, their walls marked by the scars of bullets, and beside them were the weed-grown trenches where the soldiers of a French outpost had made their last

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desperate stand. In one of them lay a rusty French helmet, a jagged hole torn in one side. Around us, dividing workers' quarters from the masters' lawns and gardens, were windbreaks of coffee trees, tall as Lombardy poplars.

Over the field telephone, reports came in from company commanders, humping with their troops. No contact. No contact. No contact. Ahead of them as they moved, the 155's dropped their protecting fire.

The brigade commander flew in, speaking happily of the way the landing had come off. "Seven hundred men on the ground and moving out in ten minutes' time," he said, congratulating Col. Myers.

Late in the afternoon word came back that two V.C. suspects had been taken. Under questioning they had reported that a force of 200 V.C. had moved out that morning, heading northeast. The colonel, sitting alone on an ammo box, a map on the ground before him, traced their probable route of travel, using a punji stake as a pointer. "By tomorrow morning," he said, "they should be here." He looked at the map for a long time.

"We could block them by landing here." He pointed to a fair-sized clearing on the map. "Or better still, right here. But there are villages there, and if we put the artillery in there, and the gun ships, before the troops go in, we'll hurt a lot of innocent people." He pored over the map. "There's a little clearing here," he said, "with no villages near. I'll go take a look at it. If it checks out, I'll put Bravo company in there as soon as the mist lifts in the morning. Charley company will move overland toward the same point."

Late that afternoon I flew in the colonel's chopper to find Bravo company and the 1st platoon. They had gone into bivouac on the side of a hill at the edge of a clearing. In the brush back of the foxhole where Lt. Sherman had his C.P., the mortars were already at work. Across the valley, white smoke, with an instant of fire at its heart, blossomed against the green hillside. John, with his machine gun, was in the deep woods to the south, beyond the clearing. I went to him, skirting deep, new shell holes, and climbing over trees blown down by artillery fire. He was shaving as I came up, using his helmet for a basin. He was sweat-soaked, and he looked beat, but he seemed relaxed and cheerful. He and David Crosby had set up their hooch, squat against the ground—"build a low hooch or no hooch," I remembered him telling me. They were ready for the night and for Charley, if he should come—as ready as they could get.

He said they'd had a good day. They had moved through Montagnard villages that looked like something in a movie travelogue—the men in loincloths, bushy-haired, armed with crossbows and curved, short-handled knives. He had one of the knives.

"Souvenir," he said. "Take it home for me, please, and hang it on the wall in my room."

"They weren't friendly. They weren't hostile," he said. "They just stood there. Zubey would go down the street. He'd stick his head in a hooch and say, 'Come on, Papa-san, come on, Jo-san.' The men would come out, and the intelligence guys would question them."

Pretty soon there was nothing else for us to talk about.

"Well, so long," I said. "I'll be seeing you around Christmas, I guess."

"I hope so," he said. "Give mother my love."

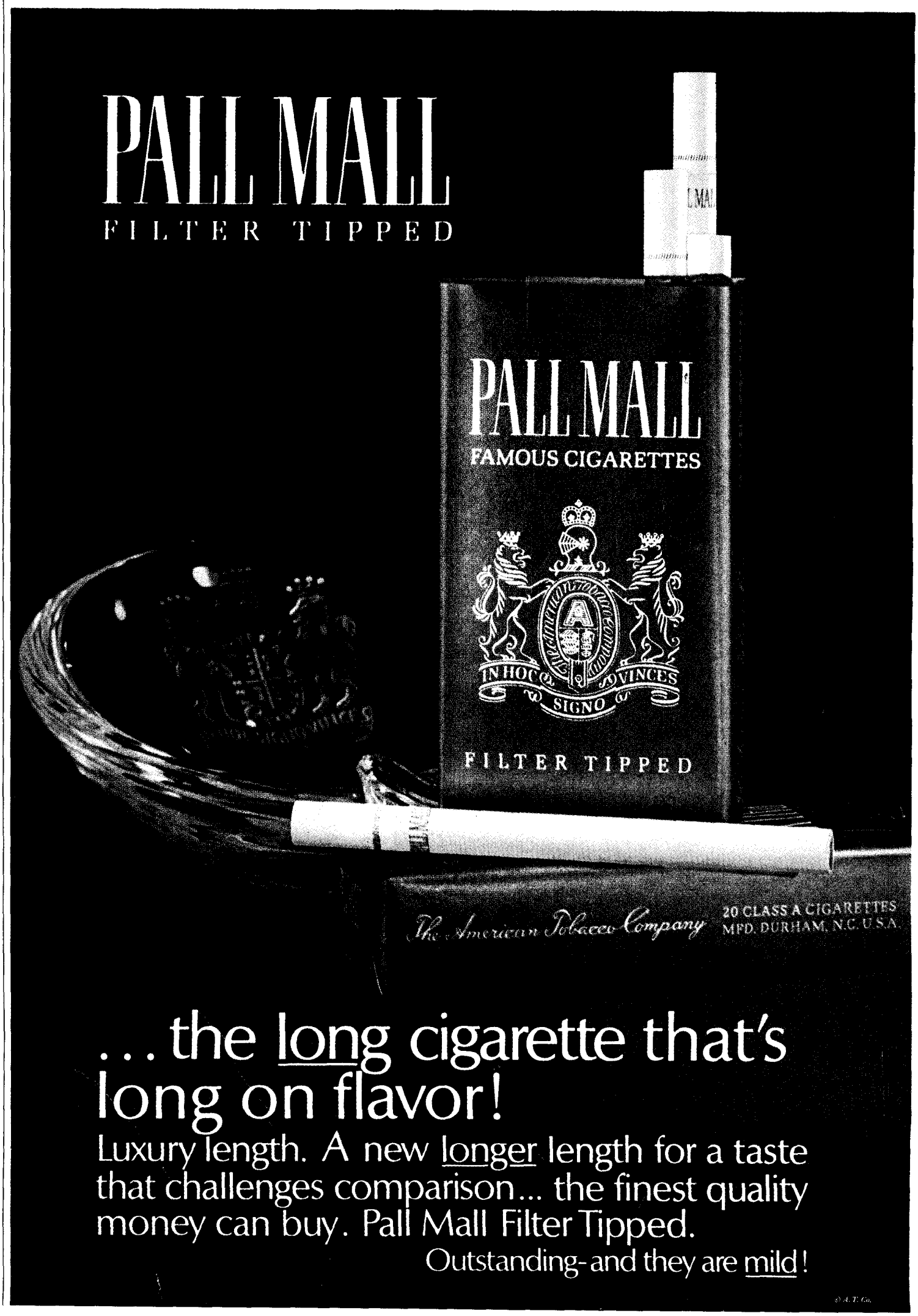
"I will." I stood there a minute, trying to think of something else to say. "You guys take care of each other, David," I told his friend.

"We've done it so far," Crosby said. "We'll keep on."

I left them there, in the woods, and walked on back to the clearing where the helicopter was waiting for me. A sergeant came by, looking happy. He had four wild-chicken eggs cupped in his hand.

As the chopper soared up, heading for Pleiku, I saw among the shattered trees below the raw earth of a new foxhole. A trooper was standing beside it, and I yelled good-bye and waved as we flew past.

It might have been him. I couldn't be sure, for it was getting dark and beginning to rain. He, or one of his buddies, it didn't matter. They are all good men. □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Put your hand over the gray half and see how much younger I look.

Cover the gray hair in the photo and the years go. Cover the dark hair and the years come clumping back.

Young/old/young/old/young/old/young/old—it happens every time you shift your hand. Which goes to prove just one thing. Gray hair makes you look older. And dark hair makes you look younger.

But we suspect you've known that all along. Then how come you didn't do something about it before now?

We suspect you know the answer to that one, too.

The embarrassment.

The embarrassment of having to stand in a crowded drugstore and ask, nervously, for a bottle of women's haircoloring "for-uh-your wife."

The embarrassment of having friends (and *un*friends) spot what you did because it looked phoney—and kid you about it—"Hey, fellows, look—Charley dyed his hair."

The embarrassment of having to suffer through a complicated haircoloring routine—plus the fear that it would hurt your hair, and be expensive.

And finally, there was the biggest embarrassment of all—the funny feeling that doing something to your gray was too flashy, too "show biz," not something a "regular fellow" ought to do.

GREAT DAY® For Men

Well, let's take the last worry first. Because if we can get you over that one, we have a new product that *solves all the other problems.* (It's called "Great Day." From Clairol Research. More about it later.)

More Men Than You Think

It may have been true ten years ago that only a few actors colored their hair. But since then a minor, and somewhat surprising, revolution has taken place. (*Surprising* when you consider that there hasn't even been a really good men's product on the market until now.) Today it's estimated that over 2,000,000 men from all walks of life have broken with tradition and have done something about their gray hair. And most of them have never even set foot on a stage. Except maybe to make a speech. Already, a lot of very proper bankers, lawyers, brokers, doctors, advertising executives, sales managers, government people, farmers, longshoremen, teachers, truck drivers and police officers do it. Without blushing.

They all have one thing in common: they don't want to look old before their time. (And nothing makes a man look old before his time like gray hair.) Some men want to look younger for personal reasons, others for professional reasons. (Let's face it, unfair as it may be, a premium is put on *youth* in our society. Today, if a middle-aged executive looks too old he may be in a weakened competitive position within his company. And if he has to go out to look for a job, he's in an even worse position.)

You're Fooled Every Day

Dozens of men who pass you on the street every day have taken the premature gray out of their hair. Some you notice. Some you don't. But to get that *unnoticeable* color most of them have had to spend a small fortune having it done professionally with complicated products that cost $8, $10, even $12 an application. Or else they're using their wives' Clairol haircoloring...which is fine for women but just wasn't designed for a man's haircoloring needs.

Now, finally there's a product designed especially for men—a product that won't embarrass you in any way. Great Day. With Great Day a man can return his graying hair to a soft, rich, natural-looking color in the privacy of his own bathroom, or have it done in any good barber shop. Without any of the worries.

Great Day works like a shampoo. Once every two weeks or so (depending on how fast your hair grows), you pour it on—*straight from the bottle.* (No mixing needed.) Lather it in, let it sit, rinse it off. No complications. Leave it on a few minutes each time, and you color the gray gradually. If you want to take the plunge all at once, just leave it on longer before rinsing.

Nobody Notices

Great Day doesn't change your natural hair color. It only works on the gray. The change is subtle. Amazingly, even though *you're* very conscious of what you've done, experience has shown that most people don't even notice the difference in color. Only the effect. "Say, Charley, you look great. Did you lose weight or something?"

Your Pillow Won't Talk

Great Day goes inside your gray hair shafts. So it can't rub off on your collar, or on the pillow. It contains no peroxide in any form. So it can't make your hair glow with orangey-red highlights. It doesn't harm your hair in any way. (Actually, it leaves your hair in better condition.) It doesn't affect the texture of your hair at all. But just by making it darker, it does make it look somewhat fuller. (Nobody will mind *that* extra benefit.)

Great Day is made by Clairol, the world's leading authority on haircoloring. Remember the Clairol slogan "Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure"™? Well, after years of laboratory work and thousands of tests on gray-haired men, now Clairol can say, "Hair color so natural only his *barber* knows for sure."™ And unless your barber applied it to your hair himself, even *he* won't be absolutely certain.

Muster up your courage a little—and do something about your gray hair.

It's nice to look young.

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Part 1 of the last adventure story by

C. S. FORESTER

Hornblower During the Crisis

It is the summer of 1805. Napoleon Bonaparte has readied a massive invasion of England. Only the Channel stands between him and his prize—only the Channel and the fight-to-the-death heroes of His Majesty's Royal Navy.

Illustrated by Ben Stahl

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Hornblower saw the terrified Frenchmen fling themselves down the hatchway, pursued by cutlass-swinging figures with black faces.

In 1958, in a brief article that accompanied the first episode of a Saturday Evening Post *serial about Captain Horatio Hornblower, C.S. Forester reflected cheerfully upon his life as a writer and recalled a moment that had given him particular pleasure.*

He had been reading publisher's proof sheets of a Hornblower novel, Mr. Forester wrote, when his young son "looked over my shoulder and exclaimed, 'Oh, please hurry up with those, Father, because I want to read them.' He was pleased and excited, because he knew this was a sequel to The Happy Return, *which he had read the year before, and he wanted to know more about Captain Hornblower."*

Like Mr. Forester's son, Post *editors have always stood in spirit behind his writing desk, looking over his shoulder and urging him to hurry because they, and countless thousands of readers, wanted to know more about Horatio Hornblower.*

The time for urging is over. Hornblower During the Crisis *is the last of the Hornblower novels; Mr. Forester died in April, at the age of 66, before he could finish it. We give the reader fair warning: The higher his excitement mounts—and mount it will—the greater will be his shock when he comes to the abrupt conclusion.*

We are proud to have been associated with C.S. Forester for so many years, and we are proud to present Hornblower During the Crisis.

The *Hotspur* rolled easily in the sheltered waters of the little bay. For almost two years she and her sister ships of the English Channel Fleet had patrolled the waters off the western tip of France, blockading the French at Brest; Hornblower, sitting alone in his cabin, found it hard to realize that he was now about to quit not only the area but command of the *Hotspur* as well.

He was not surprised, however, by the knock on the door; he had seen from his cabin window what was happening outside.

"Water hoy coming alongside, sir," reported Bush, hat in hand.

"Very well, Mr. Bush." He was disturbed in spirit and had no intention of smoothing Bush's path for him.

"The new captain will be coming aboard, sir." Bush was perfectly well aware of Hornblower's mood, yet not ingenious enough to cope with it.

"Very well, Mr. Bush."

But this was simple cruelty, the deliberate teasing of a nearly dumb animal. Hornblower

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realized that his own behavior really gave him no pleasure, and he relented to the extent of introducing a lighter touch into the conversation.

"So now you have a few minutes to spare for me, Mr. Bush?" he said. "It's a change after your preoccupation of the last two days."

Bush showed his feelings in his face. "I've had my duties to do, sir," he mumbled.

"Getting *Hotspur* into apple-pie order for her new captain?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"Doesn't matter about me, of course. I'm only a back number now."

"Sir ——"

Despite his mood, Hornblower could not help smiling at Bush's misery.

"I'm glad to see you're only human, Mr. Bush, after all. Sometimes I've doubted it. There couldn't be a more perfect first lieutenant."

Bush needed two or three seconds to digest this unexpected compliment. "That's very good of you, sir. Very kind indeed. But it's been all your doing."

In a moment they would slide down the slippery slopes of sentiment, which would be unbearable.

"Time for me to appear on deck," said Hornblower. "We'd better say good-bye, Mr. Bush. The best of luck under your new captain."

He went so far toward yielding to the mood of the moment as to hold out his hand, which Bush took. Luckily, Bush's emotions prevented him from saying more than just "Good-bye, sir," and then he followed Hornblower through the cabin door.

There was instantly plenty of distraction as the water hoy, a sloop that carried water to ships of the line, was laid alongside the *Hotspur*. The side of the hoy was covered from end to end with old sails in rolls and with substantial fend-offs of sandbags, yet it was a ticklish business. even in the sheltered bay, to pass lines between the two ships and draw them together. A gangplank came clattering out from the hoy to bridge the gap between the two decks, and a burly man in full uniform made the precarious crossing. He was very tall—two or three inches over six feet—and heavily built; a man of middle age or more. to judge by the shock of gray hair revealed when he raised his hat. The boatswain's mates pealed loudly on their calls; the two ship's drummers beat a ragged ruffle.

"Welcome aboard, sir," said Hornblower.

The new captain pulled a paper from his breast pocket and unfolded it. As he began to read, a shout from Bush bared every head, giving the function its due solemnity.

"Orders given by us, William Cornwallis, Vice Admiral of the Red, Knight of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath, Commanding His Majesty's Ships and Vessels of the Channel Fleet, to James Percival Meadows, Esquire ——"

"D'ye think we have all day?" This was a stentorian voice from the deck of the hoy. "Stand by to take the hoses, there! Mr. Lieutenant, let's have some hands for the pumps!"

The voice came from the barrel-shaped captain of the hoy. Bush signaled frantically for him to stay quiet.

"Time enough for that tomfoolery when the water's all aboard! The wind'll shift within the hour!" roared the barrel-shaped captain, quite unabashed. Captain Meadows scowled and hesitated, but for all his vast stature he could do nothing to silence the captain of the hoy. He roared through the rest of his orders and folded the paper with evident relief that he was now legally captain of H.M.S. *Hotspur*.

"On hats!" bellowed Bush.

"Sir, I relieve you," said Meadows to Hornblower.

"I much regret the bad manners displayed in the hoy, sir," said Hornblower to Meadows.

"Now let's have some sturdy hands," said the barrel-shaped captain to no one in particular, and Meadows shrugged in resignation.

"Mr. Bush, my first lieutenant—I mean *your* first lieutenant, sir," said Hornblower, hastily effecting an introduction.

"Carry on, Mr. Bush," said Meadows, and Bush plunged instantly into the business of transferring the fresh water from the hoy.

"Who's that fellow, sir?" asked Hornblower, with a jerk of his thumb at the captain of the hoy.

"He's been my cross for the last two days," answered Meadows. "He's not only captain, but he's thirty-seven sixty-fourths owner. Under Navy Office contract. Can't press him, can't press his men, as they all have protections. Says what he likes, does what he likes, and I'd give my prize money for the next five years to box his ears for him."

"H'mm," said Hornblower. "I'm taking passage with him."

"Hope you fare better than I did."

"By your leave, sirs." A hand from the hoy came pushing along the gangplank, dragging a canvas hose, and after him came someone carrying papers. There was bustle everywhere.

"I'll hand over the ship's papers, sir," said Hornblower. "Will you come with me? They are ready in your cabin when you have time to attend to them, sir."

Hornblower's sea chest and ditty bag lay forlorn on the bare cabin deck, pathetic indications of his imminent departure. It was the work of only a few moments to complete the transfer of command.

"May I request of Mr. Bush the loan of a hand to transfer my dunnage, sir?" asked Hornblower.

Now he was nobody, not even a passenger; he had no standing at all. This became more evident still when he returned to the deck and looked round for his officers to bid them farewell. They were all engrossed in the business of the moment, with hardly a second to spare for him. The handshakes were hasty, and it was with a queer relief that he turned away to the gangplank.

His relief was short-lived. A swell had curved in round the point, and the two ships, *Hotspur* and the water hoy, were rolling in opposite phases, their upper works inclining first toward and then away from each other, so that the gangplank which joined them was possessed of several distinct motions—it swung in a vertical plane like a seesaw and in a horizontal plane like a compass needle. But its most frightening motion, instantly obvious when Hornblower addressed himself to the crossing, was a stabbing, back-and-forth motion as the ships surged together and apart. the gap bridged by the plank being now six feet, then sixteen. For a barefooted seaman the passage would be easy; for Hornblower it was a rather frightening matter—an eighteen-inch plank with no handrail. He was conscious, too, of the hoy's captain watching him; that, at least, made him determined to show no hesitation once he had decided on the passage. He studied the motions of the plank out of the tail of his eye, pretending that his attention was fully taken up by the various activities in the two ships.

Then he made a rush for it, got both feet on the plank, endured a nightmare interval when it seemed as if he made no progress at all, and at last thankfully reached the comparative stability of the hoy's deck. The barrel-shaped captain made no move to welcome him, and Hornblower had to make the first advance.

"Are you the master of this vessel, sir?"

"Captain Baddlestone, master of the hoy *Princess*."

"I am Captain Hornblower, and I am to be given a passage to England," said Hornblower, nettled by Baddlestone's offhand manner.

"You have your warrant?"

The question and the way in which it was asked rather pricked the bubble of Hornblower's dignity, but he was sufficiently roused by now to feel he would stand no more insolence.

"I have," he declared.

Baddlestone had a large, round, almost purple face, and thick, black eyebrows. From under them, two surprisingly bright blue eyes met Hornblower's haughty stare. Hornblower was determined to yield not an inch, to meet the head-on assault of those blue eyes indefinitely, but he found his flank neatly turned.

"Cabin food a guinea a day. Or you can compound for the passage for three guineas," announced Baddlestone.

It surprised Hornblower to learn he had to pay for his subsistence, but though he knew the surprise was apparent in his expression, he would not allow it to be apparent in his words. He was quite sure that Baddlestone had legality on his side. The hoy's Navy Office charter presumably compelled Baddlestone to give passage to transient officers, but omitted all reference to subsistence.

Hornblower thought quickly. "Three guineas, then," he said loftily, with all the manner of a man to whom the difference between one guinea and three was of no

Captain Meadows roared through the orders relieving Hornblower of command of the Hotspur.

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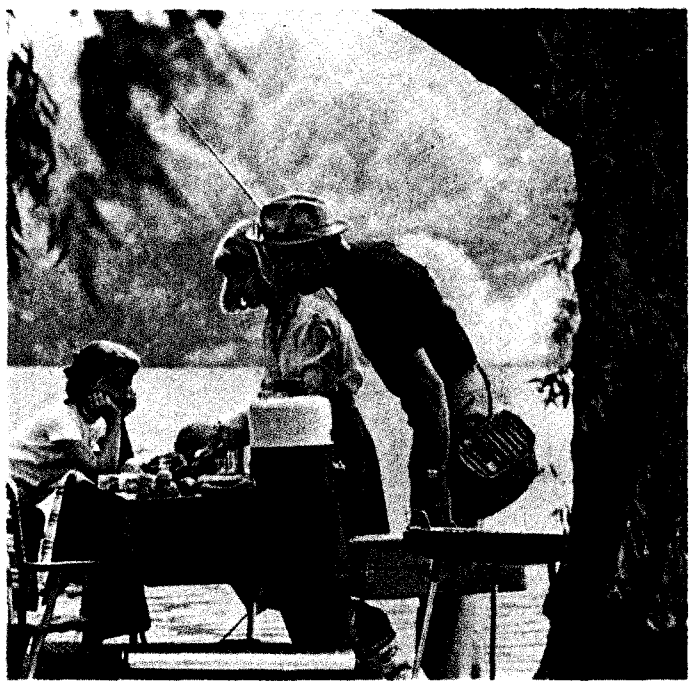

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concern. It was not until after he had said the words that he worked out in his mind the deduction that the wind was likely to back round easterly and make a long return passage probable.

During this conversation the water pumps, which had been working most irregularly, came to a stop; the cessation of the monotonous noise was quite striking. Now Bush was hailing from the *Hotspur*.

"That's only nineteen ton! We can take two more."

"And two more you won't get," yelled Baddlestone in reply. "We're sucked dry."

Though Hornblower was free of responsibility for this, his mind automatically worked out that *Hotspur* now had fresh water for forty days. Captain Meadows would have to plan to conserve that supply. And with the wind likely to come easterly, *Hotspur* would have to close the mouth of the Brest harbor channel as tightly as possible, which meant —— But that was Meadows's concern and nothing to do with him, not ever again.

The *Hotspur* hands who had been working at the pumps went scuttling back over the gangplank; the two hands from the *Princess* who had been standing by the hoses dragged them back on board. Last came the *Princess*'s mate.

"Stand by the lines, there!" yelled Baddlestone. "Jib halyards, mister!"

Baddlestone went to the wheel himself, and made a neat job of getting the hoy away from the *Hotspur*'s side. He continued to steer the ship while a half dozen hands, under the supervision of the mate, set about the task of lifting and stowing the fend-offs that hung along her side. In a matter of seconds the gap between the two ships was too wide to bridge by voice.

Hornblower looked across the sparkling water. It appeared that Meadows was summoning all hands to address them in an inaugural speech; certainly no one spared a further glance toward Hornblower standing lonely on the deck of the hoy. The bonds of naval friendship, of naval intimacy, were exceedingly strong, but they could be torn in a flash. It was more than likely that he would never see Bush again.

Life in the water hoy *Princess* was exceedingly uncomfortable. She was empty of her cargo of drinking water, and there was almost nothing to replace it; the empty casks were too precious to be contaminated by sea water for use as ballast, and only a few bags of sand could be squeezed between the casks to confer stability to her hull. She had been designed with this very difficulty in view, the lines of her dish-shaped hull being such that, even when riding light, her broad beam made her hard to capsize. But she did everything short of that. Her motion was violent and unpredictable, and she was hardly more weatherly than a raft, sagging off to leeward in a spineless fashion that boded ill for any prospect of working up to Plymouth while any easterly component prevailed in the wind.

Hornblower was forced to endure considerable hardship. For two days he lingered on the verge of seasickness as a result of this new motion beneath his feet. He was allotted a hammock in a compartment six feet square and five feet high, but at least he had the compartment to himself, though there were arrangements for the slinging of eight hammocks. It had been a long time since he had slept in a hammock; his spine was slow to adjust to the curvature, and the extravagant leaps and rolls of the hoy made the memory of his cot in *Hotspur* nostalgically luxurious.

The wind stayed northeasterly, bringing clear skies and sunshine but no comfort to Hornblower, save that it was soon evident he would be eating Baddlestone's "cabin food" for more than three days—a doubtful source of satisfaction. He thought only of making his way to England, to London, to Whitehall, of securing his posting as captain before anything could happen to interfere, and he watched morosely as the *Princess* lost more and more distance to leeward, more even than the clumsy ships of the line clustered off the island of Ushant. There was nothing to read on board, there was nothing to do, and there was no comfortable place in which to do that nothing.

He was coming up through the hatchway, weary of his hammock, when he saw Baddlestone whip his telescope to his eye.

"Here they come!"

With the greatest possible condescension Baddlestone passed the telescope over to Hornblower; there could be no more generous gesture than for a captain to part with his glass when something of interest was in sight.

It was a veritable fleet bearing down on them, far more than a mere squadron. Four frigates, with every stitch of canvas spread, were racing to take the lead; behind them followed two columns of line-of-battleships, seven in one and six in the other, already setting studding sails as they edged into station. With the wind right astern and all sail set, the ships hurtled down upon the *Princess*. It was a magnificent sight, the command pennants whipping out ahead, the ensigns flying forward. Under each bluff bow a creamy wave mounted and sank as the ships drove on over the blue water. Here was England's naval might seen to its best advantage.

One of the frigates came cutting close beside the wallowing water hoy.

"*Diamond*," said Baddlestone, who had recovered his telescope.

Hornblower stared longingly at her as she passed within long cannon shot. He saw a rush of men up the foremast rigging, and the fore-topgallant sail was taken in and reset while the *Diamond* passed. A smart ship that—Hornblower had not detected anything wrong with the set of the sail. The mate of the hoy managed to hoist a dirty old red ensign in time to dip it in salute, and the *Diamond*'s blue ensign dipped in reply. Now came the starboard column of ships of the line, a three-decker in the lead, towering over the waves, her three rows of checkered gunports revealing themselves as she approached, a vice-admiral's blue flag blowing from her fore-topgallant mast.

"*Prince of Wales*. Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Calder," said Baddlestone. "There's two other flags with this lot."

The ensigns dipped in salute, and the next of the line came on, plunging before the wind with the spray flying. The flags dipped time and again as the ships hurtled by.

"A fair wind for Finisterre," said Baddlestone.

"That looks like their course," said Hornblower.

It seemed obvious that Baddlestone knew as much about fleet movements as Hornblower himself did, perhaps even more. Less than a week earlier, Baddlestone had been in Plymouth, with English newspapers to read and all the chatter of the alehouses to listen to. Hornblower himself had heard a good deal of circumstantial gossip from the *Shetland*, the victualler which had come alongside *Hotspur* a few days before the *Princess*. Baddlestone's suggestion that Calder's destination was merely Cape Finisterre, rather than the Straits or the West Indies, was almost convincing proof of the extent of Baddlestone's knowledge. Hornblower asked a testing question.

"But why Finisterre?"

Baddlestone clearly found it hard to believe that Hornblower could be ignorant of what was being discussed throughout the fleet.

"Villain-noove," he said.

That was Villeneuve, the French admiral commanding the fleet that had broken out of the Mediterranean some weeks before and fled across the Atlantic to the West Indies.

"What about him?" asked Hornblower.

"He's heading back again, making for Brest. Going to pick up the French fleet there, so Boney thinks. Then the Channel. Boney's army's waiting at Boulong, and Boney thinks he'll eat his next dish of frogs in Windsor Castle."

"Where's Nelson?" demanded Hornblower.

"Hot on Villain-noove's trail. If Nelson don't catch him, Calder will. Boney's going to wait a long time before he sees French tops'ls in the Channel."

"How do you know this?"

"Sloop came in from Nelson while I was waiting for a wind in Plymouth. The whole town knew in half an hour, bless you."

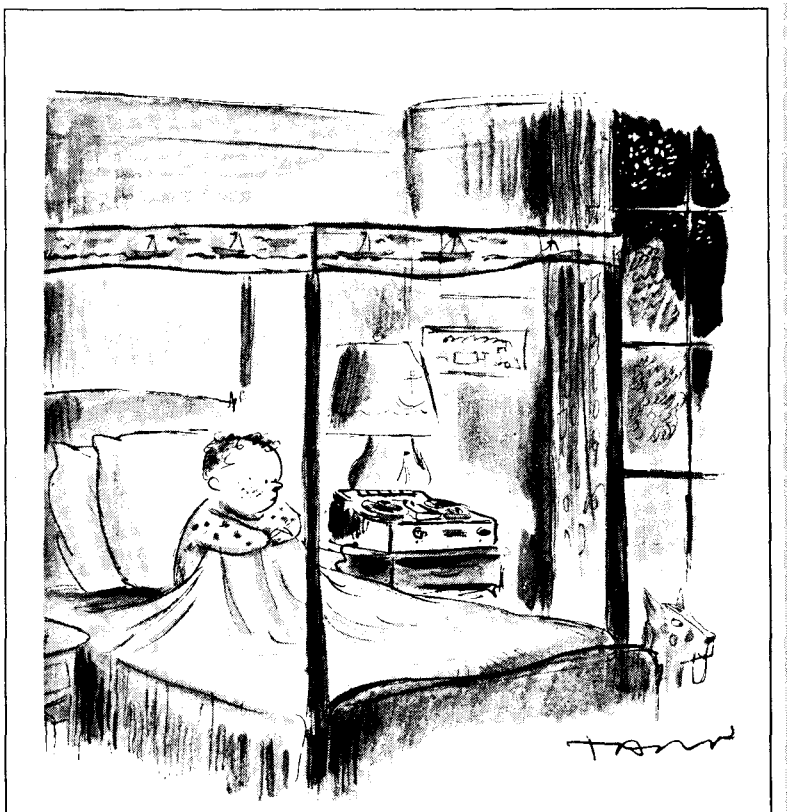
This was vital information. Bonaparte had a quarter of a million men—trained, equipped, ready—at Boulogne. Transporting them across the Channel in the thousands of flat-bottomed boats that crowded the French Channel ports might be difficult, but with twenty, thirty, possibly forty French and Spanish ships of the line to cover the crossing, something might be achieved. In a month Bonaparte might well be eating frogs in Windsor Castle. The destiny of the world, the fate of civilization, depended on the concerted movements of the British fleets. If so much was known in Plymouth last week, it would be known in Bonaparte's headquarters today; detailed knowledge of the British movements was vital to the French in executing what appeared to be essentially a plan of evasion.

Baddlestone was watching him curiously, and Hornblower realized he must have allowed some of his emotion to show.

"No good ever came of worrying," said Baddlestone, and now it was Hornblower whose gaze turned sharp.

Until this conversation they had not exchanged twenty words during the two days of waiting for a wind. Baddlestone apparently cherished hard feelings toward naval officers, and Hornblower supposed his own refusal to make any advances toward intimacy had not softened them.

America, America



"——and they lived happily ever after. . . . Now be a good boy and go to sleep, and don't forget, Daddy loves you. . . ."

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CAPTAIN HORNBLOWER

"Worry?" he said bravely. "Why should I worry? We'll deal with Boney when the time comes."

Already Baddlestone seemed to regret his loquacity. As every captain should while on deck, he had been darting glances at the leech of the mainsail and now he rounded on the helmsman.

"Watch what you're doing, blast you!" he roared. "Keep her full and by! D'ye want us to end up in Spain? An empty water hoy and a ham-fisted no-seaman at the wheel letting her box the compass!"

Hornblower drifted away during this tirade. His feelings were agitated. Here was the crisis of the naval war approaching; there were battles to be fought—and he had no ship. All he had was a promise of one, a promise of being "made post" when he called upon the Admiralty to redeem that promise. He had endured almost two years of hardship and danger, monotony and strain, in the blockade of Brest, and now, at the very moment when the war was reaching a climax, he was unemployed. The battle might well be fought, the crisis over, before he could get to sea again. Calder might intercept Villeneuve within the week, or Bonaparte might attempt his crossing within a fortnight.

Better to be a mere commander with a ship than an ungazetted captain without one. It was enough to drive a man perfectly frantic—and for the last two days the wind had blown steadily from the northeast, keeping him a prisoner in this accursed hoy, while allowing Meadows in the *Hotspur* every opportunity to distinguish himself.

After ten years of experience Hornblower knew he should have more sense than to fret himself into a fever over the uncontrollable, unpredictable winds that had governed his life since boyhood. But here he was fretting himself into a fever, nevertheless.

Hornblower was still in his hammock, though it was full dawn. He had turned himself over without waking himself up too much—something he had had to relearn now that he was sleeping in a hammock again—and he was determined to stay where he was, as somnolent as possible, for the longest possible time. In that way he would find the day shorter; his mind, clogged with sleep, would not be working at high tension for so long. Yesterday had been a bad day; a favorable slant of wind at nightfall had endured just long enough to return the *Princess* to the heart of the blockading squadron before reversing itself maddeningly.

Bustle and excitement became audible on the deck above him, and there was a boat alongside. It would be some trifle of no concern to him, most likely, but curiosity put an end to his resolution to stay in his hammock.

He had his feet on deck, but was still sitting in the hammock when a midshipman appeared. Hornblower glowered at him with bleared eyes, observing the trim white breeches and buckled shoes; this must be some pampered pet from a flagship. The midshipman was offering him a letter. Hornblower, instantly fully awake, broke the wafer that sealed it.

You are hereby requested and required to attend as a witness, at your peril, upon the court-martial to be held this day at nine in the forenoon in the cabin of H.M.S. *Hibernia* to try Captain James Percival Meadows, the officers and ship's company of H.M.'s late sloop *Hotspur* for the loss of the said vessel by stranding during the night.

Henry Bowden, R.A., Captain of the Fleet.
N.B. A boat will be sent.

Here was something startling, astonishing; Hornblower gaped at the note until he remembered the presence of the midshipman and the consequent need to appear imperturbable.

"Very well, thank you," he snapped. The midshipman had hardly turned his back before he was dragging out his sea chest and wondering how he could get the creases out of his threadbare full-dress coat.

H.M.'s *late* sloop! That could only mean *Hotspur* was a total loss. But Meadows was alive, which implied that few, if any, lives had been lost. Certainly Meadows had wasted no time in putting *Hotspur* ashore. That would be the easiest thing in the world to do, as no one could say with more certainty than Hornblower, who had never done it.

He was shaving when Baddlestone came in and actually volunteered information. Hornblower stood balancing precariously; the *Princess*'s antics made it difficult to pull his skin tight with one hand while wielding the razor with the other.

"So *Hotspur*'s lost on the Black Rock," said Baddlestone.

"I knew she was aground," said Hornblower. "But I didn't know where."

"Do you call being at the bottom of the sea aground? She touched on a falling tide. Holed herself and filled and then rolled off on the flood."

It was remarkable how the fleet auxiliaries picked up the news.

"Any loss of life?" asked Hornblower.

"None that I've heard of," said Baddlestone.

He would certainly have heard if any officers had been drowned. So they were all safe, including Bush. Hornblower devoted special attention to the tricky area around the left corner of his mouth.

"Giving evidence, I hear?"

"Yes." Hornblower had no desire to add to Baddlestone's store of gossip.

"If the wind backs westerly I'll sail without you. I'll put your chest ashore at Plymouth."

"You are exceedingly kind," said Hornblower, and then checked himself. There was nothing to be gained by a quarrel with a man of an inferior social order. He wiped off his face and razor, then met Baddlestone's eyes.

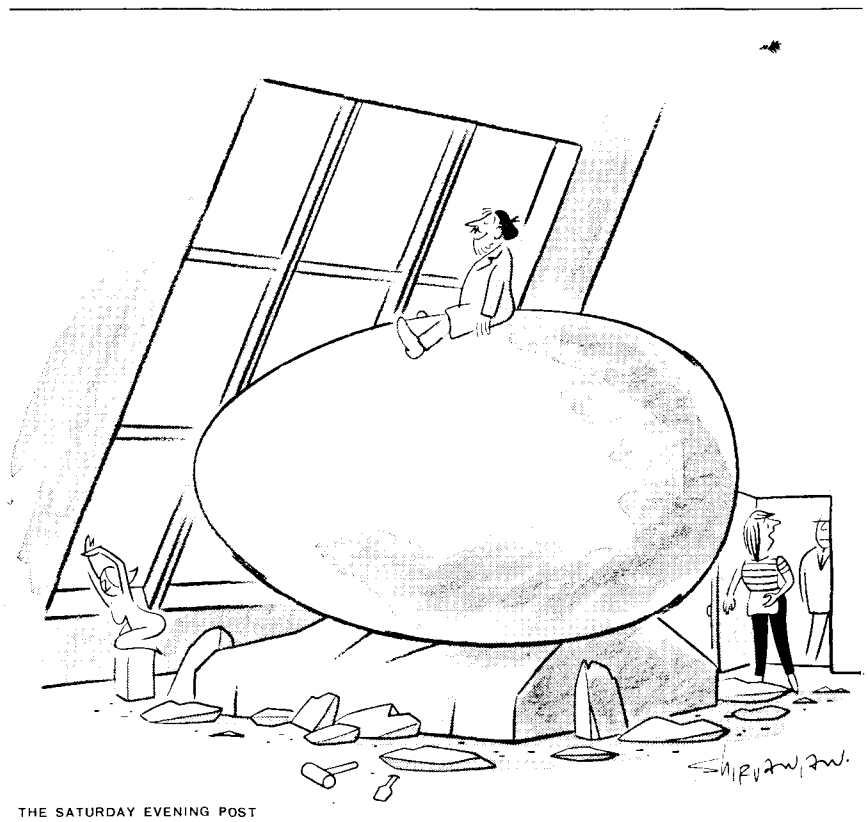
"Not many men would have given that answer," said Baddlestone.

"Not many men need their breakfast as much as I do at present," answered Hornblower.

At eight o'clock the boat was alongside. Hornblower went down into it, wearing on his left shoulder the single epaulet that indicated he had not yet been confirmed in his promotion to captain, and at his side the brass-hilted hanger which was all he could boast as a sword. But he was received with appropriate ceremony as he went up *Hibernia*'s side, following two handsomely turned-out captains with epaulets on both shoulders who were obviously going to be members of the court.

Over on the lee side of the quarterdeck he caught a glimpse of Meadows and Bush pacing together, deep in conversation. But the midshipman who was his guide led him away; that was proof that he had been summoned as an expert witness at the request of the court, and must be kept away from the defendants to prevent all possibility of either collusion or prejudice.

Twenty-five minutes after the firing of the gun that indicated the opening of the court, Hornblower was called into the great cabin. Seven captains glittered at a table under the stern windows. Over at one side sat Meadows and Bush; Prowse, the sailing master; and Wise, the boatswain. It was distasteful, distress-



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He's in here, doctor."

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ing, to see the anxiety on their faces.

"The court wishes to address a few questions to you, Captain Hornblower," said the central figure at the table. "Later you may be asked by the defendants to explain your answers."

"Yes, sir," said Hornblower.

"When you handed over command of the sloop *Hotspur*, her material condition was good?"

"Reasonably so, sir." He had to speak the truth.

"By that do you mean in good condition or bad?"

"Good, sir."

"The compass-deviation card was accurate as far as you were aware?"

"Yes, sir." He could not possibly admit to any carelessness on that subject.

"You have heard that *H.M.S. Hotspur* went aground on the Black Rock with a falling tide. Have you any comments to make, captain?"

Hornblower set his teeth. "It would be an easy thing to do."

"Perhaps you would be good enough to elaborate on that statement, captain?"

There was plenty he could say, but he had to be careful how he said it. He must not appear to be a windbag. He must lay all necessary stress on the navigational difficulties, and yet he must not rate himself too highly for having so long evaded them. He must do all he could for the defendants without overplaying his hand. At least there were certain obvious points he could make; they could be instantly confirmed by a glance at the ship's logs.

Hornblower talked about the steady westerly wind which had prevailed for some days, and then about the brisk easterly wind which had sprung up. Given those conditions, the ebb tide could be unpredictably fierce. And there was likely to be a disturbing back eddy inside the rocks which could upset all calculations; the current might reverse itself in a cable length. From the Black Rock a long reef extended southeastward; except at the very tip, breakers were visible only at low water of spring tides, and the lead gave no warning of this. It would be in no way remarkable for a ship keeping close up to the mouth of the Brest harbor channel to be trapped here.

"Thank you, captain," said the president, when Hornblower had finished. He glanced over to the defendants. "Have you any questions?"

The president's manner indicated that he thought none were necessary, but Meadows rose to his feet. He seemed wasted away, and more than the borrowed clothes he was wearing contributed to the effect; he was hollow-eyed and his cheeks were sunken, the left one twitching.

"Captain?" he asked. "The wind was northeasterly and brisk?"

"It was."

"The best conditions for a sortie by the French?"

"Yes."

"What was *Hotspur*'s proper station in those conditions?"

"As close to the mouth of the harbor channel as possible," said Hornblower. It was a good point that had needed accentuation.

"Thank you, captain," said Meadows, sitting down. Hornblower looked to the president for permission to retire.

But Meadows's question had given rise to another.

"Would you kindly tell the court, captain," asked the president, "how long you commanded the *Hotspur* on blockade service?"

"Almost two years, sir."

"And how much of that time were you close up to the channel mouth? A rough estimate is all that is needed, captain."

"I suppose half the time. Perhaps one third of the time."

"Thank you, captain." The point tended very much to discount the one Meadows had made. "You may now retire, Captain Hornblower."

He could glance over at Bush and the others, but it had to be a glance of complete indifference; he must not prejudice the court by a display of sympathy. He made his bow and withdrew.

It was less than half an hour after Hornblower had returned to the *Princess* that Baddlestone got the news, passed from one ship to another as they wallowed, waiting for a wind.

"Guilty," said Baddlestone.

It was a moment in which Hornblower, in need of an appearance of stolidity, found it difficult to attain.

"What about the sentence?" Tension gave his voice a grating sound which might be interpreted as harsh indifference.

"Reprimand," said Baddlestone, and Hornblower felt relief flooding through his vitals.

"What kind of a reprimand?"

"Just a reprimand."

Not a severe one, then. After a "guilty" verdict it was the mildest sentence a court-martial could pronounce, save for mere admonishment. But with *Hotspur* lost, every officer and warrant officer in the ship would have to apply for reemployment, and the Navy Office might still have a word to say. Unless they were vindictive, however, there could be little danger to anyone except possibly Meadows.

It was only then that Baddlestone doled out a fragment of information which relieved Hornblower's anxiety.

"They cleared the first lieutenant and the sailing master."

Hornblower kept his mouth shut, determined to give no hint of his feelings.

Baddlestone had the telescope to his eye now. A ship's longboat under two balance lugsails was running before the wind in their general direction; it took no more than a glance for Hornblower to identify the longboat as belonging to a ship of the line, probably a three-decker; the longboat, as far as he could judge from her foreshortened length, was of the largest size.

"More company, I'll lay guineas to shillings," said Baddlestone, the telescope still clamped to his eye.

Hornblower's fingers fluttered with yearning to use the telescope.

"Yes." Baddlestone retained it with a cruelty possibly unconscious. "It looks like company."

He turned to bellow orders for the hanging of fenders on the starboard side, and for bringing the hoy to the wind to provide a slight lee there. Then there was no need for the telescope; Hornblower recognized Bush sitting in the longboat's stern sheets, and Meadows beside him. On the next thwart forward were the warrant officers of the late *Hotspur*, and forward of them was a jumble of figures he could not identify.

The longboat surged round into the wind and came neatly alongside.

"Boat ahoy!" hailed Baddlestone.

"Party with warrants for passage," came Bush's voice. "We're coming aboard."

Baddlestone gobbled inarticulately at the absence of a "by your leave," but already the longboat had hooked on. At once the violence of the hoy's roll became obvious; the longboat was stable by comparison. There was a moment's delay before Meadows hauled himself onto the hoy's deck, a further delay before Bush appeared behind him. Hornblower hurried forward to make them welcome, realizing that with the loss of the *Hotspur* her officers were being returned to England for new appointments; her crew, presumably, had been distributed round the ships of the squadron.

It was only with an effort that Hornblower brought himself to address

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by Hank Ketcham
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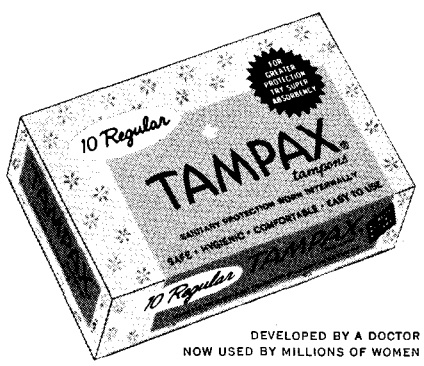

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Meadows first. "Glad to see you again, Captain Meadows," he said. "And you too, Mr. Bush."

Bush had a half smile for him, but not Meadows; he was under the shadow of a reprimand.

Baddlestone watched the encounter with cynical amusement in his bulging red face. "Perhaps you gentlemen will be good enough to show me your warrants?"

Bush reached into his breast pocket and produced a sheaf of papers. "Fourteen if you count them," he said. "And these are ratings I'm not responsible for."

"You'll be at pretty close quarters," said Baddlestone. "Cabin food a guinea a day, or you can compound for three guineas for the passage."

Meadows turned and gazed bleakly behind him. The warrant officers had begun to arrive on deck—Prowse, the sailing master; Cargill and the other mates; Huffnell, the purser; the boatswain and sailmaker and carpenter and cooper and cook. They were followed by a number of ratings, then several more men. The reason for the return of this last group to England was not immediately apparent. Many of them were in all probability ruptured so badly as to rate discharge; one or two others may have been illegally impressed, but fortunate enough to have friends at home with sufficient influence to win their freedom. Altogether, it was a large and formidable body of men that crowded the deck of the hoy as the longboat cast off to return to the flagship.

"By the terms of your contract, you victual ratings at sixpence a day," said Meadows. "This voyage you'll victual officers at the same rate, and that's all it's worth."

Baddlestone ran his eye over the crowd, and Meadows accentuated his earlier glance with a wave of his hand. Hornblower was reminded of the legendary captain of a ship of war, who, when asked for his authority for some particular action, pointed to his guns and said, "There!"

"Is this piracy?" exclaimed Baddlestone.

"Call it anything you like," answered Meadows.

Baddlestone fell back a step or two, staring round him, to find no comfort in sea or sky, and the nearest ship several cable lengths away. Meadows's expression was unchanging—bleak and lonely. Whatever had been the terms of the reprimand he had received, he obviously felt it severely. Believing himself to be a man without a future, he could well be unconcerned about any charge of mutiny Baddlestone might bring against him. His officers were sheltered under his authority, and they were men who had lost all they possessed when *Hotspur* sank, who were aware that by law they went on half pay from that moment too. They could be dangerous; the ratings would obey them without hesitation. The *Princess*'s crew, in addition to Baddlestone, comprised a mate, a cook, four hands and a boy; the odds were overwhelming, and Baddlestone, though his words still conveyed defiance, realized this.

"I'll see you in the dock, Mr. Captain Meadows," he said.

"Captain Hornblower travels at the same rate," said Meadows, and when Baddlestone did not speak, he added imperturbably, "That's settled, then."

The *Princess* was intolerably crowded. In the compartment where Hornblower's hammock had been slung there were now seven more, so that each of the eight officers occupied no more space than might be found inside a coffin. They were packed together in two tiers of four, in an almost solid mass, but not quite solid; as the *Princess* leaped and bounded, there was just enough play for each man to bump against his neighbor, or against a bulkhead, every second or two. Hornblower, in the lower tier, which he had sensibly selected in order to avoid the poisonous upper air, had Meadows above him, a bulkhead on one side, and Bush on the other. Sometimes the weight of the three bodies to his left compressed him against the bulkhead, and sometimes he swayed the other way and thumped Bush in the ribs; sometimes the deck below rose up to meet him and sometimes Meadows's vast bulk came down to impress itself on him. Hornblower's restless mind deduced that these latter contacts were proof of how much the *Princess* "worked"; when she rolled, the cabin was pulled out of shape, diminishing its height by an inch or two, as was confirmed by the creaking and crackling that went on all round him.

After the first night, common sense dictated a new arrangement, whereby the passengers, officers and ratings alike, slept "watch and watch"—four hours in bed and four hours squatting in sheltered corners on deck. It was a system to which they were all accustomed, and it extended, naturally and perforce, to cooking and meals and every other activity. Even so, the *Princess* was not a happy ship, with the passengers likely to snarl at small provocation, and with trouble on a far greater scale only a hairbreadth away as the experts with which the hoy swarmed criticized Baddlestone's handling of her. The persistent summer breezes still blew from between north and east, and she lost distance to leeward in a manner infuriating to men who for months, even years, had not seen homeland or family. That wind meant sparkling, delightful weather, a splendid harvest in England; but on the *Princess* bitter arguments developed between those who advocated that Baddlestone, in the hope of finding a favorable slant of wind, should reach westward into the Atlantic, and those who still had sufficient patience to recommend beating about where they were. Both schools, however, were ready to agree that the trim of the sails, the handling of the helm, the course set when underway, and the tack selected when lying to could and should be improved upon.

Hope came timorously to life one noontime; there had been disappointments before, and hardly a soul dared speak when, after a period of almost imperceptible easterly airs, something with a hint of south in it awoke, backing and strengthening so that the sheets could be hauled in on the starboard tack. Baddlestone bellowed at the hands, and the motion of the *Princess* changed from spiritless wallowing to a flat-footed advance, an ungainly movement over the waves like a cart horse trying to canter over wet furrows.

"What's her course, d'you think?" asked Hornblower.

"Nor'east, sir," said Bush tentatively, but Prowse shook his head as his natural pessimism asserted itself.

"Nor'east by east, sir," he said.

"A trifle of north in it, anyway," said Hornblower.

Such a course would bring them no nearer Plymouth, but it might give them a better chance of catching a westerly slant outside the mouth of the Channel.

"She's making a lot of leeway," said Prowse gloomily, his glance sweeping round from the set of the sails to the barely perceptible wake.

"We can always hope," said Hornblower. "Look at those clouds building up. We've seen nothing like that for days."

"Hope's cheap enough, sir," said Prowse.

Hornblower looked over toward Meadows, standing at the mainmast. His face still bore a bleak expression, yet even he was impelled to study wake and sail-trim and rudder.

"I'd give something to know what the glass is doing," said Bush. "Maybe it's dropping, sir."

"Shouldn't be surprised," said Hornblower.

He remembered running for Plymouth once in a howling gale. Maria was in Plymouth now, and a second child was on the way.

Prowse cleared his throat; he spoke unwillingly, because he had something cheerful to say.

"Wind's still veering, sir."

"Freshening a trifle, too, I fancy," said Hornblower. "Something may come of this."

In these latitudes heavy weather was likely at this time of year—when the wind veered instead of backing, when it swung south from the northeast, and when it freshened as it undoubtedly was doing. The mate was marking up the traverse board.

"What's the course, mister?' asked Hornblower.

"North a half East."

"Just another point or two's all we need," said Bush.

Even on this course they were actually lessening the distance that lay between them and Plymouth; it was a quite unimportant lessening, but a comforting thought. The horizon was closing in on them a little with the diminishing visibility, but there was still a sail or two in sight—all toward the east, for no vessel made as much leeway as the *Princess*. It was an indication of the vastness of the ocean that so few sails were visible although they were in the immediate vicinity of the Channel Fleet.

Now came a much stronger gust of wind, putting the *Princess* over on her lee side with men and movables cascading across the deck until the helmsman allowed her to pay off a point.

"She steers like a dray," commented Bush.

"Like a wooden bucket," said Hornblower. "Sideway as easily as forward."

It was better when the wind veered still further round, and then came a moment when Bush struck one fist into the palm of the other hand.

"We're running a point free!" he exclaimed.

That meant everything in the world. It meant that they were not running on a compromise course where as much might be lost as gained. It meant that they were steering a course direct for

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Plymouth, or as direct as Baddlestone's calculations could indicate; if they were correct, leeway had now become a source of profit instead of loss. It meant that the wind was a trifle on the *Princess*'s quarter, and that would almost certainly be her best point of sailing, considering her shape. It meant that they were finally getting clear of the coast of France. Soon they would be well in the mouth of the Channel with considerable freedom of action. And they were running free, a fantastic, marvelous change for men who had endured so long the depressing alternatives of lying to or sailing close-hauled.

Someone near at hand raised his voice, and Hornblower could tell that he was not hailing or quarreling, but singing: "From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues . . ." That was perfectly true, and Hornblower supposed that circumstances justified making this sort of noise about it. He steeled himself to a stoical endurance as others joined in: "Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies!" The atmosphere in the *Princess* had changed now; spirits had risen with the fall in the barometer. There were smiles and grins to be seen. With the wind veering another couple of points, as it did, there was a decided probability that evening of the next day would see them into Plymouth.

As if she shared the prevailing mood, the *Princess* began to leap over the waves; in her clumsiness there was something almost lewd, like a tubby old lady showing her legs in a drunken attempt to dance.

Yet Meadows, still standing at the mainmast, did not share in the mirth and excitement. Hornblower made his way toward him, and in that same moment a rain squall came hurtling down upon the *Princess*, causing weaker spirits to rush forward and aft for shelter.

"Plymouth tomorrow, sir," said Hornblower conversationally when he reached Meadows's side.

"No doubt, sir," said Meadows.

"We're in for a bit of a blow, I think," said Hornblower, gazing upward into the rain. He knew his casual manner was exaggerated, but he could not modify it.

"Maybe," said Meadows.

Hornblower would not admit defeat yet. He struggled on to make conversation, feeling more than a little noble to be standing here, growing wet to the skin, in an endeavor to relieve another man's troubles. It was some small comfort when the rain squall passed on over the *Princess*'s lee bow, and a much greater relief when one of the seamen forward hailed loudly. "Sail ho! Two points on the weather bow!"

Meadows came out of his apathy sufficiently to look forward along with Hornblower. The vessel was in plain view, no more than five or six miles away, and close-hauled on a course that would soon, in all likelihood, intercept the *Princess*.

"Brig," commented Hornblower, but said no more as his eye recorded other features.

There was that equality between the fore- and main-topmasts, there was that white sheen about her canvas, there was even something about the spacing of those masts—everything was both significant and dangerous. Hornblower felt Meadows's hand clamp round his arm.

"Frenchman!"

"May well be," said Hornblower.

The spread of her yards made it almost certain that she was a ship of war, but there was a considerable chance that she was British, one of the innumerable prizes captured from the French and taken into service with little alteration.

Baddlestone, newly arrived on deck, stood with his telescope trained on the brig; perceiving him, Hornblower and Meadows started toward him at once.

"Come about, damn you!" yelled Meadows, but Baddlestone had already begun to bellow orders. There were a few seconds of dangerous confusion as the idle passengers attempted to help, but they were all trained seamen, and the *Princess* tacked neatly enough; the big lugsails flopped thunderously for a moment and then, as the sheets were eased slightly, she lay over close-hauled on the port tack. Now she lifted momentarily on a wave, and Hornblower saw the brig lift and heel at the same time. For half a second—long enough—he could see a line of gunports, a conclusive fragment of evidence that she was a ship of war.

Now *Princess* and the brig were close-hauled on the same tack, with the brig on *Princess*'s quarter. The *Princess* was nothing like as weatherly, and far slower. Hornblower's calculating eye told him that it would be only a question of hours before *Princess* would sag right into the brig's gaping jaws.

"Take a pull on that foresheet," ordered Meadows, but before the hands he addressed could obey, they were checked by a shout from Baddlestone.

"Avast there!" Baddlestone turned on Meadows. "I command this ship, and don't you meddle!"

The barrel-shaped merchant captain stood with his hands belligerently on his hips. Meadows turned to Hornblower.

"Do we have to put up with this?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Hornblower sharply.

That was the legal position. Fighting men and naval officers though he and Meadows were, they were only passengers here, subject to the captain's command. Even if it should come to a fight, *that* rule held good; a merchant ship was entitled to defend herself, and her captain would be as much in command as he would be in laying a course or in any other matter of ship handling.

"Well, I'm damned!" said Meadows.

Hornblower might not have answered quite so sharply if he had not, just before Meadows issued his order, been entranced in close observation of the relative trim of the two big lugsails. They were sheeted in at slightly different angles, inefficiently to the inexperienced eye. But analysis of the complicated—and, to Hornblower, desperately interesting—problem in mechanics suggested that the setting was correct; with the sails trimmed as they were at present, one sail diverting the wind slightly toward the other, the best results could be expected. Hornblower had been familiar with the problem ever since, as a midshipman, he had had charge of a ship's longboat. Meadows had never studied it, or he had forgotten about it; his action would have slightly cut down *Princess*'s speed.

"There's her colors," said Baddlestone. "Frenchy, of course."

"One of those new fast brigs they've been building," said Hornblower. "Bricks, they call 'em. Worth two of ours."

"Are you going to fight her?" demanded Meadows.

"I'm going to run as long as I can," answered Baddlestone.

It was obviously the only thing to do. "Two hours, nearer three, before dark," said Hornblower. "Maybe we'll be able to get away in a rain squall."

"Once he gets up to us . . ." Baddlestone left the sentence unfinished. The French guns would pound the hoy to pieces at close range; the slaughter in the crowded little craft would be horrible.

They all three stared at the brig, which had gained on them perceptibly already.

"It'll be pretty well dark before she's in range," said Hornblower. "We've a chance."

"Small enough," said Meadows. "Oh, God ——"

"D'ye think I want to rot in a French jail?" burst out Baddlestone. "All I have is this

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"The last time we had a picnic down there, the place was lousy with dinosaurs!"

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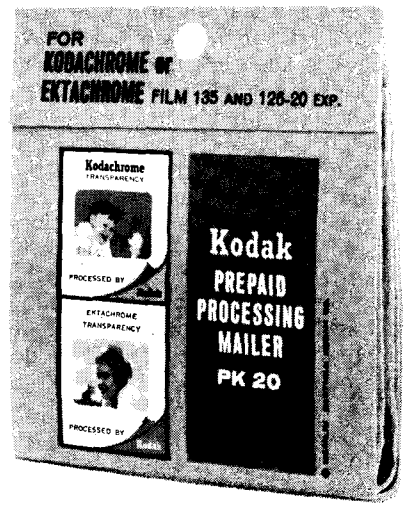

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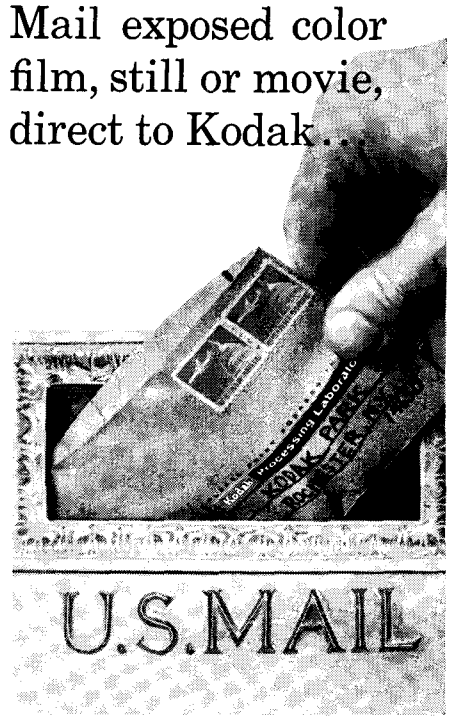

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hoy. My wife and childern'll starve!"

What about Maria, Hornblower thought, with one child born and another on the way? And what about that promised post rank? Who would lift a finger for a forgotten almost-captain in a French prison?

Meadows emitted a stream of senseless oaths.

"We've thirty men," said Hornblower. "They won't think we've more than half a dozen ——"

"By God, we could board her!" exclaimed Meadows, the oaths ending abruptly.

Could they? Could they get alongside? No French captain in his right mind would allow it, would risk damage to his precious ship in the strong breeze that was blowing. A spin of the wheel at the last moment, an order to luff, and the *Princess* would have missed her chance; another moment and a salvo of grape would wreck her. And the brig would have a crew of ninety at least, most likely more; unless there was total surprise thirty men would not have a chance against them.

Hornblower's vivid imagination conjured up a mental picture of the *Princess*, with all the good fortune in the world, alongside the brig but rolling wildly as she undoubtedly would. There could be no wild rush; the thirty-odd men would reach the brig's deck in helpless twos and threes. No, there would have to be complete, total surprise to gain even the slightest chance of success.

With these considerations racing through his mind, Hornblower looked at Meadows and Baddlestone, watching their expressions change from excitement and hope to uneasy doubt. Suddenly, something that called for rapid action came to his mind, and he bellowed in his most penetrating voice to the men clustered about the deck.

"Get down out of sight, all of you! I don't want a single man to show himself! Get down out of sight!"

He turned back to meet the stony gazes of both Baddlestone and Meadows.

"I thought we'd better not show our hand until it's played out," he said. "With a glass, the brig'll soon be able to see we're crowded with men, and it might be as well if she didn't know."

"See here!" snapped Baddlestone. "If anyone gives orders it's me!"

Hornblower swallowed hard to contain his annoyance. They were all three of them tense, even explosive. A quarrel among them might well be the quickest way to a French prison.

"Of course, sir," said Hornblower, and went on—if a thing was worth doing, it was worth doing well—"I must beg your pardon. It was most thoughtless of me."

"Granted," said Baddlestone, only slightly grudging.

All three men swung round now to look at the brig again.

"Still headreaching on us, blast her!" said Baddlestone. "Weathering on us too."

Obviously she was nearer, yet the bearing was unchanged; the chase would end with the brig close up to the *Princess* without any alteration of course—and the infuriating corollary was that any other action the *Princess* might take would only shorten the chase.

"We've no colors hoisted," said Meadows.

"Not yet," said Baddlestone.

Hornblower caught his eye and stared hard at him. Somehow the message reached Baddlestone, perhaps by telepathy.

"No heed to hoist 'em yet," Baddlestone went on. "It leaves our hands free."

There was not the least chance that the Frenchman would take the *Princess* to be anything other than a fleet auxiliary. And until the colors had been hoisted, the *Princess* was free to take any action that might become possible.

"It's going to be dark before long," said Hornblower.

"She'll be right up to us by then," snarled Meadows, and the oaths streamed from his mouth again. "Cornered like rats!"

It was true; they were cornered, hemmed in by the invisible wall of the wind. And if the *Princess* was a rat, the brig was a man striding forward with a club in his hand. Being cornered meant that even in darkness there would be no escape, no room for any evasive maneuver; they would be right under the guns of the brig. But, like a rat, they might still fly at their assailant with the courage born of desperation.

"My damned sword and pistols are at the bottom of the sea!" said Meadows. "What arms d'you have on board?"

Baddlestone listed the pitiful contents of the water hoy's arms chest—cutlasses and pistols for defense against hostile rowing boats, which were well known to push out from the French shore during a calm, hoping to snap up unarmed prizes.

"We could get a few more," interposed Hornblower. "They're bound to send a boat and a prize crew. And in the dark ——"

"By God, you're right!" shouted Meadows, and he turned on Baddlestone. "Don't hoist those colors! We'll get out of this! By God, we'll take her!"

"We can try," said Baddlestone. "Come on! Let's get the hands assigned."

They were entering upon the wildest, the most reckless enterprise that could ever be imagined, but they were desperate men. Even Hornblower was desperate, although he told himself during the bustle of preparation that he was simply a man under orders, with no choice but to obey. He would not go so far as to admit to himself that they were carrying out a plan he had devised—and on which he would have acted, danger or no danger, had he been in command.

Princess was lying hove-to in the darkness, a fact that could be construed as an admission of surrender—but not by an enemy with a legalistic mind. From her forestay flickered a lighted lantern, trimmed right down, a tiny dot of light that would give the brig little chance to observe what would happen aft in the waist of the hoy. Across the total blackness a cable length to leeward, four bright lanterns revealed both the brig's position and the fact that she was lowering a boat.

"They're coming," growled Meadows, crouching at the gunwale. "Remember, cold steel."

In the strong breeze that was blowing, confused noises might pass unnoticed in the brig, but a shot would be heard clearly enough downwind. Now the crouching men could see a boat tossing in the darkness; now they could hear the grind of oars; now they could hear French voices. Hornblower was waiting. His was the only white face in the hoy; the others were painted black. He threw out a line as the French boat hooked on.

"*Montez.*" It was an effort to keep his voice from cracking with excitement.

Princess was heaving on the agitated sea in as lively a fashion as ever. It was several seconds before the first Frenchman boarded, a midshipman arriving to take possession of the prize, cutlass and pistols at his belt. Hornblower heard a dull *thump* as he was struck down, disposed of before the next man could make the leap. Now the next man and the next, and the next. It was all horribly, repulsively easy to men who were prepared to be utterly ruthless.

Hornblower, from his point of vantage, could determine when the last man had boarded; he could see that the boat's crew was preparing to hand up the prize-crew's gear.

"Right!" he called, sharply.

Meadows and his group were crouched and ready; they hurled themselves down into the boat, a torrent of falling bodies. An oar clattered and rattled; Hornblower heard belaying pins striking against skulls. There was one astonished outcry, then no more. He could not hear the dead or unconscious bodies being dropped into the sea, but he knew that was being done.

"We've arms for seven," came Meadows's voice. "Come on, longboat party. Hornblower, get started."

There had been two hours in which to organize the attack; each man knew what part he had to play. Hornblower ran aft, and a group of almost invisible black-faced figures loomed up about him, reminding him to dip his hand into the paint bucket and hastily smear his forehead and cheeks. The hoy's boat was in tow under the quarter; they hauled it in and scrambled down.

"Cast off!" said Hornblower, and a shove with the port-side oars got them clear. "Easy all!"

Tiller in hand, Hornblower stared through the darkness from under the stern of the hoy. It had taken longer to man the brig's longboat; only now was it heading back to the brig. As it rose on a wave, Hornblower saw it silhouetted against the light from the brig's lanterns. He must wait several more seconds; if the brig's crew were to see two boats returning where one had set out, the alarm might well be given.

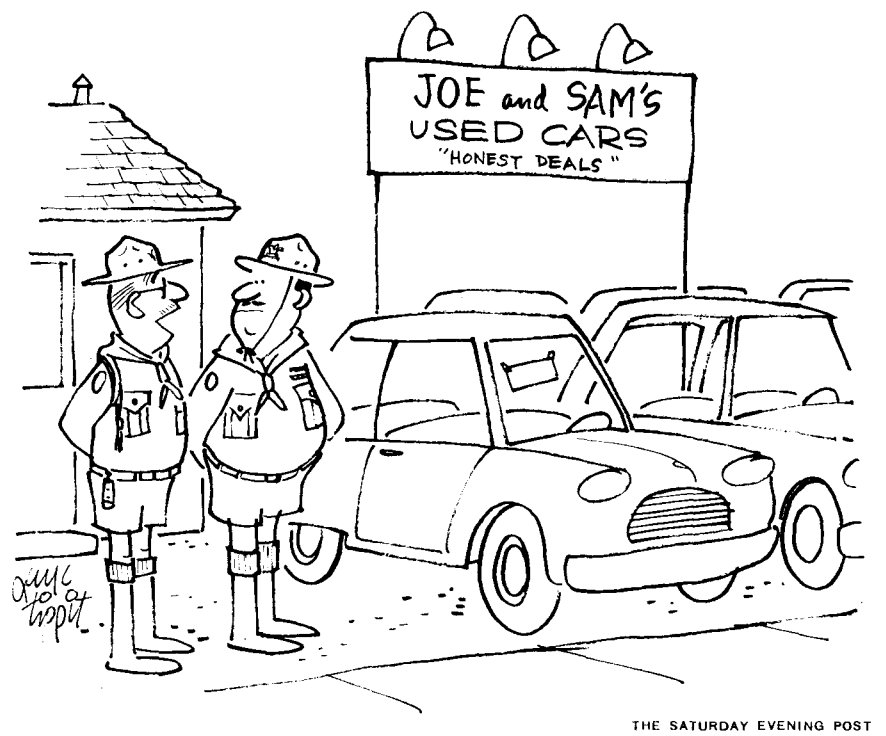
It was a bad business that the French boat's crew had all been dropped into the sea; necessary act of war or not, the French, if the attack were to fail, would say the men had been murdered. They would give no quarter; the approaching battle would be victory or death, with no compromise possible.

Meadows's longboat was nearing the brig's side, clearly visible in the light of the lanterns.

Now the hoy's boat began to move through the water, and the tiller came to life under Hornblower's hand. There was no need to call upon the oarsmen to pull with all their strength; they were well aware of the situation. Hornblower was reminded of something he had read somewhere, a fragment of English history about a Saxon overking who, in token of his preeminence, had been rowed on the river Dee by eight under-kings. Most of the oars in this boat were being pulled by officers—Bush was here, seconding the efforts of Wise, the boatswain; Wallis, the surgeon; two or three master's mates, the master, the purser, the gunner. The boat, crammed with men, was low in the water, but every fighting man was needed.

The brig's lanterns grew steadily nearer, with still no sound of trouble; the brig was expecting the return of her boat and would suspect nothing until it was actually alongside. It was unlikely that the rushes from the two longboats could be launched simultaneously—thereby confronting the French crew in a flash with thirty furious enemies where they had looked for half a dozen friends—but it was possible.

There! A pistol shot, the sound coming upwind. Now more shots. It had been settled that Meadows's party would use their pistols as soon as they reached the deck: this would panic the surprised Frenchmen.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"They're still not streaming in."

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"Easy all! Bowman!"

The hoy's boat surged alongside the brig, under her fore-chains, close to the point from which an outburst of yells and screams told where Meadows was fighting on deck. A dozen hands reached for the shrouds, Hornblower's among them. It was a miracle the boat did not capsize—officers could be as harebrained and excitable as young seamen when the occasion was desperate. To the devil with formality; these were not men who needed leading.

"Go on!" yelled Hornblower.

The boat lightened as the black-faced mob sprang up into the chains, Hornblower the fifth or sixth to reach the dimly lighted deck. There was no opposition, though there were a good many figures rushing about.

They were beside the hatchway now, and a white-faced figure was just emerging, waist level with the deck. A black-faced figure swung an ax; the Frenchman tumbled down again.

Now a running figure cannoned into Hornblower, nearly knocking him off his feet. But he was in no immediate danger; the hurrying Frenchman was intent only on flinging himself bodily down the hatchway. Then came a dozen other panic-stricken figures, a terrified herd pursued by two black-faced, cutlass-swinging men. When the rush ended, Hornblower leaned over the hatchway and fired his pistol into the mass below. It was the most effective use he could make of the single round he had, for it would scare from the hatchway those other Frenchmen who were trying to ascend.

"Get the hatch cover on!" said Hornblower. "Wise, get it battened down! Master's mates, stay with Wise. Others follow me!"

He hurried aft, sword in hand. Two or three distracted figures came rushing forward; they had white faces, and were struck down. Hornblower remembered suddenly to yell; if there was any real opposition aft it would be more likely to dissolve at the sound of hostile cries from the rear. He saw a sudden rectangle of light, then a white figure—white shirt, white breeches, white face—coming through it. It was the French captain emerging from his cabin, and he was met by a huge figure, rushing at him with raised cutlass. Hornblower saw the French captain extend himself in a classic lunge, saw the cutlass come whirling down. Then both figures tumbled out of sight.

The battle, if such it could be called, was almost over. The Frenchmen, unarmed and taken utterly by surprise, could do no more than try to save their lives. But every figure with a white face was slaughtered pitilessly by men mad with excitement, except for one group of Frenchmen who flung themselves groveling on the deck and screamed for mercy; the killing of two sated the blood lust, and the others were hustled into a corner by the taffrail.

Hornblower looked round the deck. The eerie illumination afforded by the lanterns swinging in the shrouds was increased at regular intervals by the light from the cabin door, a light which came and went as the door swayed open and shut with the rolling of the ship. The deck was littered with corpses, grotesque as well as horrible. Was that a dead man coming to life? Certainly it was a body heaving upward, but in a way no living man would get to his feet. Anything was possible in these hideous surroundings. No! The man was dead, was being shoved from below. He must have fallen across the afterscuttle, and the men below the deck were getting him out of the way. As Hornblower looked, the body rolled and fell with a thump onto the deck; now the scuttle was revealed, with two hands uplifted through it. Hornblower leaped, slashing with his sword; there was a yell from below, and the hands disappeared. Hornblower drew the cover across the scuttle and shot the bolt.

He straightened up to find himself face to face with someone who had come forward to take the same precaution, and involuntarily he tightened his grip on his sword; he was not ready for a black face so close to his.

"We've settled it," said Baddlestone's voice.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You're tickling me!"

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"Where's Meadows?" croaked Hornblower, his throat still dry with tension.

"He's a goner," answered Baddlestone, with a wave of his arm.

As if in response, the cabin door swung open again, throwing an arc of light over the deck, and Hornblower remembered. On the far side of the scuttle lay two corpses. That one must be Meadows, lying half on his side, arms and legs asprawl. Protruding from his chest was the handle of a rapier, and two feet of the blade stuck out through his back. The teeth shone whitely in the black face, as if Meadows had bared them in the ferocity of his attack; in the swaying lights his lips seemed still to be going through contortions of rage. Beyond him lay the French captain in white shirt and breeches, but where face and head should be there was only something horrible. On the deck lay the cutlass which had dealt the shattering blow, delivered in one final explosion of Meadows's vast strength as the French rapier went through his heart. Years ago the emigré nobleman who had given Hornblower fencing lessons had spoken of the *coup des deux veuves*—the reckless attack that made two widows—and here was an example of it.

"Any orders, sir?"

Here was Bush, recalling him to reality. "Ask Captain Baddlestone," replied Hornblower.

The touch of formality helped clear the nightmares from his mind, and at the same instant something else occurred to remind him that action was still demanded. A crashing sound and a jarring shock beneath his feet told him that the Frenchmen below were battering at the scuttle. From forward there came similar noises, and a voice hailed, "Cap'n, sir! They're tryin' to bash up the hatch cover!"

"There was a whole watch below when we boarded," said Baddlestone.

That accounted for the comparative ease of the victory—thirty armed men had surprised fifty who were unarmed. But it meant that there were at least another fifty of the enemy below, refusing to be subdued.

"Get for'ard and deal with it, Bush," said Hornblower. It was only after Bush had departed that he realized he had omitted the vital "Mr." He must be quite unstrung.

"We can keep 'em down, all right," said Baddlestone.

It would hardly be possible for the men below to force their way to the deck through a hatchway or scuttle efficiently guarded, even if the covers were pounded to fragments, as at the moment it seemed they would be. But to maintain guards over the scuttle, the hatchway, and the prisoners aft by the taffrail, and at the same time provide crews for both the brig and the *Princess*, would mean a good deal of strain.

The light was playing strange tricks; the unmanned wheel seemed to be turning of its own volition. Hornblower stepped across to it. There was not the easy feel which might be expected with the ship hove to; then, suddenly, it spun free.

"They've cut the tiller ropes down below!" he reported to Baddlestone.

At that moment a sledgehammer blow against the underside of the deck made them leap in surprise. Hornblower felt his feet tingling from the violent impact.

"What the devil ——?"

There was another enormous blow, and, staring down, Hornblower saw a glimmer of light some inches from his right foot—a small, jagged hole had appeared there.

"Come away!" he said to Baddlestone, and they retreated to the scuppers. "They're firing muskets down there!"

A one-ounce musket ball fired at a range of no more than a few inches would strike the deck with the force of twenty sledgehammers; it would pierce the planking with sufficient velocity to shatter a leg or take a life.

"They guessed there'd be someone standing near the wheel," said Baddlestone.

Splintering crashes forward made it clear the Frenchmen were destroying the hatch cover there, and now a similar noise came from the scuttle aft; it sounded as if they had found an ax and were using it.

"It's not going to be easy to sail her home," said Baddlestone, turning an inquiring gaze on Hornblower.

"If they won't surrender, it's going to be damned difficult," said Hornblower.

Often, when the deck of a ship was carried by a rush, the men below would yield, but should they determine on resistance the situation became complicated, especially when, as in the present case, they greatly outnumbered the men on deck and were apparently being led by someone of energy and courage. Hornblower had often envisaged such a situation, but even his imagination had not pictured musket balls being fired up through the deck.

"Even if we get the brig underway," he said, "there are the relieving tackles ——"

"And hell to pay!" said Baddlestone.

By adroit handling of the sails, it was possible, after a fashion, to steer a ship whose rudder was useless, but half a dozen sturdy men heaving on the relieving tackles down below could drag the rudder round, not merely nullifying the efforts of the men on deck but actually imperiling the ship by laying her unexpectedly aback.

"We'll have to bolt for it," said Hornblower; it was an irritating, an infuriating suggestion to have to make, and Baddlestone reacted with a string of oaths.

"No doubt you're right," he said grudgingly. "Ten thousand pounds apiece—gone! We'll set her on fire before we go!"

"We can't do that!" Hornblower's reply was jerked from him, even before he had time to think.

Fire in a wooden ship was the deadliest of enemies; if they set the brig well alight, no efforts by the Frenchmen left behind could extinguish the flames. Fifty, perhaps sixty or seventy, Frenchmen would burn to death if they did not leap overboard to drown. Hornblower could not do it, and an alternative was already forming in his mind.

"We can leave her a wreck," he said. "Cut the jeers, cut the halyards—and the forestay, for that matter! Five minutes' work, and it'll take 'em the best part of a day before they can get sail on her again."

Perhaps it was the appeal to the demon of destruction that made up Baddlestone's mind for him.

"Come on!" he said. "Let's get to work!"

TO BE CONTINUED

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IF YOU NEED ME, LET ME KNOW

BY RAY CONAWAY

It was late at night, and Harry McGraw and his wife were reading in the living room of their house in Houston, when the telephone rang. The operator said, "Long distance for Mr. Harry McGraw, please. Springfield, Missouri, is calling."

"This is Harry McGraw, operator."

"Go ahead, please."

"Harry?" The voice was old, but quick and almost impatient.

"Yes, Dad. How are you?"

There was a pause, and then in a lower voice, like a boy trying to sound solemn, his father said, "Harry, your mother died an hour ago."

"*Oh.*"

"Yes, an hour ago. In the hospital."

"I'm sorry, Dad. Are you all right?"

"I'm all right."

"I'll fly up in the morning, Dad, but I won't get there until the afternoon. I'll be there as soon as I can."

"All right, Harry."

"Good night, Dad. Take care of yourself."

"All right, Harry. Good night." Still the little boy being solemn. Harry remembered the tone from when he was living at home and his father had had bad news to announce.

He hung up and went back to his chair. Looking out of the window into the night, he told his wife what had happened.

"I'm sorry, Harry," she said. "Is there anything you want me to do? Anything at all."

"No, nothing, hon. Not right now, anyway." He looked at his watch. "A little over an hour ago. I was sitting here reading, but I didn't feel a thing. Mom was always such a great believer in dreams and hunches and stuff like that. You know, I'm almost surprised that she didn't get through to me somehow. But I didn't feel a thing. Well, I guess I'd better call the airport."

He started for the telephone, and then he stopped. "There's one thing, June. I'm probably going to have to bring the old man back to live with us."

"Of course," she said. "I certainly think you should. We've got enough room, and we've talked about it before, for either of our parents."

"It's not going to be easy. But he's a good old man, and somebody's got to take care of him."

"I know it," June said.

Harry landed in Springfield at four o'clock the next afternoon and took a taxi to the house in which his parents had lived for the last fifteen years. His father was sitting in a swing on the front porch, wearing a hat. He didn't look up when the taxi stopped, and it was not until Harry stepped up on the porch that his father knew he was there.

Harry put his bag down and put his arms around his father and kissed him on the cheek, noticing that he needed a shave and that he smelled of whiskey.

"God, I'm glad to see you, Harry. Come on inside. Would you like a drink?"

'I'm not going to help you up, Pop. From now on, you're going to have to make it yourself.'

"Yes, I think I would. I've got a bottle right here in my bag."

"No, no, there's some inside."

In the kitchen his father got a quart of bourbon out of a cabinet, pulled the cork, and took a long, gurgling drink.

"Well, I'm going to have a little water with mine," Harry said. He poured some bourbon into a glass and added water from the tap.

They went back out on the porch and sat in the swing and talked, first about the flight that Harry had just made, and then about June, coming steadily closer to his mother's death. When they got to it, his father was sad but steady and set, like a man taking punishment.

The funeral was two days later, a crisp, brilliant morning, and after the service everybody went out to the burial plot which was on the side of a gentle hill that ran down to the edge of a wood. When the casket was lowered into the ground, Harry's father began to cry.

That night they sat and drank in the old man's combination bed-and-sitting room, and he talked steadily about how it had been with Harry's mother at the end.

"I sat there beside the bed, Harry, and patted her hand, and her skin was as hot as fire. And she wouldn't answer me when I asked her something. She'd just moan, and sometimes she would mention something that happened years ago. And then the nurse came in and said she wouldn't be able to talk because they had given her some medicine to make her sleep."

He looked up at the clock on top of the television set.

"Almost time for *Gunsmoke*. She used to like that. We'd watch it together. Me here in this chair, and her lying on the bed there. When I'd go get a drink, she'd say, 'You going to have some medicine?' She always called it my medicine. And when I'd turn the television off, she'd say, 'Don't take too much medicine, dear,' and then I would go over and kiss her hand, and she would go to sleep. God bless her little bones."

The old man looked at the floor with a look grave and wondering and resigned, the look of cattle in the snow.

"Pop, you're going to come and live with us, aren't you?" Harry said. "You can't stay here alone."

His father came back slowly from wherever he had been in the fifty-two years of his marriage.

"Do you want me?" he asked.

"You know I do. And so does June. We want you with us. There's no problem of space. You'll have a room of your own, and you'll be comfortable. Come with me, Pop. I'll make arrangements tomorrow to get your stuff packed and ——"

His father shook his head. "All I'll bring, Harry, is what clothes I've got, and this glass." He held out the glass he was drinking from. It had a few notes of music painted on it, and below the notes the words, ALABAMA, HERE I COME! "Your mother got me this glass one time when we were down at Hot Springs. I wouldn't take anything in the world for it."

"We'll take the glass and your clothes and head for Texas tomorrow, Pop."

"You're sure it will be all right with June? I went through this once with your mother's parents, Harry, and it didn't work out very well. God knows, I don't want to cause June any trouble."

"We want you, and you won't be any trouble."

"Harry, you're the best boy in the world."

"No, I'm not. I'm just a damned slob. Will you come?"

"If you think it will be all right, Harry."

"I know it will, Pop."

Back home, it didn't take long for the new routine to become established. Harry was a newspaper

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Illustrated by Mark English

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copy editor, on a night shift, and didn't go to work until three in the afternoon. June worked mornings, in a bookstore, and came home before Harry left, so there was usually someone in the house with his father.

June had gone to some trouble to change the living arrangements. She and Harry had moved into the back bedroom and given theirs to Mr. McGraw. It was a comfortable room, with a television set, and June had bought an easy chair and a small desk so that he could keep his papers and do what letter-writing he had to do. But except for sleeping, and watching television for about two hours a day, Mr. McGraw spent little time in there. Most of the day he sat in the front room on a sofa next to a large round table, and it was on this table that he kept his papers and mail and wrote letters.

He would get up around noon, go to the bathroom and wash, and then he would fix his breakfast, which consisted of dry cereal and an orange. After breakfast he would sit on the sofa and read the schedule of television programs in the newspaper.

Every morning Harry would say, "Hello, Pop. How are you feeling?"

"Oh, about half and half, Harry," was always the answer, except when Mr. McGraw was very badly hung over. Those mornings he would smile like a wolf and snarl, "Oh, fine, fine!"

The fact of the matter was that Mr. McGraw was usually hung over to some degree, although when any mention of drinking came up he would say that he had never had a hangover in his life, just as surely as he would always, when offered a cup of coffee, say, "No, thanks. I haven't drunk coffee for forty years," and then explain that statement: A friend's wife had fixed him a cup of coffee forty years ago, and she had used water from a sulfur spring; it had made him so sick that he never drank another cup of coffee.

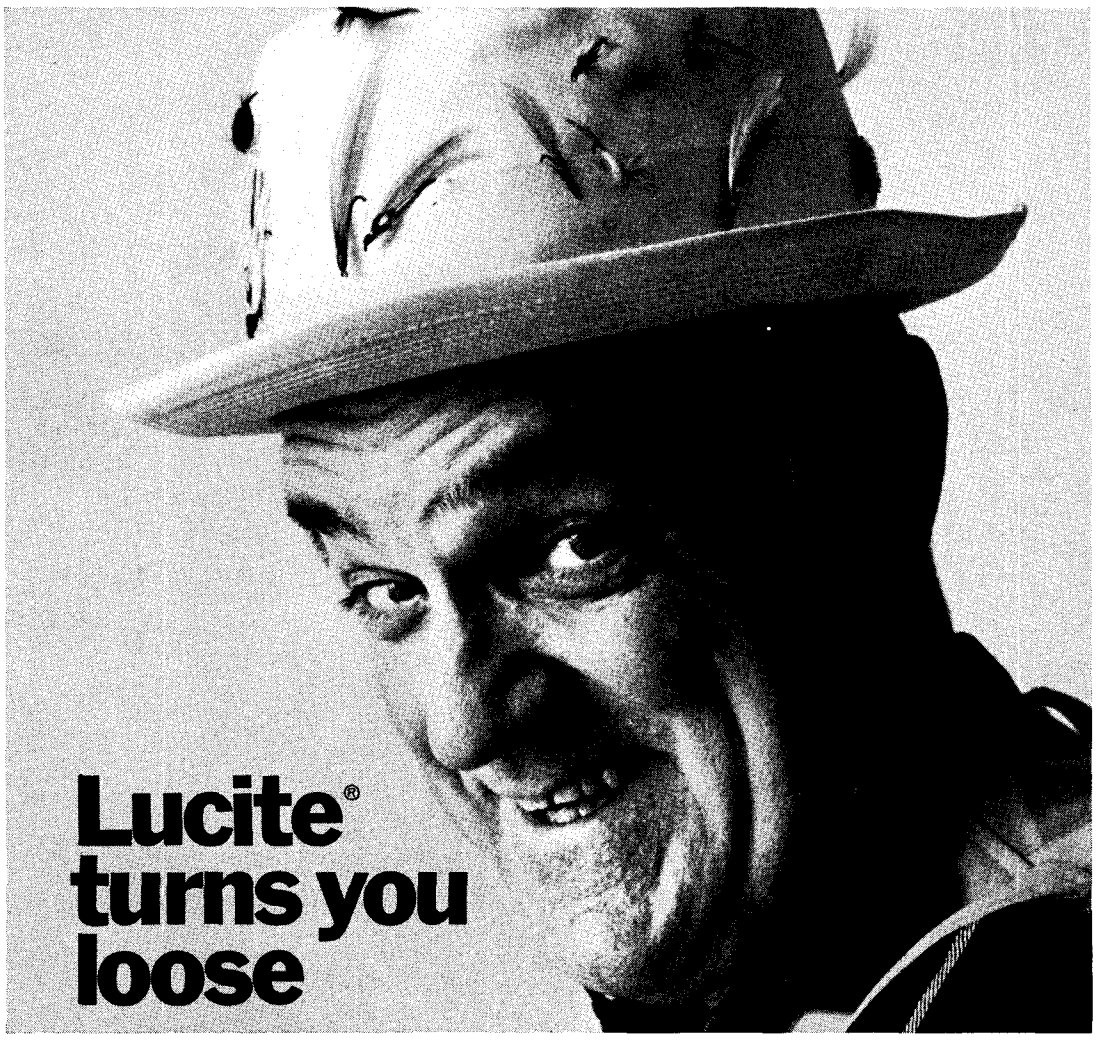
About four o'clock in the afternoon, after Harry had gone to work, Mr. McGraw would have his first beer, one of the four, sometimes five, that he drank before dinner. After dinner he would go to his room and watch television. At eleven, when Harry came home, he would be having his second drink of whiskey out of the glass with ALABAMA, HERE I COME! written on it. He drank bourbon, filling the glass halfway with it, then adding a quarter-inch of water from the tap, being careful that the water didn't splash any of the whiskey out.

He and Harry would talk and drink together until twelve-thirty or one o'clock in the morning. They had three main topics of conversation, and usually all three were covered. One had to do with some small royalty payments that Mr. McGraw received from the sale of gas produced from property of which he was a part owner. Mr. McGraw thought the payments should be larger; he thought so because he was convinced that the man who supervised the gas production was a crook. Harry had listened to this explanation so many times that he knew it by heart. But he would sit and listen and nod his head at the right times, and when he was feeling particularly sorry for his father, he would interject such remarks as, "Is that so?" or, "Well, why don't you get in touch with this fellow?"

The second much discussed topic was Mr. McGraw's health. Soon after the old man's arrival, Harry had taken him to a doctor friend—a dermatologist—to have a wart in his nostril looked at. Harry knew that he was worried, that he was afraid it was cancer, but it was only a little oil sac; the doctor had drained it, and the spot had disappeared.

Harry had asked the doctor to run a number of tests, and his father had checked out very well for a man of seventy-nine. Nevertheless, he complained of a numb feeling around his left temple—he said it moved higher up on his head as the day went on—and was convinced that it was a warning of an impending stroke. His brother, at the age of eighty-four, had had a mild stroke, and it had taken root in Mr. McGraw's head that he was next. Every night, when the subject came up, Harry would say that strokes didn't come on this way, and then his father would say, "Well, if it's not a stroke, then what in the hell is it?" and go on rubbing the numb spot. Occasionally Harry would say, "Pop, if you'd quit rubbing and pounding your head so damn much maybe it wouldn't be numb," but his father would only shake his head, unconvinced, and look sad.

The third topic that Mr. McGraw dwelt on was his wife—his memories of her, and of the years they had spent together. One night, not long after he



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GERTRUDE ENELOW

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There is a strange and beautiful woman in Chicago who has, for the last twenty years, been selling youth to men and women who were growing old before their time. Who has been selling sleep to people who had thought they had lost a full night's sleep forever. Who has been selling strength and blessed relief from pain, to people who have been racked with backache for years.

Her price is exactly one weekend of your time. Her method is a return to Nature, through simple gentle motions that free your body's locked-up vigor. Her full story is told here:

Some of the startling facts this woman will teach you:

1) *A new way to sleep*—that automatically turns off the left-over tension in your body . . . lets you drift off in minutes . . . strengthens your spine as you sleep . . . and gives a virtual beauty treatment, every night, to those sag-prone muscles of your chin and neck.

2) *Where most premature facial wrinkles really come from* — and why, if you wish to prevent them, you should concentrate, not on your face, but your feet.

3) *A new kind of energy food*—that doesn't cost a penny because it's simply a new way for your body to use plain ordinary *air*. And how that same air that surrounds you every day can be used to improve your appearance, your health and your vitality in a dozen different ways: including how to *breathe* yourself calm . . . how to *swim in air* as gracefully and as exhilaratingly as you now swim in water . . . how to float the upper part of your body *in air*, and thus make it feel weightless—so you can work all day with half the energy and half the tiredness that you feel right now.

4) *A new kind of exercise that is not really exercise at all.* Because if you want to strengthen or streamline any one part of your body, you don't really move it at all. For example, if you want to suck in your stomach, you forget all about it, and concentrate on one simple *blowing* action. Or, to build new power into your back, you move your *ankle* an ingenious way every morning in bed.

Read These Amazing Newspaper Reports

CHICAGO AMERICAN

"This is not a woman—this is a firecracker shooting off sparks of benevolence in all directions. She's like an earth mother with the looks of a fullblown Carol Channing who feels her mission in life is to help.

She wants to help women into a more healthful and supple middle age. She wants to bring camaraderie and sunshine into the lives of the grandparent generation. She wants to make rugged ramrods of every living soul with an aching back.

There are others who solemnly will swear she is the reincarnation of Ponce de Leon.

All her young adult life she had suffered from a bad back, went to countless doctors, osteopaths and exercise teachers, finally developed her own theories, and in time was conducting classes in the ballroom of the Shoreland hotel.

One of Gertrude's pupils, Mrs. John Alden Carpenter, a great grandmother with the straightest back and most twinkling blue eyes you ever saw, thinks nothing of demonstrating body dynamics at a party. She'll lie down on the floor doing leg kicks with the grace and rhythm of a ballet dancer, springs to her feet with the agility of a young woman.

She seemed to be using her body with such released joy. Who was she? A pupil of Gertrude's for the past 15 years. A woman of 60 who looks 45, is married to a younger man and admitted "If it weren't for Gertrude, today I'd be an arthritic old woman."

THE SIOUX CITY SUNDAY JOURNAL

"A merry-eyed, tousle-headed, effervescent dynamo took the stage in the Mayfair hotel ballroom Saturday afternoon and turned the November meeting of the Sioux City Woman's Club into a delightful audience participation show. With the effortless ease of a charming rag doll, Mrs. Gertrude Enelow illustrated how body dynamics can bring power into everything you do.

She proceeded to prove that by coordinating your breathing and your emotions, by coaxing your body back to its natural functions, you can almost swim in air."

Women of all ages, many of them grandmothers, are astonished at what their bodies can do without effort. Body Dynamics is not simply a matter of feeling good for hours; it gives them strength to withstand emotional pressures day by day."

THE COURIER JOURNAL LOUISVILLE, KY.

"She wants everybody to feel as good as she does all the time. She stoutly believes that almost everyone can feel that good."

A chat with her charges you up faster than a pep pill.

"We lose our spring and bounce and buoyancy and thus we lose our youthful grace . . . it can be retained until our last day on earth; it doesn't belong only to youth . . . we don't need to lose it."

Body Dynamics, she says, differ from the isometric exercises having a vogue today.

"Our method brings people into a position of balance, which gives release of movement. It is absolutely effortless, and integrated with breathing, which is, in turn, related to the universal rhythm.

"Isometric, on the other hand, means off-balance.

"Exercise is something you should enjoy . . .

"Anyone can do my work with ease and joy and relate it to their spiritual development."

Twenty Years of Proof, International Fame, Recommendations by Doctor After Doctor—All Back Up These Claims:

Every one of these claims – every one of these methods—may sound impossible to you right now. We do not blame you if they do. *But you must realize this:*

Every single one of these methods have been proven, on thousands of men and women of all ages, for over twenty years. They have been used, not only in the United States, but in Sweden, Norway, Germany and Russia—and praised in the national press of these countries.

For almost twenty years, doctors have been sending people to this woman: to help strengthen torturous backs . . . to gain desperately-needed sleep without tranquilizers or drugs . . . to bring back the natural energy, drive, vigor that these patients may have thought they had lost forever.

Over TWENTY daily classes in Chicago alone now teach these methods to the few people who are fortunate enough to be able to take them in person. *Now, however, they are available in book form to every man and woman who is willing to gamble a five-cent stamp, and a single weekend of their time to learn them.*

Here is what this first weekend alone will give you. It starts with the most vital energy-restorer of all—*sleep.*

You Don't Know How to Sleep Today. No One Has Ever Taught You. This Book Does, In a Single Evening, as Easily as This:

This book starts by reminding you of an inescapable fact:

That sleep—deep, relaxed, completely-natural sleep—is the greatest source of energy your body will ever have.

But once you lose this gift of sleep and most adults have completely lost it—*then you are draining energy and youth out of your body, exactly the same way that air drains out of a tire when it has a leak.*

This book says that sleep is an art. It must be learned. It is an active ritual that takes about three minutes every evening, and accomplishes these two ends:

1) *Turns off your mind,* and lets your body float effortlessly into a deep sleep.

2) *Arranges the parts of your body in bed*—so that sleep will not be disturbed by tossing and turning, and so you will not wake up the next morning with a sore spine, or "pins and needles" in your arms or legs, or a stiff neck and shoulders.

No one has ever taught you this simple ritual before. No one has ever taught you before how to convert your body into a limp mass—without a worry, without a thought, without a single thread of tension remaining from the day that has just passed.

No one has ever taught you before how to sink into a mattress so deeply, that sleep must come. Without a single pressure on any nerve center of your body. With the small of the back completely unburdened at last. With the head perfectly aligned . . . the neck muscles relaxed and yet strengthened ...the chin uplifted...even the muscles of your face glowing and toned.

This is a way of sleeping where not one single joint rests on another. Even the ankles and wrists are completely free. You will learn it in five minutes, the very first evening you pick up this book. You will wake up the next morning, more refreshed than you have known in years.

But this is only the first gift you receive from this amazing book. Here are just a few of the others:

Your Body's Built-In Relaxers, Strengtheners, Streamliners— Now Put to Work for You for the First Time.

For example—

On page 33 you discover a six-second motion with your mouth, that instantly relaxes the over-tense muscles of your chest, heart and solar plexus —and drains hyper-tension out of your body like water running from a sieve.

On page 69 you discover how to turn the everyday movements of life into complete exercises by themselves. So that every time you sit, or stand, or reach out to pick up an object, you are effortlessly exercising and streamlining your body—keeping yourself in top condition without even realizing it.

On page 57 you are shown the built-in apparatus, *in your left foot,* that automatically corrects your worst posture faults . . . that relaxes and soothes the lower back muscles at will . . . and—most surprising of all—that irons out those ridgy, "washboard" inner thighs, that no other exercises you've tried could ever reach.

On page 113 you use, for the first time, your body's own *built-in vibrator*—that has you bursting with energy every morning in seconds . . . that calms you down after a full day's work —in two or three thrilling minutes—and gives you a new spurt of vitality for the evening's fun.

And much, much more. How to relax weary eyes – *by looking at nothing.* How to restore the natural forces that most people rob themselves of daily. A new way to sit that lifts your upper body right out of your hips...coaxes your spinal column into its most healthful posture . . . makes hours at a desk pass like minutes.

Plus five astonishing *energy-multipliers* that you've always had at your fingertips, but never known how to use until today. Plus half a dozen *fatigue-minimizers* that *focus* effort, eliminate waste motion, develop startling new grace and rhythm in every motion you make.

A Final Word of Warning:

All these, and much more, are contained in Gertrude Enelow's revolutionary new *Body Dynamics*—yours to read from cover to cover without risking a penny.

Two words of caution must be added, however:

1) It is a short book. It has only 128 pages in all. If you are a fast reader, you can finish it in a single weekend. *Do not, therefore, expect a huge weighty tome, full of useless theory. Every page of this book is packed with practical, step-by-step direction, that you can use immediately to give you the strength and health and beauty that are locked up inside your body today.*

2) And most important of all—*do not be misled by the ease and simplicity of the movements given you in this book!* Since most of them can be performed sitting down or lying in bed . . . since most of them have been mastered by men and women as much as ninety years of age . . . since none of them even cause you to "work up a sweat"—*you may think for the first day or two that they cannot really be doing you that much good.*

It is only after the first week that the true results begin to show you the incredible efficiency of these incredibly gentle movements — in the buoyancy with which you bounce out of bed each morning . . . in the relief from pain to which you have been a martyr for years . . . in the startled reaction of your friends, as they stop you on the street and beg you to tell them the secret!

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moved in, he reached over suddenly and touched Harry's knee and said, "I just remembered an old song that your mother used to sing." He recited it, a little girl's song about play and dancing and make-believe, and his face was beautiful as he said the lines in rhythm, smiling eagerly over the memory, his eyes shining with affection. Then, when he had finished, his face contorted, and he cried.

For a moment Harry had a love and affection for his father that was almost molten. He thought he had never seen or heard anything quite so lovely as the old man reciting the simple song.

But as time went on, the nature of their conversations began to change. There began to be an emphasis on the future; the phrase "When I go back up north" came frequently from Mr. McGraw. And one night, after Harry had changed into pajamas and a robe and joined him in the living room, his father said, "Harry, I want to tell you something. I don't want you to think I'm ungrateful, because you and June have been wonderful to me. But I don't know how long I can stay here, Harry. I don't know anyone here, I don't have any friends, and I don't get out because there is no place for me to go. Do you understand?"

"I do, Pop," Harry said. "I do indeed."

He had understood from the very first Saturday after his father had come to live with him. They had gone for a drive that day and ended up in a neighborhood bar, a place that Harry liked, within easy walking distance of the house. "You could walk up here every day, Pop," he said. "Get some exercise and have a beer or two."

The bar, like many bars in Houston, was very dark. They got settled, and Harry introduced his father to the barmaid, but he had taken only one sip of his beer when his father nudged him and said, "Drink up. Let's get out of here. This place is too damned dark for me."

It was very hard for him to get his father out of the house at all. On weekends the old man could usually be persuaded to come along to the grocery or liquor store, and once, on a fine day, they went to the zoo, but though his father seemed to enjoy these excursions, it was never in a one-hundred-percent way. It was as though he went just to be obliging, and he always seemed relieved when it was time to go home.

The few things he needed—whiskey, stamps, cigarettes, a check cashed, California oranges—he would simply ask for. Every other evening, when Harry was leaving to go back to work after dinner, he would say, "Harry, I need a little medicine. Here's the money. And get me two packs of cigarettes, will you?"

Usually Harry didn't mind buying the whiskey and the cigarettes, but sometimes, when he was in a hurry, it irritated him to be buying the cigarettes two packs at a time, instead of by the carton. June solved this problem eventually by buying a carton of his father's brand, keeping it in the glove compartment of the car, and then doling the packs out two at a time. She told Harry that they'd better keep the system a secret; if Mr. McGraw found out, she said, he would change brands just to be contrary.

Actually there was surprisingly little friction in Harry's relationship with his father. The errand-running was only a minor irritant, as was the old man's way of walking, and the ungodly length of time he spent in the bathroom.

He walked as though his feet were numb, and the reason this bothered Harry, instead of arousing his sympathy, was that he thought his father could get rid of the numbness if he would only get more exercise, but exercise was something that Mr. McGraw seemed to want no part of.

Harry's irritation over his father's long stays in the bathroom was slightly unreasonable. The house had two bathrooms now, which allowed his father the almost exclusive use of one of them, so it was not a problem of others being kept waiting. The irritation came from the past, when Harry had lived with his parents. There had been only one bathroom then, and his father's takeovers would disrupt the whole day's schedule. Harry used to go in sometimes, in those days, and sit on the toilet seat and watch his father shave, trying to figure out what took him so long.

But he knew now that his father just washed and shaved slowly because he enjoyed the whole process. He would rub his face with hot water to soften his beard, and get his fingers into his ears, and then he would put the lather on and rub it in. Then, when he began to shave, he would use long, slow strokes, stopping frequently to examine his skin, and sometimes he would take the blade out of the razor and rub it around the inside of a glass to sharpen it. When he was through shaving, he would rub cold water on his face until it was red as a tomato, and then he would dry his face and hands. If there was any one thing that kept him in the bathroom so long, it was the way he dried his hands. He would do the left hand first, working the towel between the fingers and up the wrist with a strong, slow, wiping motion, and then he would do the right hand the same way, and all the time he would be looking into the mirror, examining his face as though he were seeing it for the first time.

After he had dried his hands, he would comb his hair, stopping now and then to see if the part was straight and if any hairs were standing up. The last thing he did was to put each foot up on the side of the bathtub and wipe the dust from his shoes with a towel, something Harry's mother always complained about because it got polish on the towels.

There were these minor irritations, and then there was Harry's one genuine worry—his father's drinking. He had been a drinker ever since Harry could remember, but there had never been any problem about it. He had never drunk himself out of a job, and it had never affected his health. It was simply a delightful habit that he indulged as often as possible. But when a man gets into his seventies, half a bottle of whiskey and four or five beers a day add up to a big load to handle, and when it came time for him to go to bed Harry would almost always have to go along to keep him from falling and to help him get undressed.

Harry tried once or twice to tell his father that he was drinking too much, but didn't have the heart to make a real issue out of it. Then, one weekend in December, he went off duck hunting and didn't get back until late Sunday afternoon. When he came into the house, his father was sitting in his usual place on the living-room sofa. There was a window behind him, but the sun was setting, and his face was in shadow.

Harry said, "How you doing, Pop?" and started for the bedroom to change clothes, but when he heard, "Not so good," he came back to where he could get a good look at his father's face. Both of the old man's eyes were blackened, his cheek and the bridge of his nose were scraped, and when he opened his mouth Harry saw that one tooth was missing from his upper plate.

"What the hell happened to you?"

"Oh, I fell last night. I slipped on that damned rug there." Mr. McGraw pointed at the throw rug in front of the sofa.

"Did you hurt yourself any other place?"

"No, I don't think so. Just my face."

"Well, you sure did a job on that."

His father grinned and rubbed his cheek. "Yes, I guess I did, at that."

Harry went into the back bedroom and closed the door. June was lying on the bed, smoking a cigarette.

"What the hell happened to Pop?" he said.

"He got drunk last night and fell down. Twice."

"Twice?"

"The first time I picked him up and put him to bed, and then about fifteen minutes later I heard him hit the floor again, in the living room, so I went in and got him back to bed. I still don't know how he fell the second time."

"Do you think he slipped on the rug?"

"Do you?"

Harry couldn't help grinning. "Well, maybe he'll slack off the booze a little now."

But the next morning, as Harry was leaving for work, his father said, "Here's five dollars. You better get me a little medicine," and that night, talking with Harry, he drank half the bottle and wet his pants while he was still sitting there on the sofa.

The next night, Harry said, "Pop, I want to talk to you a little bit."

His father put his head down in a small boy's gesture of contrition.

"You're drinking too much, Pop. I know you need some whiskey, and I'm all for your having some. But you're drinking too damned much. June and I aren't going to keep picking you off the floor. And if you keep falling, one of these nights you'll bust your head wide open."

"I won't fall any more." His father kicked at the throw rug in front of the sofa. "I'm watching that damn thing."

"Pop, it ain't rugs that give you trouble. It's that booze."

"Why, Harry, I don't drink very much. Just a couple or three drinks before I go to bed, so I'll sleep."

"I've seen those two or three drinks. If you need that much to make you sleep, then you've got the damnedest case of insomnia I ever heard of."

"Well, I'll watch it. Maybe I am drinking a little too much."

"I don't want to take away any of your pleasure, Pop. Hell, I know what you've been through."

"No, you don't, Harry. You'll never know until you lose June."

"Well, I can *imagine* what it's like. She was my *mother*, you know. And I loved her, and I hated to lose her. But drinking as much as you do isn't going to help."

The old man was getting impatient now. He thought it was time for the lecture to be over. He also wanted to go to the kitchen and fix himself another drink.

"All right, all right," he said. "I'll watch it, and I'll be careful. And you and June don't have to put me to bed. I can make it myself."

"You can, eh?"

"Yes, I damned sure can."

"Okay, we'll see. And another thing, Pop—try to make it to the bathroom when you have to go."

The old man was indignant now. "What do you mean?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"According to this author, you shouldn't have passed your peak yet."

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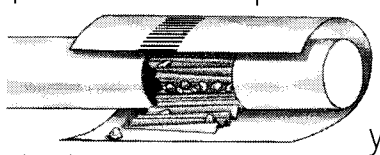
There are tiny capsules of water suspended in the tip of every Waterford cigarette.



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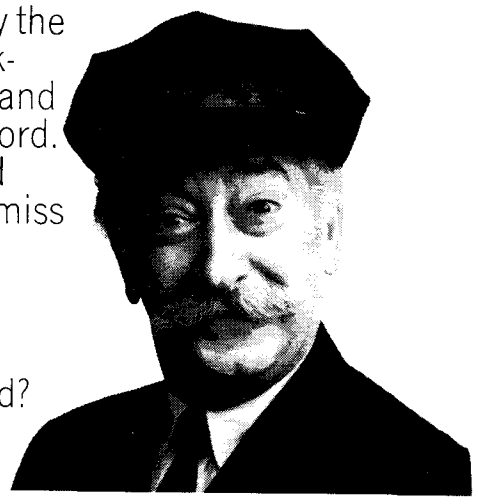
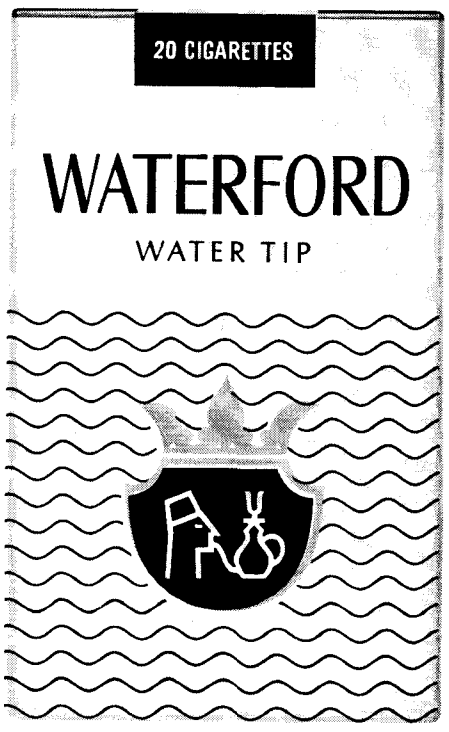


Can I pinch a Waterford?



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"You sat right there last night and went on talking to me when you should have been on your way to the bathroom."

"You trying to tell me —— Harry, why do you lie like that?"

"Pop, I'm not lying. I'm telling you the truth. You don't remember?"

"Don't *remember?* How can I remember something that didn't happen?"

Harry looked at him and didn't say a word.

Mr. McGraw backed off a little. "Oh, sometimes maybe I —— But you've got to remember, Harry, that my kidneys are seventy-nine years old, too. They're not as strong as they used to be."

Harry began to laugh, and then the old man couldn't help grinning himself. With his blackened eyes, a cut on the bridge of his nose, and a gap where the knocked-out tooth had been, he looked like something from another world.

Harry put an arm around him. "Pop, I don't know what in the hell to do with you, but then I don't know what I'd do without you, either. I love you."

"I love you, too, Harry. I think I'll have a little drink now."

One night a week later, after a talk in the living room, his father got up to go to bed, took two staggering steps, lost his balance, and fell slowly and rather gracefully on his rear end.

"It wasn't the rug that time, Pop," said Harry.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I hear you're a wife-beater—how much do you charge?"

"No, I got dizzy all of a sudden."

Mr. McGraw twisted to the left and pushed with his left hand, trying to get his feet under him, but he couldn't make it. He reached his right hand out to Harry and said, "Help me up, will you? I'm sorry."

Harry sat with his legs crossed, smoking a cigarette. "No, I'm not going to help you up," he said. "I told you a week ago that you were going to have to make it yourself."

His father looked at him in disbelief. "Why, Harry, you can't mean that. I *can't* get up by myself. You've *got* to help me."

Harry felt like a dog, but he said coolly, "No, Pop, I'm not going to help you up. Not now, not *ever*, when you get drunk and fall down. If you want, I'll get a blanket and throw it over you, and you can sleep on the floor, but I am not about to help you up."

His father's eyes narrowed, and Harry felt something that was close to fear, because when the old man's eyes were green slits like that, he looked mean.

"Well, *damn* you, Harry! I hate you and I hate your wife and I hate your house and I hate this damned Houston, and just as soon as I can I'm going to get the hell out of here, and you'll never see me again! Just remember that, Harry. I have no use for you, and I never want to see you again."

Still cool, tapping the ash off his cigarette, Harry said, "Before you leave, Pop, you've got to get off the floor. Unless, as I said, you want me to put a blanket over you and let you sleep there."

"No, by God, I'll get up myself and get to bed!"

Mr. McGraw began to twist and turn and push and grunt, and somehow, in flagrant violation of the law of gravity, he got up. Slowly, wavering, he started for his bedroom, pushing himself off the walls as he went and stopping every other step to recover his balance.

Harry listened for the sound of another fall, but it didn't come. He heard a creak as his father sat down on the edge of the bed, then shoes dropping, and then another creak as his father lay down.

The next day the old man wouldn't speak to him. He just sat on the sofa and smoked cigarettes and looked at the floor. At dinner that evening he took his place but ate in silence. He finished first, went to the bathroom to brush his teeth, and then he came back to the sofa and smoked and looked at

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the floor again. He was still there when Harry came home that night.

Harry changed into pajamas and robe, and sat down.

"Want me to fix you a drink, Pop?"

Mr. McGraw shook his head and sighed, and Harry reached over and squeezed his knee. "Come on, snap out of it. I don't know whether you're mad at me or mad at yourself, but forget it."

His father put his hands over his eyes and began to cry. "I'm sorry about last night, Harry. Honest to God I am. I didn't mean the things I said."

"I know, Pop. As a matter of fact I don't blame you for saying them. I'd have said them myself if I'd been you. But we *can't* be picking you up and putting you to bed every night, and I had to convince you of that. But don't worry about what you said. Forget it. Now let me fix you a drink."

His father got his handkerchief out and blew his nose and said, "Okay."

The old man didn't fall again after that, though he came close a time or two. Once, when it looked as though he was going over backward, Harry yelled, "Careful there, Pop!" and the old man, recovering himself, grinned and said, "Don't worry. I'm not going to fall. Hell, I *can't* fall. There's nobody around here to pick me up."

He was beginning to look better now. The black eyes had cleared up, and the cut on his nose had healed, and the dentist had replaced the missing tooth in his upper plate. He was also beginning to get restless. He wrote often to a friend who had been a next-door neighbor in Springfield, and one night he picked up the latest letter from his friend and said to Harry, "Charles says that he and his wife have a room there in their house that I could have."

He put the letter back down on the table. "Harry, I can't get used to it down here. I lived up there too long. If you don't mind, would you check on the bus schedules from here to Springfield? I'm going to have to go back."

"I know how you feel," Harry said. "But forget about the buses, Pop. I'll take you myself. There's just one thing I want you to promise. If you get unhappy, or get in any kind of trouble, you'll let me know. Will you do that?"

"Why, of course I will. I'm just too old for Houston, Harry. It's too big."

"When do you want to leave?"

"I'd like to go as soon as possible, Harry."

"Let's see, this is Monday. How about next weekend? We could leave here Saturday morning, and then I could come back on Monday, and that way I wouldn't miss but one day of work."

"That would be fine with me, Harry."

The rest of that week Mr. McGraw seemed much happier. He packed a few things each day, and on Friday night he took a bath and shaved, and the next morning at eight o'clock he and Harry left Houston.

They got into Springfield at four o'clock Sunday afternoon, and Mr. McGraw's friends, the Cahills, seemed happy to see him. They showed him the room they had for him, and then Harry brought in the luggage. When he was alone with his father, Harry said, "I'm going out and get a hotel room for tonight, Pop. I'll be wanting to get on the road early in the morning, and you're tired, and you'll want to sleep late. I'll leave now and be back in a couple of hours, after dinner."

"All right, Harry. We'll have a drink or two here tonight. You know Missouri is drier than hell on Sundays."

Harry got a room in a motel, and then he drove out to the cemetery where his mother was buried and found the plot. It still had only the temporary marker on it: LOIS LELAND MCGRAW, 1894-1966.

It was a day much like the day of her funeral, clear and crisp with a good wind blowing. Harry stood looking down at the marker and wished that he could cry, but he knew he would be forcing it. He thought of how his mother had looked in the casket. They had put her glasses on her, and he couldn't decide now whether they had made her look prim or sinister. My God, he thought, how objective can you get?

He remembered back over forty years to the times when his mother wanted him to come in from play. She would come out on the porch and call, "Haa*ree* . . ." in a voice as penetrating as a steamboat whistle. He would yell back, "I'm coming, Mom," and he would mean it, because if she had to call more than two or three times she would meet him with a switch and flick it across his bare legs, and the pain was enough to make him dance.

He smiled at the memory, and then he walked back to the car and drove away.

He had an early dinner and got back to the Cahills' house at seven o'clock. His father was sitting in his room, eating a piece of banana-cream pie.

"This is fine pie, Harry. Do you want me to get a piece for you?"

"No, thanks. I think I'll have a drink."

"Help yourself. I'll have one with you when I finish this."

"Bourbon on top of banana pie ought to give you some nice dreams tonight."

"I think I'll be too tired to dream."

They talked for an hour, and then his father said, "Harry, if you don't mind. I think I'll put on my pajamas and lie down. That trip wore me out."

"Sure, Pop. And in case you should go to sleep, let me say good-bye now. I'll be leaving too early in the morning to come by then."

"All right, Harry. And thank you a thousand times for everything. And June, too. Give her my love and tell her I think she's a wonderful girl."

"I will."

Mr. McGraw got into bed, pulled up the covers, and sighed. Harry went over and hugged him and kissed him on the cheek. "I'll sit over there and finish my drink, and then I'll go," he said. "But don't forget to write, and be sure to let me know if you need anything."

"I will, Harry, and God bless you."

By the time Harry got back to his chair, his father had begun to snore. He had always been a terrific snorer. Harry remembered asking his mother once how she could sleep in the same room with him, and she had said that when the noise woke her up she would whistle softly, and this would somehow stop the snoring long enough for her to get back to sleep. Remembering how she had laughed when she told him this, Harry began to cry, a whining sound in his throat that got louder and louder. He shook himself and gritted his teeth until he had his control back, and then he wiped his eyes and blew his nose.

When he had finished his drink, he went to the writing table. On a piece of notepaper, he wrote, "Take care of yourself and be careful of the stuff that's under this, and don't fall. Write, and love." Harry signed the note and pushed one corner of it down into the neck of the whiskey bottle and put the cork in so that it held the note in place.

He put on his hat and coat and went to the door. There he turned and looked for a moment at his father, who was sound asleep and snoring, and then he opened the door and left. □

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

These words on the back of your snapshots

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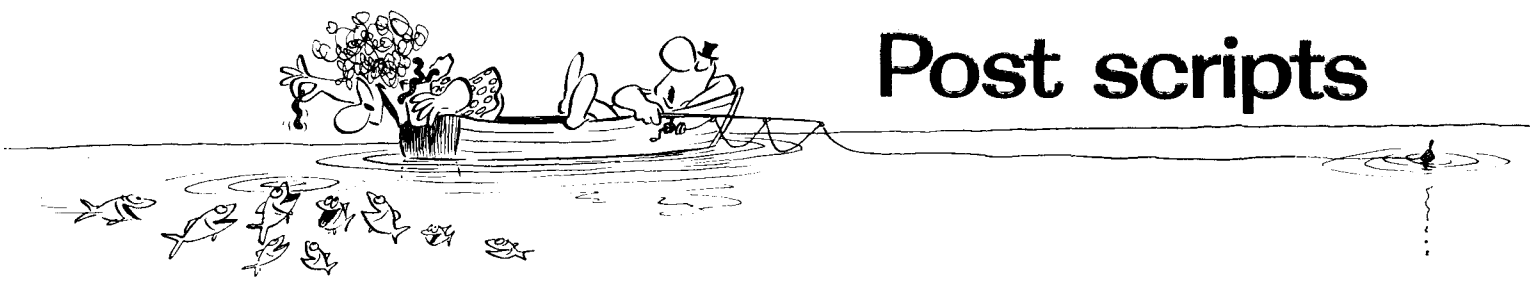

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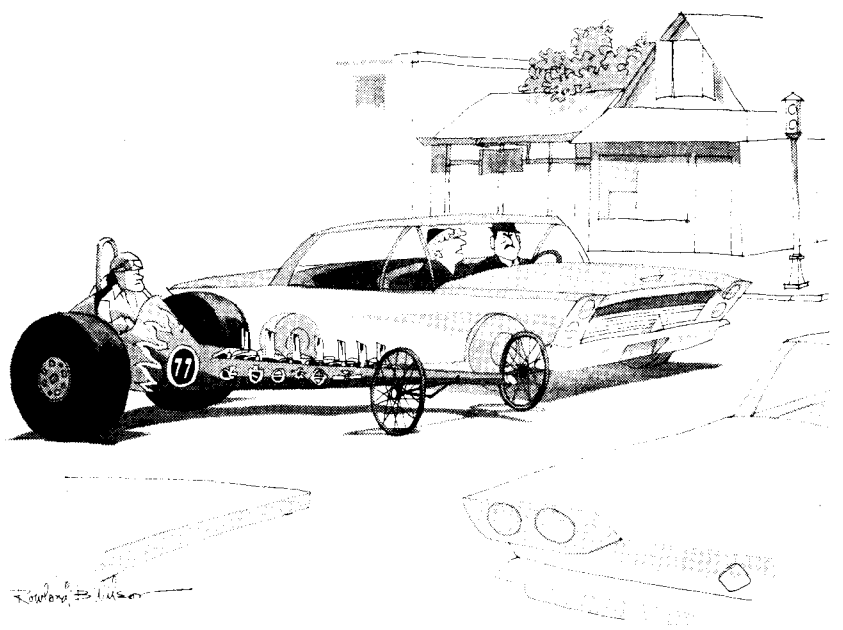
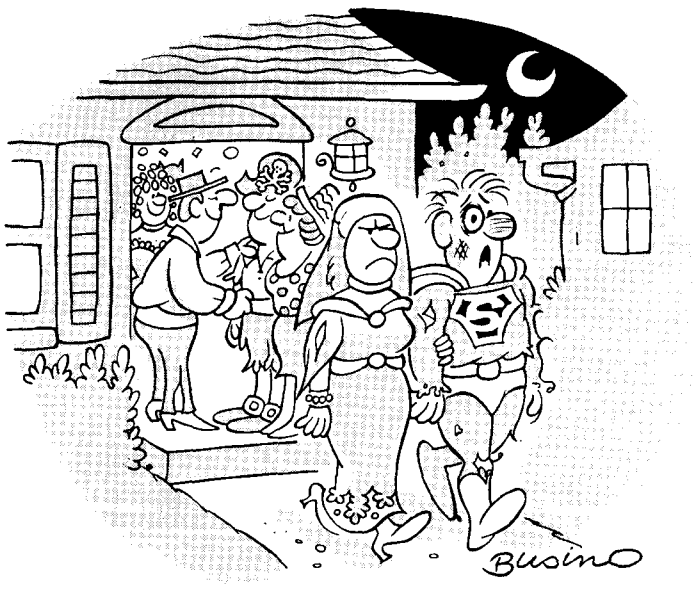
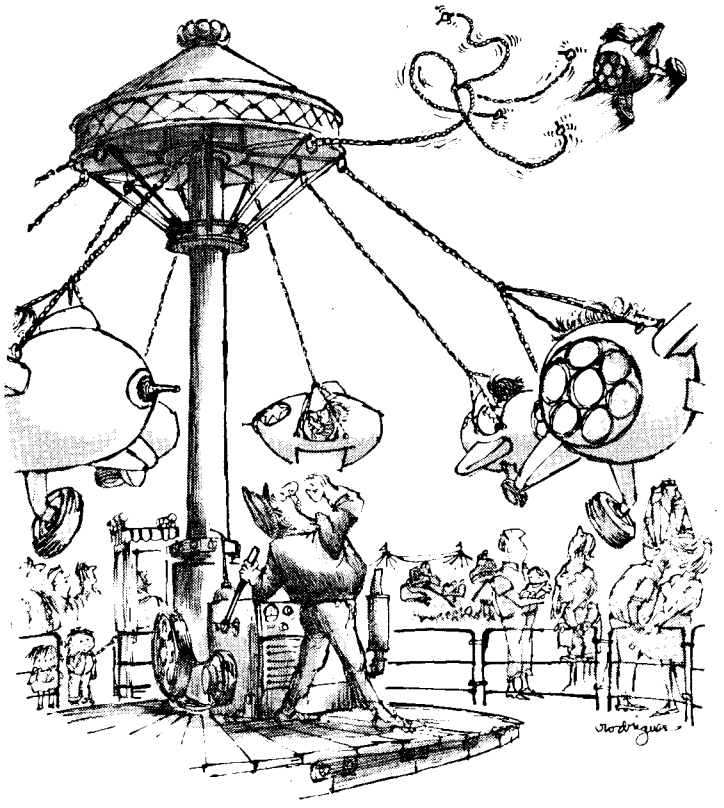


"Now don't go trying to beat him away from the light."



"That mouse costume he wore was certainly deceptive."

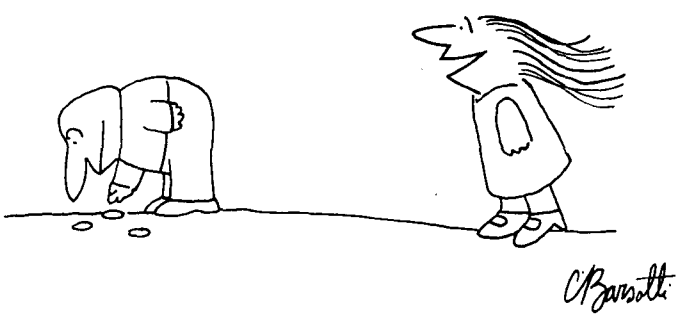


"Bail out, kid, bail out!"

DEAD AND GONE

Said an L. A. mortician named Hoover,
Let Miss Mitford laugh off *this* maneuver.
I'll put you when you're gone
Not in like Forest Lawn,
But Napoleon's Tomb or the Louver.

OGDEN NASH



"Has it occurred to you, Murray, that you may find more in these lovely hills than flat stones to skip across the pond?"

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THANK YOU, ANNETTE FUNICELLO

There are some people who are able to spend an entire day at the beach lying on a blanket, turning over every 30 minutes, like St. Lawrence, and never suffering a moment's boredom. I am not one of those people. Before I've been at the beach 15 minutes I'm restless and glassy-eyed; I have to have something to do.

It's usually too windy to play poker (and too hot to concentrate on the cards) and too crowded for football or Frisbee. Drinking, in the hot sun, leads to rapid and disastrous results. Is it any wonder then that I've taken up the game of volleyball? Taken it up, in fact, with such ardent enthusiasm that in the course of one summer, I—a mere beginner—earned the heroic title of "Mr. Volleyball."

Yes. I am Mr. Volleyball (the truth now revealed). I even have a jersey that says so, and it is with no small pride that I recall the fame I've enjoyed, and the number of young women who have approached me at such places in New York as the Pavillon restaurant and the lobby of the Gotham Hotel (when I'm not even wearing the jersey) and said, "Excuse me, but aren't you . . . Mr. Volleyball?" Now it may seem inordinately boastful of me to be reporting this, but I do have another motive: I want my readers to know that I am, after all, qualified to talk about this, the most noble of sports.

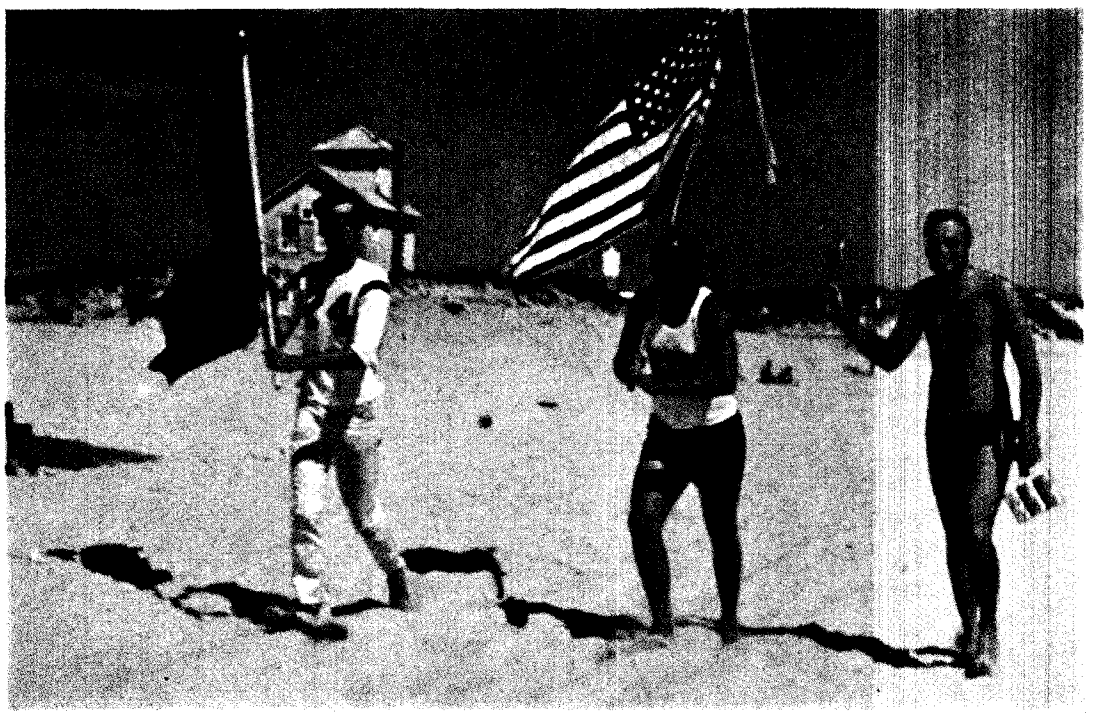
Certainly it has a noble history. Invented in 1773 by the insidiously resourceful Jacques de Vollet, games tutor to Louis XV, it was played at first with a loaf of overbaked pumpernickel, four naked chambermaids to a side, the bread being batted back and

Volleyball, once considered as déclassé as the clip-on bow tie, suddenly has become The Sport. From Malibu to Cape Cod to Cape Kennedy, gallants and their ladies are gathering on the sands to swat, belt, slam, pat and, hopefully, score points.

By ARTHUR (MR. VOLLEYBALL) KOPIT *Photographs by Gert Berliner*

1 *The Ultimate Game was held recently at Amagansett, Long Island. Below, crew smooths sand for Big Event.*

2 *Author Kopit, right, carrying provisions, parades with teammates to the courts. Trio were members of Amagansett All-Stars, participants in a 12-team summer-vacationist tourney. Flag on left is All-Star emblem.*



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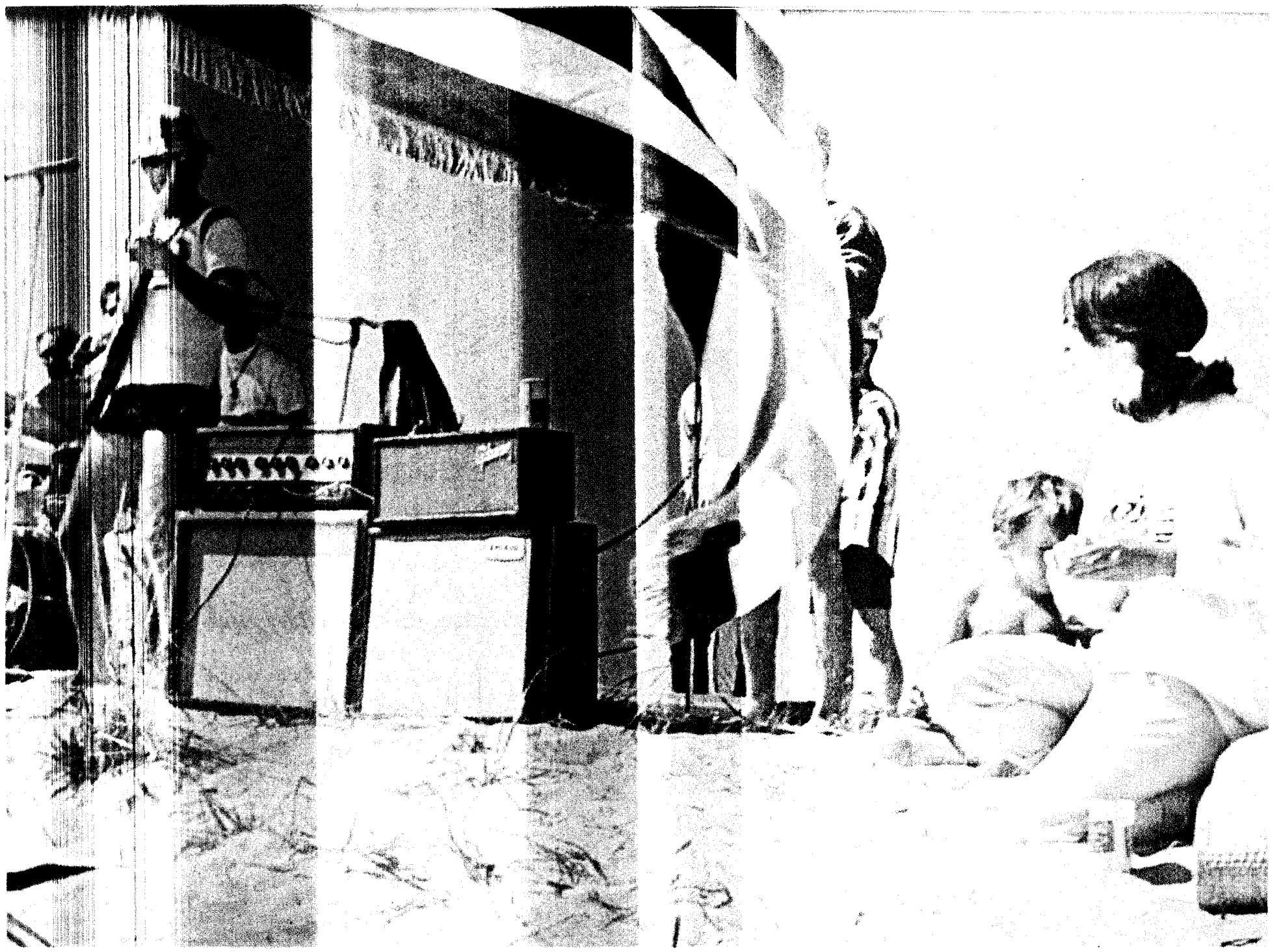
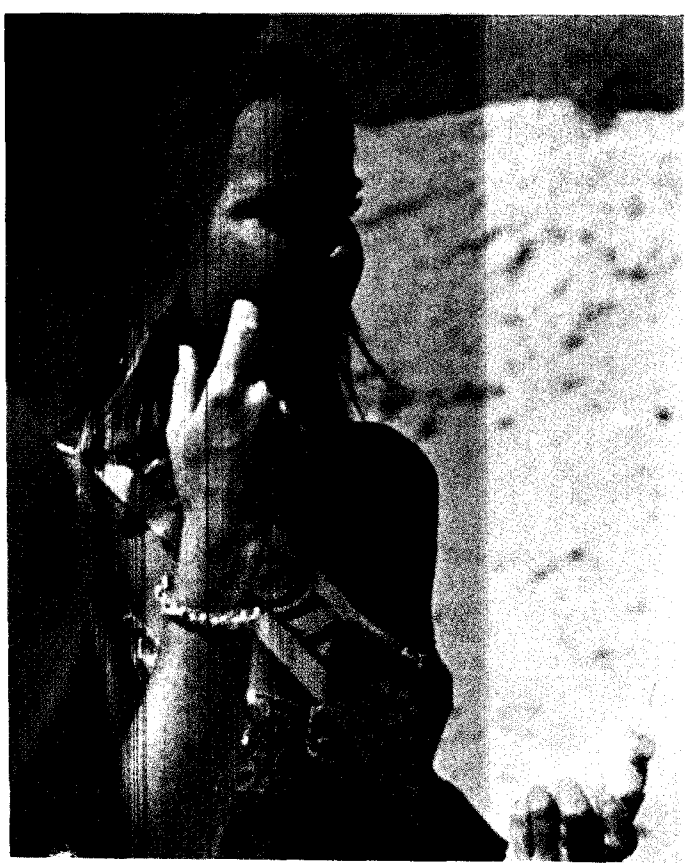


3 *At the top of a dune,* ***the Uncalled Four*** *serenade players and spectators.* ***The New Volleyball*** *has been compared to an outdoor discothèque, or an aboriginal mating dance.*

4 *Naturally, a Miss* ***Volleyball was chosen*** *from among wives and girl friends of* ***players. The winner*** *was Nancy Wilson.*



5 ***Girls—they*** *made up* ***bulk*** *of 200 spectators—formed cheerleading groups. Hypnotized by action,* ***they often forgot*** *to root. A cheerleading team called The Pussycats was judged best all-around.*

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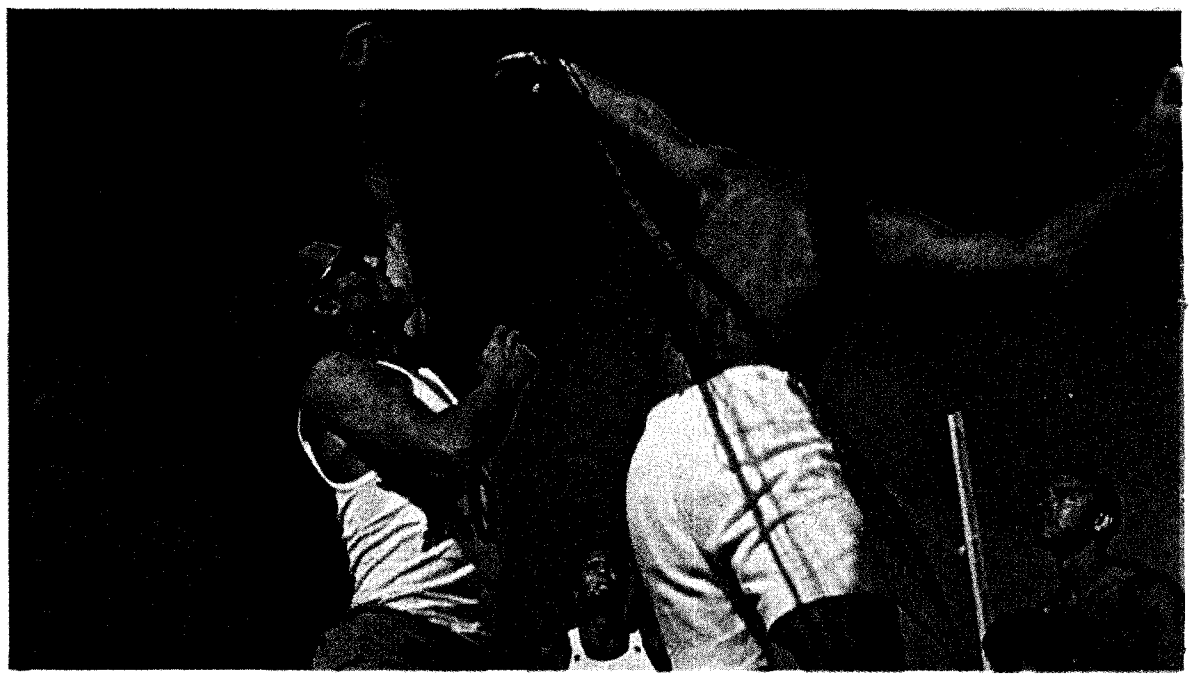
6 *Ad-agency copy writer Robert Johnstone was official registrar and games' director, as well as a player.*



7 *Reaching over the net usually is considered bad form, but the Amagansett All-Stars, left, devised special "Australian Jungle Rules," which made this legal. Unfortunately, the other team found the informal rules to their liking.*

One couple, who met during a volleyball match, liked the game so much they were wed on court.

forth across a rack of petticoats till it was soft or broken, whereupon it was fed to the various court prisoners for dinner. Sometime later (the exact date has been lost), the heads of these prisoners were substituted for the bread, and the game achieved, at least in France, its greatest popularity.

Its appearance in this country was noted toward the end of the Civil War when sacks of laundry were tossed back and forth over clotheslines by the bored wives of Southern colonels—the side letting the laundry drop most often being required to clean all the laundry in the camp (whence the term "dropping the bag"). From there it was but a short step to the present-day beach game, now third-ranking participant sport in North America (behind bowling and swimming—the latter on a marked decline, what with shark scares, the spread of pollution and a general drought).

The thing is, volleyball has been played for many years, but until recently has been without status. It was a game for high-school phys-ed rejects and health-addicted nudists. Suddenly, however, things have changed, and the game and its players have *style*. (Indeed, one prominent New York jet-set socialite has gone so far as to set up a volleyball net in the enormous living room of her town house.) From Malibu to Cape Cod to Cape Kennedy, volleyball is *the* sport. Bored types with Sassoon haircuts lounge on their blankets, fitfully picking bits of sand from their Bain de Soleil; suddenly over the dunes appears a band of merry athletes carrying poles, net and volleyball. Cries of joy greet them. Crowds follow them to their game, children rake the court, people join in playing, others watch and cheer.

Of course this current vogue has its reasons, and that is why I am here: to explain them. First, though, let me repudiate one theory which some of my acquaintances have advanced—namely, that volleyball is simply another aspect of "pop." They say that the past vulgarity of the game is the very reason for its present revival; that volleyball naturally belongs to the pop world of saddle shoes, soda pop and Batman. I, however, refuse to accept this spurious reasoning, especially since I'm not overly fond of pop culture, and it pains me to think that some people consider my hard-won jersey no more significant than a representation on canvas of a Campbell's Soup can (though there are similarities of shape, I will admit).

No, no, volleyball is much more than a passing fad. Now that it has become the fashion, I believe it will remain so, because of the very *nature* of the game (by which I do not mean its rules and regulations, which are irrelevant to any point I'm making, and certainly not worth noting here; any enthusiastic reader who's already decided to get up a team on his beach this summer will have to look elsewhere to find out how to play). No, volleyball's importance lies in its basically social nature: A game in progress is a phenomenon that an anthropologist like Margaret Mead would have no trouble relating to the aboriginal mating dances of the South Seas. It also might be compared to an outdoor discothèque (or, as we shall see, it might even become one).

Now of course, all this is immediately obvious to anyone who's ever witnessed a match. Picture the scene: In one corner of the beach the game is in progress. The gallant players leap and hit the ball, the bikini-clad native girls sit by admiringly. Later the girls accompany their favorite players to dinner, and, if the players are lucky, cook it for them. What's more, it's not a closed circle; anybody can join the game or the spectators simply by looking eager (and being nearby). And the scoring is simple: Points counted are the number of cocktail invitations offered and accepted and phone numbers exchanged. Lasting friendships are made easily in this game. Last summer, for instance, one couple who had met on the court and were getting married decided to hold the ceremony right there, in honor of it all, and the game was interrupted a few minutes, confetti sprinkled, and the game resumed, the minister later asking if he might join in as well.

Clearly this sort of conviviality is impossible when people are scattered around the beach on isolated blankets. One can leer at and lust after the luscious blonde two blankets away with no result except that of getting known around the place as a leerer and luster. Without that introduction, things are difficult. With volleyball, however, introductions are unnecessary. All that matters is: *Can she play the game?*

Naturally nothing could be easier. While an inexperienced athlete would think twice before asking to join a lacrosse match, it's difficult to make a fool of yourself at volleyball. One can easily just stand around, swatting the ball away whenever it comes in your direction. Indeed, never has it been said that any pretty young thing, taut-skinned, bronzed, in a slim, trim, shimmering bikini, has ever been turned away. No, courtesy is shown at all times; volleyball players are like that. Or, at least, the males. Females sometimes get a little catty. ("You can't let her get in this game; why, that suit she's wearing will *never* hold up." *Et cetera.* If you're strong willed, however, you'll persevere, and the poor girl will play.)

There are countless other advantages to the game. It requires a minimal investment in terms of equipment and takes up little space on the beach (important when thinking in terms of real estate). The exercise is good for health and figure, I'm told, and promotes a smooth suntan. The biggest advantage, however, is social.

This was emphasized one recent weekend at the Amagansett Coast Guard Beach on Long Island, N. Y., when I helped organize a Volleyball Tournament and Gala Celebration—ranking, many thought, with the best epics of DeMille. Teams arrived from beaches all over the island to compete for the trophy. (I'll leave it to you to guess whose team won.) A Miss Volleyball was selected and crowned, beer was served, and the Uncalled Four plugged themselves into a generator dragged to the top of a dune and provided music for all. As the teams battled, and the banners waved, and the fireworks went off, the crowds—which were considerable—alternately cheered and Watusied. It was, surely, the inevitable result of what had been developing all summer: It was the Ultimate Volleyball Game—a purely social event.

Only one thing remains a mystery—how did all this begin? Who first decided there might be something to the sport after all? I think the most likely explanation is that somebody decided to give it a try after watching one of those beach-party-blanket-bikini films starring, usually, Annette Funicello. Played once as a joke, volleyball's fantastic possibilities were realized. The rest you know. Is it possible? Do I, my teammates and most of the Amagansett beach owe our newfound summer happiness to Miss Funicello, whom none of us has ever met?

There seems every reason to believe so.

Thank you, Annette, wherever you are. There'll always be a home waiting for you in Amagansett, you can count on that. □

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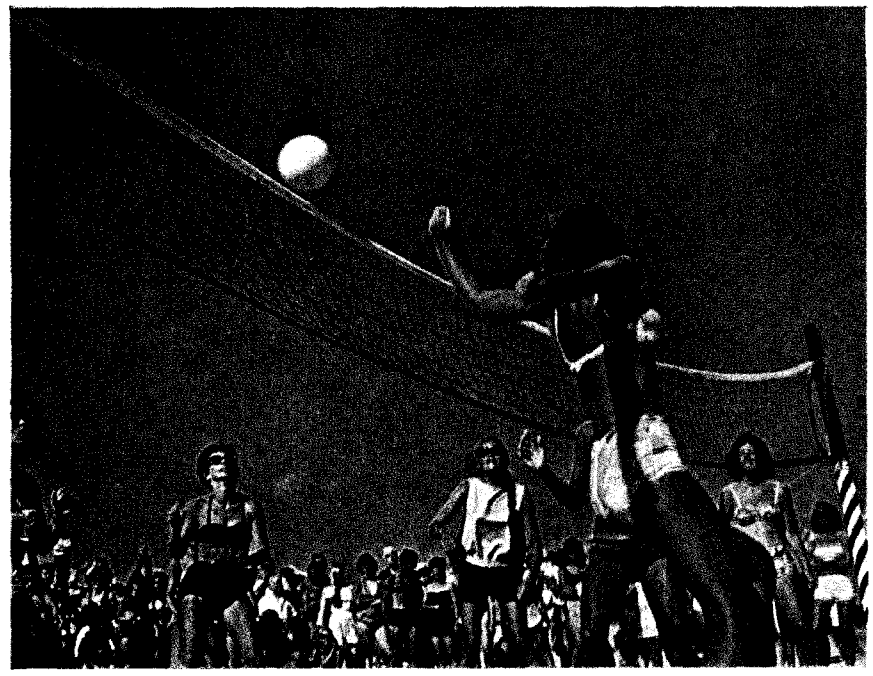
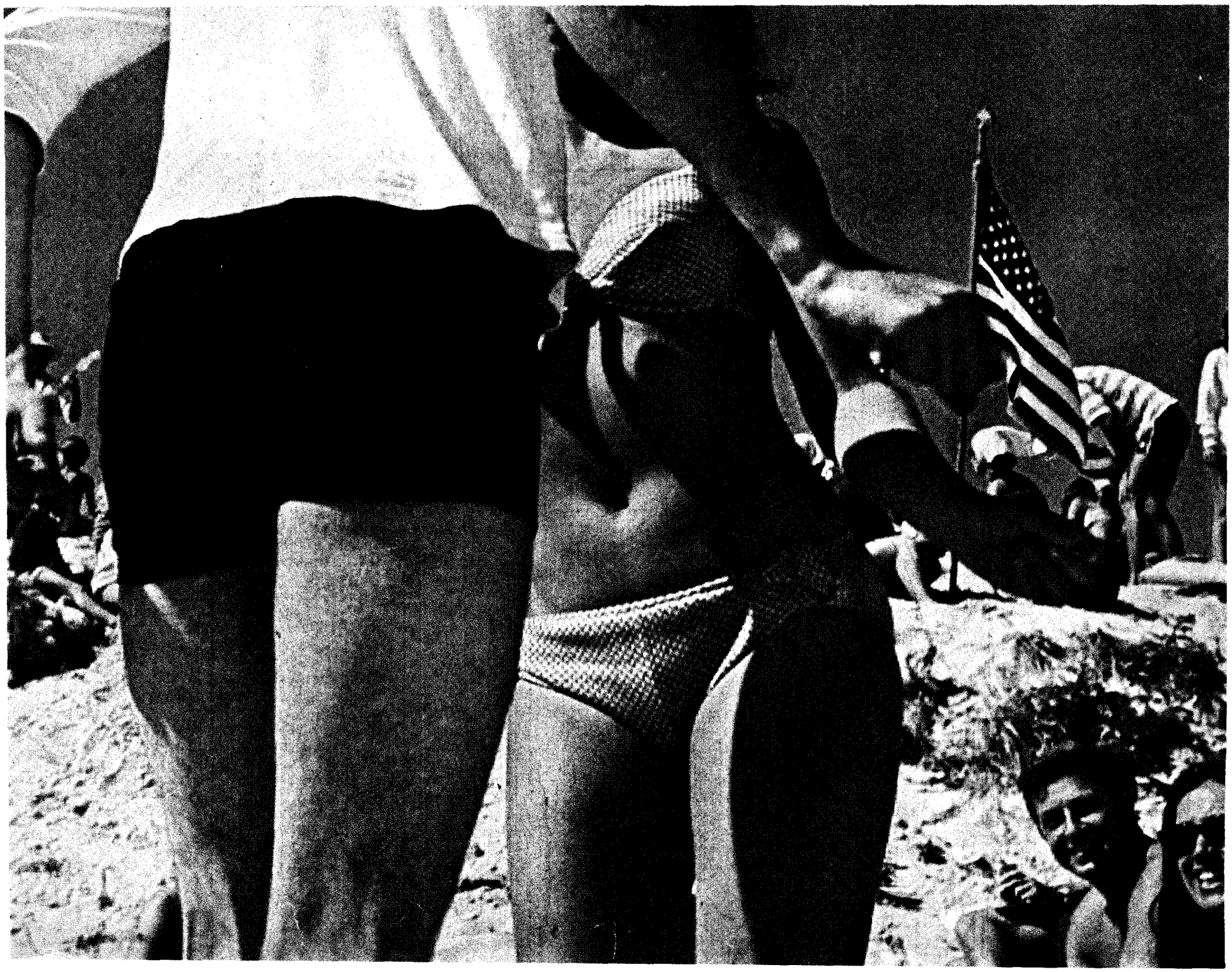
8 *In final game of championship, Amagansett beat team from nearby Treasure Island. Players in the tournament were writers, ad men, artists, lawyers and stockbrokers.*



9 *As day neared end and men collapsed, the net was lowered a bit, the girls took over and played game. "The girls," says volleyball-fan Kopit, "showed better form than the men."*

10 *Dancing and prizes closed day. First-team prize was gold-sprayed volleyball; second, a baseball; third, a Ping Pong ball. Teammates critical of one player gave him a flyswatter.*



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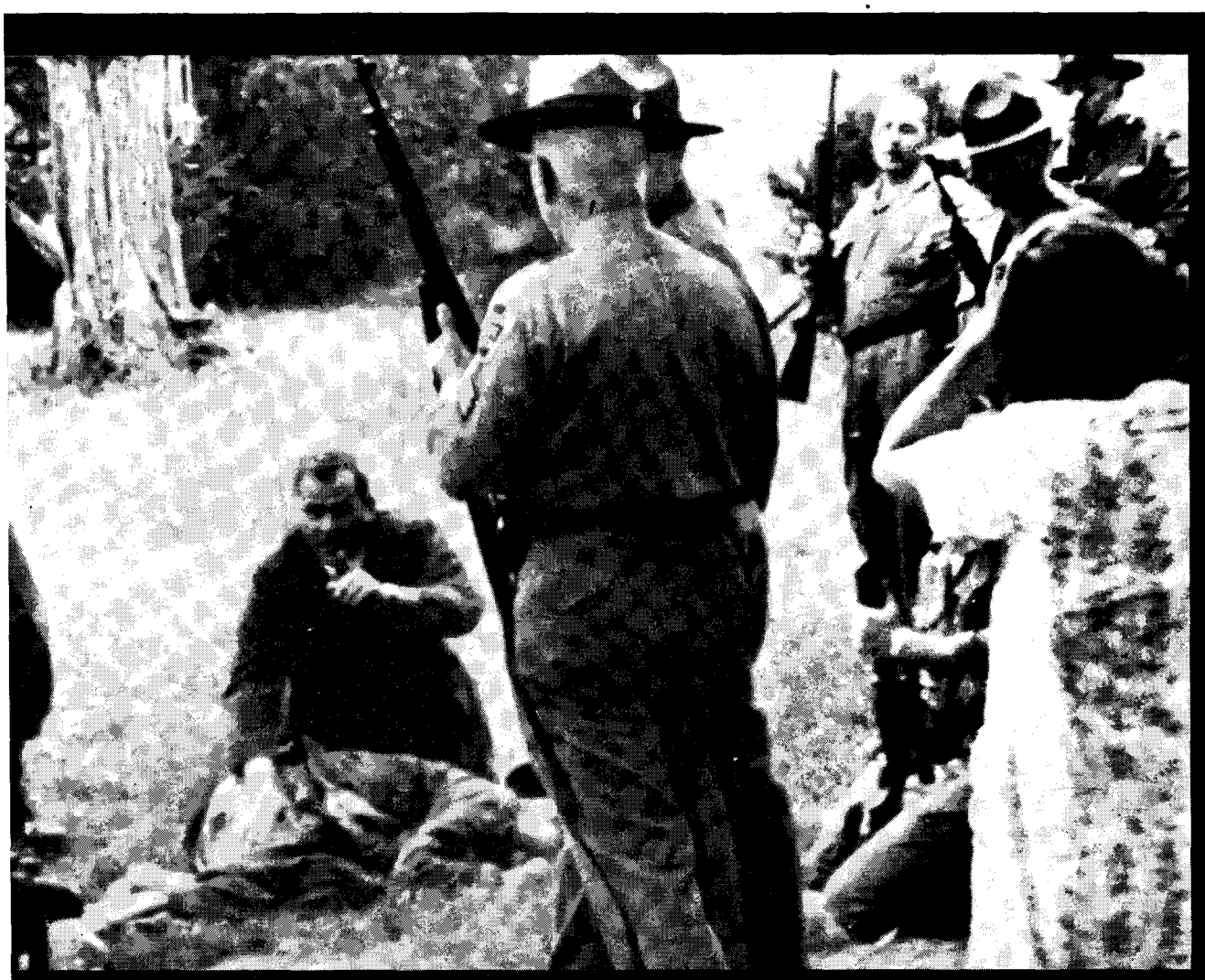
'Just don't forget that when you're with me you'll do anything to get something to eat,'



Police officer kneels beside killer moments after a bullet brought him down and ended the seven-day manhunt.

Sheriff Sharpe was wounded in final moments.

KIDNAPPED!

(continued from page 29)

Then he had figured that he could run the dogs off and they would go to some neighbors who would take care of them, but the dogs insisted on coming right along with us. Later we did manage to send two of them away, but that big white dog stuck right with us to the end.

We went back to Gobbler's Knob that night and hid out all day, and Bill could think of nothing but this house he was going to rob. About 9:30 or 10 o'clock Monday night we went down to the house, a big one, standing near a little stream behind a row of tall pine trees. The whole idea of breaking into somebody's home made me feel just sick at my stomach, and I tried to talk Bill out of it. But he turned mean and said, "Just don't forget that when you're with me you'll do anything to get something to eat and you'll kill anybody that gets in the way. You remember that."

He had a bunch of keys with him and he tried them all on the doors, but none of them would work. Finally he broke a window and unlocked the door from the inside. When we got into the house he started through it like a hound on a rabbit trail. The house must have had 10 rooms and was beautifully furnished, but none of that interested him. He probed around with a flashlight and came across some cartridges for a .32 and that sent him zooming. He decided that if they had a gun it probably would be in an upstairs bedroom, so he tore through the bedrooms until he found a bureau with one of the drawers locked. He used a big screwdriver to pry open the lock. Inside the drawer was a black .32 automatic.

You would have thought he had struck oil, the way Bill reacted to that gun. He danced around and grabbed me and slobbered a kiss across my face and said, "See, if we didn't bust into this place we wouldn't have found this gun. I've been looking for this kind of gun all my life."

Then he calmed down a bit and started looking for something to eat. He found a big supply of canned goods stored in the basement. There was some food in a refrigerator, too, and he ate, but I was just too sick to eat. When he finished he began gathering up bedsheets and piling all the canned goods and other stuff in them. He also went through the closets and he found two good-looking women's suits, one a bright red and the other green. He made me hold them up and he said, "They may be a little big for you, but you'll look real pretty in them. They make you look older and nobody will recognize you." He started planning how we were going to go to a different country, someplace where the people would treat him right and not mean like they had here. He had some money, he said, two hundred and five dollars, and he seemed to think that was plenty to take us wherever he wanted to go.

The only thing I wanted to do in this house was to clean up, but Bill wouldn't even give me time to wash my face. He made me help him carry those sheets full of canned goods and other stuff back over a ridge where he hid them in a pile of wood slabs near a sawmill. We made about five trips, and I never was more tired in all my life.

After this we went back to a ridge north of Burnt Cabins. By this time I was just following along. I was lost most of the time, and I knew that it wouldn't do me any good to try to run away from Bill, anyway, because he knew exactly where he was all the time, and he had all those guns. He told he me could fire nine shots from the shotgun as fast as he could pull the trigger. He also had the .32 automatic, and another little revolver which he kept on his side underneath his jacket.

It was early Tuesday morning, May 17, when Bill found a hiding place that suited him. It was back under some thick pines whose branches made sort of an umbrella. You couldn't see more than a few feet in there. He chained me to a tree. He was still all excited because we had robbed that house and he had this new gun, and he tried to make love to me in the same way he had that first night. Then he lay down a couple of yards away and went to sleep. I think it was around 8:30 or 9 o'clock. I couldn't sleep, but I may have dozed off. The next thing I knew I heard some man saying, "Here, Boy" and a dog started barking. Then it seemed that everything broke loose.

Bill's white dog must have been running around near us, and the FBI agent, Terry Ray Anderson, must have seen it and called to it. I looked where the voice had come from and saw the legs of a man about 25 feet away. Because of the trees you couldn't see him from the waist up and he couldn't see us at all. In the same instant Bill rose up, shotgun in hand, and fired right at the man, and he fell on the spot. Then there were these big police dogs barking and growling and coming right at Bill, and he fired another shot and one of the dogs dropped . . . another shot, and the second dog fell

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he said suddenly, 'and you'll kill anybody that gets in the way. You remember that.'

Peggy Ann is hugged by her mother as brothers and sisters cluster around. Says her father, "I figured Peggy was level-headed enough to take care of herself."

back but kept on growling. I was petrified. The idea of a man being shot right in front of me was too horrible to be real. For a moment I had hope that Bill would panic and run away, leaving me there, but his mind was fixed on keeping me right with him. He quickly unlocked the chain from my neck, snapped one padlock onto the chain itself and put the other one in his green bag, and told me to carry the chain. Then we ran through the woods toward a stream that he intended to follow. When we got there Bill saw that the padlock had fallen off. He gave me a hard look and said, "If you think losing that lock is going to let you get away from me, just think again. I still have the other one."

As we slipped away from where the searchers had spotted us, we climbed up the side of Gobbler's Knob, moving west toward Fort Littleton. Bill got out his transistor radio and ordered me to carry it. It was one of these small ones, not much bigger than a couple of packages of cigarettes, and he told me to get the Chambersburg station on it because they broadcast the news every 15 minutes. I'm pretty sure he had been listening to it before through the earplug, but this was the first time I knew he had a radio. Just as I tuned the radio, the news about an FBI agent being killed was being broadcast. Hearing that the man was dead made me feel shivery and so sad I wanted to cry.

"Well," Bill said, "I sure got that dumb son of a bitch. These FBI guys are supposed to be so smart, but I guess I proved he wasn't. Them dogs, too—I can kill every damn one of them. This might mean trouble, but I've been in trouble before and it don't scare me none."

The radio said hundreds of FBI men, National Guardsmen, forest rangers and deputy sheriffs were moving in to help the State Police. They talked about half-tracks and machine guns. And I began worrying that in all the confusion the searchers might mistake me for the Mountain Man and shoot me. I sure didn't look like a girl, I can tell you. I still had on that man's jacket and trousers, and my hair was down in the jacket, to keep it from getting caught on branches. My brown loafers had given out completely the third or fourth day, and Bill wrapped my feet in a torn-up shirt, taped on with black friction tape, and over the rags he put a pair of old galoshes that he had dug out somewhere. I looked like a dirty bum.

Right then, for the first time, Bill told me where he intended to go next. He figured that at night we could sneak down to Aughwick Creek, which runs along the foot of Gobbler's Knob, and could swim or float under a bridge near Fort Littleton. That would get us out of the ring of armed men who were surrounding the mountain. After that, we would go west about three miles to Clear Ridge—and nobody would know we were there.

Meanwhile that missing padlock preyed on his mind all day long. He seemed to see it as a sign of some plot against him. That evening while we were waiting for it to get dark so we could move down to the creek, he began harping on it again, getting more riled up as he talked about it.

"You must think you're pretty damned smart, losing that lock," he said.

"I didn't mean to lose it," I said. "It must have fallen off when we jumped over that log."

"I had it locked and you got it unlocked some way," he insisted. And without any warning he lashed out with his fist and hit me right in the eye, knocking me backwards. My nose started bleeding. But I didn't break down and cry—I didn't dare. After growling for a while he dropped the subject. About this time we could hear the activity down on the roads as the searchers moved the searchlights and half-tracks in around the mountain. Bill saw that we had better start moving. He had learned from the radio that the white dog had been spotted by the searchers back where the FBI agent was shot, so he tied the dog to a tree and said he was sure somebody would find him. Then we sneaked around the mountain toward the west. Part of the time we waded in a creek where the water came up almost to my chest, and I was so cold and wet and miserable I almost wished somebody would shoot me and get it over with. Late at night we came to the bridge, the one Bill hoped to float under. We were in the underbrush so close to that bridge and road that I saw a man lighting a cigarette—he was sitting on a half-track. And right square on the bridge was a big searchlight, shining its beam down the stream.

Bill cursed and swore under his breath. He knew then that we couldn't get out of the trap, not by that route. We started to move back around the mountain, following the stream. As those searchlights would swing our way, he would make me stand up against a tree with my arms around it and he would do the same. The lights were coming down from above us and he said, "Those sons of bitches can't see nothing unless you're out in the open—they can't spot you through the leaves."

For the rest of the night we worked our way

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back to the east, and finally we came to a sort of cindered road winding up a slope. Bill said there was a hunting lodge up that road and if we could get inside it, he didn't think the police would find us; they wouldn't be likely to search it that night, and by tomorrow we would be gone.

The first thing we saw at the hunting lodge was a car, and Bill figured right away that somebody was sleeping in the house. He whispered that this was just the break he was looking for. The bathroom at this lodge had its doorway on the outside. Whoever was sleeping in the house would come out to the bathroom in the morning and we would be in there, waiting for him. "I'll ask him to drive us somewhere, and if he gives us any trouble, I'll shoot him," Bill told me. He asked me if I could drive and I lied to him and told him I didn't know how. He said he hoped the guy wouldn't cause trouble because he, himself, had forgotten how to drive a car. Then we went into the bathroom and Bill said we should stay in the shower stall, a fairly big one, because if anyone looked in they wouldn't think to look in the shower. We sat down on a cold cement floor, Bill in one corner and me in another, and waited.

We stayed like that until after dawn, when Bill went to the door and peeked out to see what was going on. He had just shut the door when this man walked in. I later learned that he was Deputy Sheriff Francis Sharpe from Cambria County, a friend of the man who owned the hunting lodge. He had been helping on the search and he had gone there to get some sleep.

I didn't see what happened because I was behind the shower curtain, but I heard Bill say, "Don't run," and then, "I told you not to do that, I'll have to shoot you," and then a shot.

I scrambled out of the shower and to the door, afraid there was another dead man out there. But Mr. Sharpe was on his feet. He was dressed in pajamas. He held up one side of his pajamas to show where the bullet had gone into his side and he said, "Tell me, is it very bad?"

The wound didn't look as bad as I expected; it was just like a puncture, and there was no blood gushing out. I started to say that it wasn't bad, but Bill barked, "Shut up!" He ordered Mr. Sharpe into the house to put some clothes on. While Mr. Sharpe was pulling on a shirt and trousers, Bill kept cursing at him, telling him to hurry.

Mr. Sharpe did what Bill told him to, but he didn't knuckle down. When we went out to the car, Mr. Sharpe said something like, "I don't know about you, but I'm going to the medical center over at McConnellsburg."

"I don't care where you go, just so you get us out of here," Bill replied. I'm sure, though, that Bill intended to make Mr. Sharpe drive us just as far as he could, if we managed to break out. Several times before, he had told me that once we got out of the search area he planned to hold up somebody and take their car. He said he hoped they wouldn't give him any trouble—he said that so often—because he didn't like killing innocent people.

Mr. Sharpe got under the wheel of the car and Bill got in back, holding his shotgun pointed at Mr. Sharpe. I started to sit on the seat but Bill pushed me down on the floorboards. The car started down the road and soon came to a pasture gate, and Bill ordered Mr. Sharpe to get out and open it. Then we started up again and I could tell that the car was winding down the hill road which comes out of the woods into the cleared pastureland in the valley. Then we bumped across a little wooden bridge and stopped for a second gate down next to Route 522. I heard Mr. Sharpe get out to open the gate and heard someone shout from a distance, "Who is that with you?" and Mr. Sharpe yelled back, "It's the killer!" Then Bill's gun roared.

He had shot through the car window, probably at one of the policemen who had been stationed at a roadblock near the gate. The car windows shattered and glass flew everywhere. Again I had that wave of fear that the people shooting at Bill might mistake me for him, the way I was dressed. Bill jumped out of the car and hollered for me to come along. I started to follow, but guns were popping all over the place, and men were running toward us through the fields across the highway. There was a farmhouse across the highway, and some of them may have been waiting there. I ducked back down behind a wheel on the left side of the car. Bill had started to run for a corncrib and a barn a hundred feet or so away from us on our side of the road but directly across the road from the farmhouse. When he saw I wasn't with him—or when he saw somebody drawing a bead on him, I'm not sure which—he came back to where I was, fired a shot at somebody and yelled, "Come on!" I didn't know what else to do, so I went along, expecting to be shot down any instant. I was so frightened that I didn't even hear the shots. I could see men raising their guns and they seemed to be pointing them right at me. Bill ran straight behind the long, narrow corncrib and into the barn.

This is the Luther Rubeck farm, and the two boys, David, about my age, and Larry, a couple of years younger, had been doing the milking. When the shooting started, they left the milking machines on the cows and ran to the house for their guns. Bill looked around the barn for a few seconds, hollered for me to follow, and went out the door and started across the highway toward the Rubeck house. A man in a field raised a gun, so Bill came back and crouched by the corner of the corncrib with me. Then Bill yelled at me again and we started across the road—just why, I'm not sure. I thought surely he would surrender, surrounded like that, without a chance to get away, but the idea never crossed his mind. This time I ran for all I was worth, in sheer terror. As we came up past the side of the farmhouse, I was running faster than Bill was and was getting ahead of him. We were only about ten or fifteen feet away from the house when Larry Rubeck fired a shotgun at Bill through the kitchen window, and if he came anywhere near hitting Bill, that shot came close to me, too. But I didn't even hear the blast. At the same time I could see other men, up ahead of us in a field, aiming in our direction. Then I heard Bill sort of gasp. "Ohhh!" and he crumpled and hit the ground.

I didn't stop to see if he was dead or alive—I was still afraid that even if he was wounded and dying he might shoot me. I ran around to the back of the Rubeck house and pounded on the door, begging them to let me in. They wouldn't open the door, but I can't really blame them, for they had no way of knowing that the Mountain Man had been shot down and I was Peggy, the girl he kidnapped. For all they knew, it could have been the Mountain Man, trying to barricade himself in their house.

While I was standing there, wondering what to do next, a helicopter flew over and I waved at them to come down after me. About the same time I saw a man with a gun coming toward me and I was afraid he wouldn't recognize me in those awful clothes. Then I saw a state policeman motioning for me to go back toward the road in the direction I had come, but to go that way would take me past where Bill was lying and I wasn't sure that he was really dead. This may have seemed silly and hysterical to the police, but I knew what a single-track mind Bill had. So I waited, cowering behind a shed until I saw some men go around Bill, and then I figured it was safe. Boy, I really took off across that lawn.

By the highway I saw a big, husky state policeman and I figured he was somebody on my side, so I ran up to him. In a moment an FBI agent came and got me, saying they were going to take me to the hospital. I asked, "Why?" because all I wanted was to go home. I wasn't even conscious of the dreadful shape I was in, my face bruised and scratched, my legs all cut, and my feet a mass of blisters.

Mr. Sharpe and I rode in the same police car to the Fulton County Medical Center. The driver kept the sirens going part of the time to clear the road—the fastest ride I ever had to McConnellsburg. At the hospital my doctor, Dr. G. T. Lorentz, took a quick look at me and told them to put me to bed. The nurses took off those filthy old clothes, soaking wet and plastered with mud and leaves. They bathed me and put me in the first bed I had slept in for seven nights, and boy, did it feel good. They told me that Mom and Dad were on their way from home in a police car. Then Doctor Lorentz checked me over in a preliminary way and said I was in pretty good condition, considering all I had been through. I had lost about 10 pounds and was slightly dehydrated. My feet were the worst problem. They were all blistered and bruised, and on the bottom of one foot there was a deep cut. They gave me a tetanus shot—the only kind of a shot I needed. The nurses asked if I wanted any breakfast, and you can bet I did—a big helping of bacon and eggs.

It was just after this that I heard some footsteps in the hall and two of the happiest people in the world—my mom and dad—came in the room, and that made three happiest people there. We all hugged and kissed each other and the tears began to flow. I felt like somebody who had been rescued from the grave and I believe they thought so, too, although Dad insists that from the very first moment he had faith that I would come out of it all right. He tells people, "I figured Peggy was level-headed enough to take care of herself if she had any chance at all, and that's the way it turned out."

It would be easy to say that I despise the very memory of the Mountain Man and let it go at that. But I don't believe that all the misery, sorrow and death he caused was entirely his fault, any more than it is a snake's fault when it strikes someone who steps on it. I'll leave it to the psychiatrists to diagnose what was wrong with his mind, but it seemed to me that he was a person everybody had rejected, not tried to help. Apparently nobody ever took an interest in him. He was about as lonely as a human being can get. So he was fighting back in the only way he could figure out, trying to capture by force the human companionship he couldn't get any other way. I just happened to be the one he caught. □

"Grab it!"

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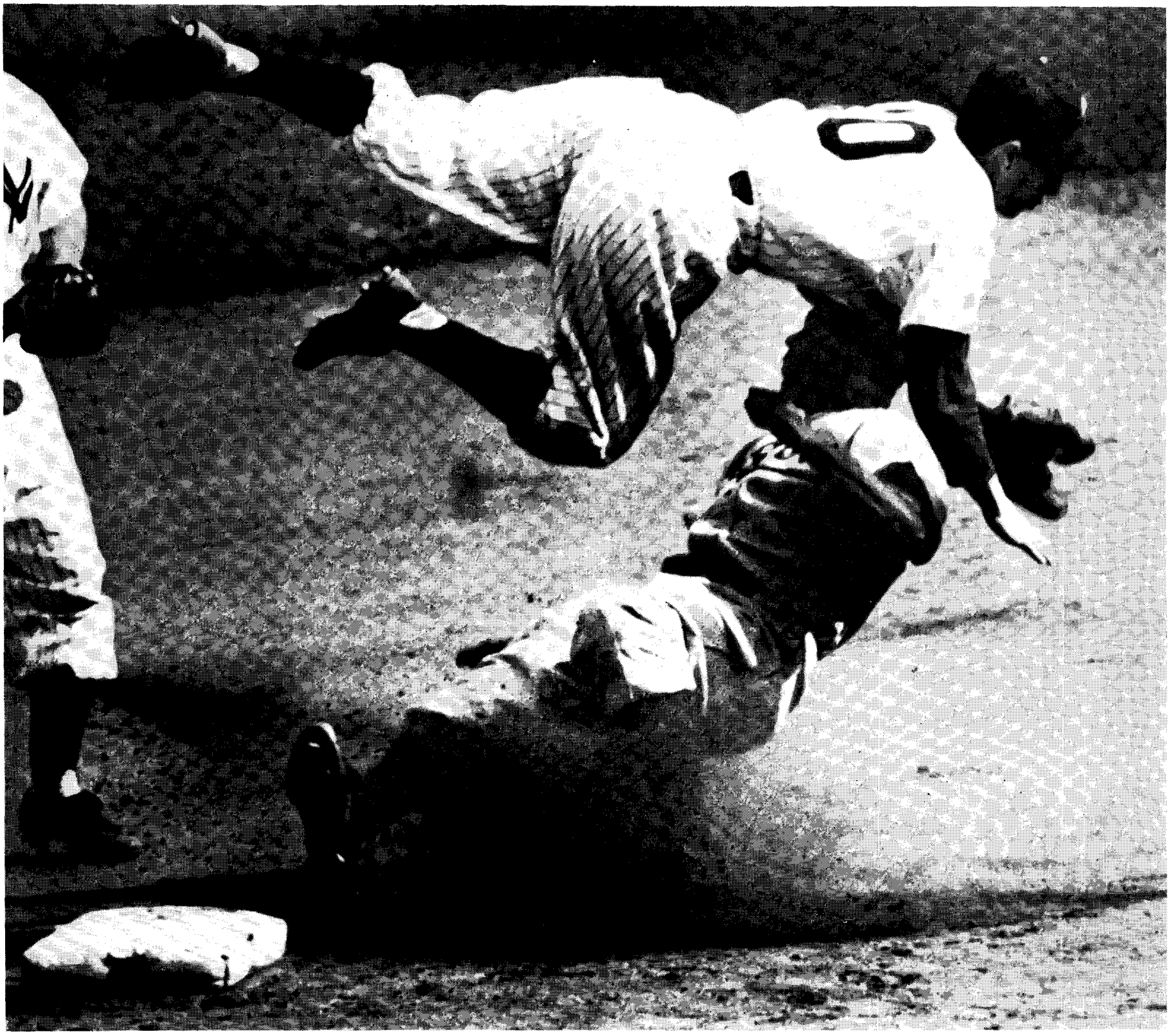

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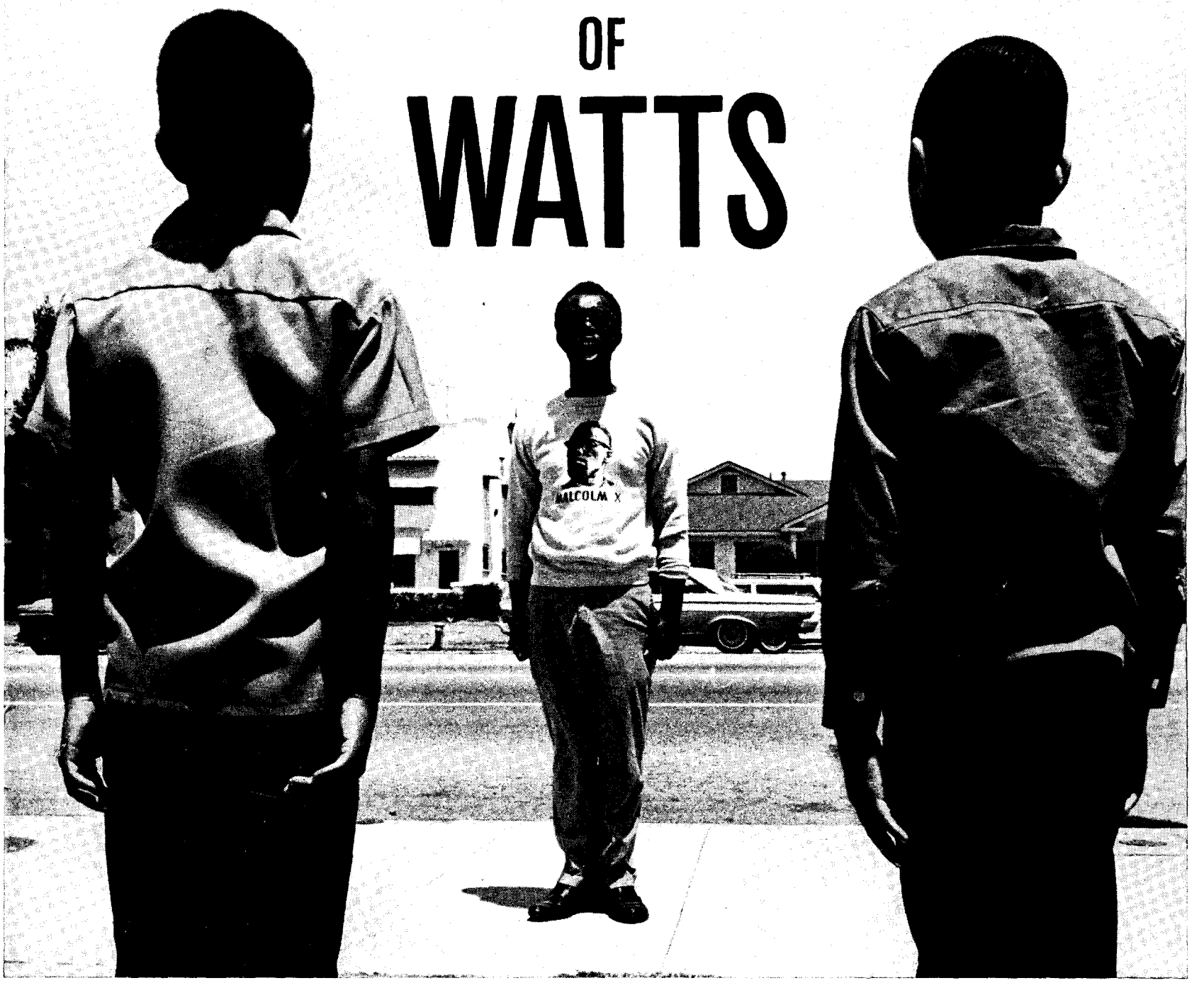
THE UGLY MOOD OF WATTS



A member of US, an extremist group, drills two Negro boys. The instructor's sweatshirt bears the face of Malcolm X, the black nationalist who is an US hero.

Militant leaders in Los Angeles' Negro ghetto are trying to win power by threatening whites with violence—and behind their threats lies hatred.

"This place is made for guerrilla warfare."

"We give the black man something to fight for."

"The cops are scared. They know next time it's them and us, gun for gun, bullet for bullet."

These are the voices of Watts. These are the frank voices of embittered young Negroes in a once-mute community that found its identity in the fire last time, in the carnage of the August, 1965, Los Angeles riots. A year later—with some cause—Watts is convinced that only by threatening violence does it have any bargaining power with white Los Angeles. And the threat could flare into action in a moment—exactly as it did before.

So unmistakable is the new mood of Watts that I felt it almost as soon as I left the Harbor Freeway and drove down Century Boulevard toward 103rd Street. It was early in the evening, and knots of people with nothing to

By John Gregory Dunne

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do and nowhere to go idled along the burned-out block now known as "Charcoal Alley No. 1." I stopped to make a telephone call, and when I left the booth a white minister sidled up to me. Out of the corner of his mouth he said, "I wouldn't walk alone on the streets if I were you." Then he was gone and I knew the pervasive feeling of being an alien on someone else's turf, allowed there, if at all, on black sufferance. And in case I had managed to miss the feeling, it was spelled out for me that first night by a black nationalist leader. "Let's get one thing straight," he said, "down here, you're black and we're white."

It is impossible to understand Watts without understanding the deep pride that the ghetto still takes in the riots. There is no sense of shame, no feeling that far more was lost than gained in the explosion that killed 34 persons, burned and gutted nearly 1,000 buildings and caused property damage of $40 million. It is as if the riots were a mass *bar mitzvah* in which the entire black population of Los Angeles gained its manhood. The burned-out shells of buildings, the yawning empty spaces where supermarkets and furniture stores once stood, the rubble still piled along parts of Central Avenue, might just as well be triumphal arches and parks. No ambitious black leader—"Negro" is a term loathed as the coinage of white slavemasters—would ever call the outbreak last summer a "riot." What took place was a "revolt," a revolt now challenging the basic assumptions of white liberals and traditional civil-rights leaders alike, a revolt not for better bus service and new hospitals, but for black political power that will put control of the ghetto in the hands of the people who live there.

To anyone familiar with the rotting urban cores of the East, Watts at first does not look like a slum. Under the deadening summer sun, vast somnolent stretches of it seem almost middle-class. Pastel bungalows line the streets; poinsettia and hibiscus grow in the yards. Hundreds of storefront churches offer everything from religious guidance to COUNSELING AND HEALING—BROKEN HEARTS AND HOMES.

But on closer inspection, all over Watts, the decay is there. On Broadway and Central Avenue and the other main drags which carve through the ghetto, hot-pillow motels advertise $3 FOR 2 HRS., FREE ICE & FREE GUM. Families of 8 and 10 people overflow two-room apartments. Hastily constructed apartment blocks stand half-empty, deserted by families no longer willing to pay for the luxuries of falling plaster, exposed wires, toilets which do not flush, and trash which is never collected.

Beyond this, there is what the report of the McCone Commission, charged by California Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown to investigate the causes of the riot and recommend remedies, calls "the dull, devastating spiral of failure." Two thirds of the residents of Watts have less than a high-school education and one eighth are technically illiterate. Nearly a third of the male labor force is unemployed, a quarter of the total population is on some kind of relief, and 27 percent of all families have incomes below the poverty level. In an area where transportation is almost as much a prerequisite of existence as food, buses run sporadically where they run at all. Only two major hospitals serve the ghetto and these are not only overcrowded but nearly impossible to reach without an automobile. There are minimal recreation facilities and no movie theaters; the street is the playground.

These are the conditions in which the riot was spawned, and little has been done to alleviate them. Though the Federal Government has allotted $16 million to the area since last summer—including $2.7 million for improved bus service—the money, in the words of one federal official, has done little more than "shovel sand against the tide." Despite the call for 50,000 immediate jobs, only about 10 percent of the applicants funneled through the state agencies set up in Watts have been hired. Instead of building a Watts hospital as part of its annual capital-budget outlay, the County Board of Supervisors sponsored it as a bond issue and it was defeated in a countywide election. There were no decent shopping facilities last summer and are none now, and there is little likelihood that there will be any in the foreseeable future, since insurance companies now insist that anyone opening a store in the area must pay at least five times the normal premium.

In this failed, drifting, totally anomic society, the major—and perhaps the only—cohesive force is an endemic hatred of the Los Angeles Police Department. To the Negroes in Watts, the 77th Street Division, which polices most of the ghetto, is "the white Gestapo in the black community." All over southeast Los Angeles, signs can be found calling Police Chief William Parker a murderer. Even the "Support Your Local Police" bumper stickers distributed by conservative political organizations have been converted into a bitter gibe at the police. Negroes have pasted the stickers on a poster showing two Mississippi law officers indicted in connection with the murder of three civil-rights workers two years ago. And it is a matter of some pride in the ghetto that the police were unable to contain last summer's riot. "Even if the people got nothing else out of it," says one young Negro, "they can always say, 'We beat the L.A.P.D., beat them to the ground. They had to call in the National Guard to stop us.'"

The tensions between Watts and the law are viciously self-perpetuating. More major crimes—murder, forcible rape and armed robbery—are committed in the ghetto than in any other area of Los Angeles. Of the 4,000 guns looted from pawn shops and sporting-goods stores last summer, less than half have been recovered. And the police, like everyone else in Watts, know that the militant young gangs have their own battle plans for "next time." With commando efficiency, the gangs long ago worked out a strategy to hit one prearranged target in force, then scatter in souped-up cars to rendezvous later for an attack on another preselected target.

Because of this constant threat of trouble, the police prepared for a riot with every incident and have, since last summer, vastly improved their communications and riot-control techniques. The calling of a special code today attracts up to 15 police and sheriff's deputies to any street-corner fracas in a matter of moments. At night along Charcoal Alley, police cruisers occasionally mount the sidewalk and drive through the ruins, threading through alleyways and behind stores, their searchlights probing into the rubble for hiding youths. Almost as a reflex action, the Negroes in Watts have learned to spread-eagle against a wall as soon as a prowl car pulls to a stop.

To check up on complaints of police misbehavior, Negro militants formed a Citizens Alert Patrol. In cars equipped with two-way radios, they cruise the ghetto every night until 2 A.M., racing to the scene of any incident reported so that there will be other witnesses besides the police and the accused. Moderate Negro leaders think that the patrol is an invitation to violence. The militants themselves have little hope that their evidence will hold up in court, but they are willing to take the gamble that perhaps sometime it will. "White man's justice for the Negro in Los Angeles," says one black nationalist, "is like being caught by Frank James and tried by Jesse."

Some police officials tend to shrug off the anger of Watts. "There's maybe four hundred people causing all the trouble," says one. "The other two hundred thousand are content enough." All policemen seem to feel that they are in an intolerable position, hated in the ghetto and regarded as suspect by a vast section of the liberal white community. They are also convinced that they are getting a bum rap in the press.

A desolate section of abandoned railroad tracks lies at the

Lt. Frank Beeson, a tall, laconic man with 11 years' service, is the community-relations officer for the 77th Street Division. Beeson was in command of the 77th for the first three days of the riot last summer until the division commander could be summoned back from vacation. In his office, he showed me a folder of press clippings, all of which, he said, presented the police in a bad light. He pointed to a photo in a black newspaper of a wounded Negro who, the caption claimed, was "shot by police."

"It was ballistically impossible for us to have shot this guy," Beeson said. "But still they print this. Do you think this helps tension?"

How close the tensions between Watts and the law are to the flash point was graphically shown by one incident last spring. Early on the evening of May 7, Mrs. Barbara Deadwyler, eight months pregnant, felt a stab of what she mistakenly thought was a labor pain. Leonard Deadwyler, her husband, put her in his car, tied a white handkerchief to the radio aerial as a distress signal and sped down Avalon Boulevard toward Los Angeles County General Hospital. Three police cars raced after him, until finally, after a wild 48-block chase, Deadwyler's car was brought lurching to a stop. Racing from his police cruiser with gun drawn, Officer Gerold M. Bova, 23, leaned through the passenger window across the pregnant figure of Barbara Deadwyler. What happened next is a matter of dispute among eyewitnesses. Either Deadwyler's car jerked forward or it did not. In any case, Bova's gun fired, and the last words of Leonard Deadwyler before he slumped over dead in his wife's lap were, "She's having a baby."

In the ghetto, the reaction to Deadwyler's death was immediate. Handbills were printed with the words WANTED FOR MURDER—BOVA THE COP. Cars were pelted with rocks, and a number of stores were sacked or put to the torch with Molotov cocktails. Two *Newsweek* reporters were beaten, and a black-nationalist newspaper published a photograph of one of them, Karl Fleming, lying in a pool of his own blood, with the caption, "VENGEANCE IS MINE," SAITH THE LORD.

Photographs by Frank Dandridge

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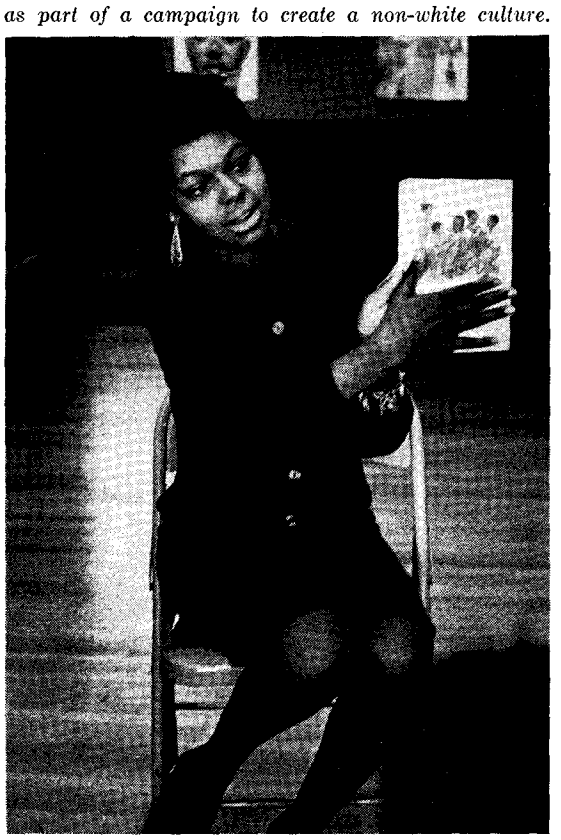
enter of Watts, creating a thoroughfare for the life of the community and a grim playground for young children.

Last year's riot is remembered with pride for giving the slum a sense of power.

A young US staffer teaches Swahili to Negro children as part of a campaign to create a non-white culture.



In an effort to ease tensions, Los Angeles County District Attorney Evelle J. Younger decided to give the inquest as much attention as possible and allowed the entire eight-day proceeding to be televised. Younger's decision did much to keep the violence sporadic and isolated. But the verdict of "accidental homicide" only increased black alienation from the white community. Any time a white policeman kills a black man, no matter what the provocation, Watts simply regards it as "murder."

This hostility toward the rest of Los Angeles has made the ghetto turn increasingly toward the one solution dreaded most by whites—black nationalism. The old liberal nostrum of integration is now widely regarded as not only unworkable but undesirable. "Why integrate?" asks one nationalist leader. "Why live where we're not wanted? Why work, eat, live, breathe on The Man's handouts? You can't mix with the power structure you're going to have to deal with. You've got to get power of your own, because power listens to power."

All over Watts this view, sometimes diluted, sometimes refined to its most combustible essence, is being promulgated by storefront organizations with names like S.L.A.N.T. (Self Leadership for All Nationalities Today), the Afro-American Citizens' Council, US (a group with strong ties to the followers of the late Malcolm X), and the Self-Determination Committee. These groups have largely superseded such extremists as the Black Muslims, who were once powerful in the ghetto but now might even be considered moderate. There is no accurate count of the membership of the new organizations, but their call for black pride, dignity and brotherhood has touched the deepest feelings of what one nationalist leader calls "the street-corner primitives," who can be counted on to march when the time comes. The leitmotif is that only by social conflict and political upheaval will the Negro in Watts ever be able to get anything.

It is this viewpoint that has caused a widening chasm in Watts between the young militants and the older civil-rights leadership. The militants are willing to concede that the civil-rights struggle served a purpose in focusing attention on the sources of Negro discontent and in mobilizing people never before organized. "We had to learn to crawl before we could walk," says Tommy Jacquette, executive director of S.L.A.N.T. "But now we want to run and they're still crawling."

Yet the feeling goes deeper than mere impatience. In the vernacular of Watts, the distinction today is between "house niggers" and "field niggers," a distinction which goes back to the days when the tractable slaves were dressed in white coats and brought to the plantation house as servants. To the Watts militants, such moderate Negro spokesmen as Martin Luther King and Roy Wilkins have become at best "civil righteous" and at worst "house niggers" who have a political stake in moderation. "All the house niggers want to do is sip tea with the white liberals and try to integrate all the time," says Booker Griffin, an official of the Westminster Neighborhood Association. "They've become tools of the power structure."

This contempt extends to anyone normally considered, by the white community, a "Negro leader." In Watts the Negro clergy is regarded with aversion tinged with derision. On the first day of the Deadwyler inquest, Negro militants would not let the hearing begin until all the clergy had been removed from the courtroom. Already some pressure is being put on Negroes not to attend church, on the theory that the clergyman who is hit in the collection box will become a more vocal spokesman of community discontent. "All they can say is, 'Jesus says,'" declares S.L.A.N.T.'s Jacquette. "They don't want change to come. They got a big stake in keeping things as they are. Why should they rock the boat? They might fall out, and baby, it's no survival for them."

Nor is the Negro middle class looked upon as an example to emulate. "They don't give a damn about anything except trying to be white," says Westminster's Griffin. "But the whites don't want them and the colored don't, so they're isolated. And if the whites don't want *them*, you just know they ain't ready to accept this black mass about to fall on them." To the Negro militants, nothing less is called for than the complete political extermination of all those elements whom the white power structure regards as "responsible." "They shot a whole generation of Toms in China," says Griffin. "And we got to take care of that whole generation between thirty-five and forty-five."

The Negro militants recognize that in so doing they will perpetuate the ghetto. But they look upon this as a desirable first step in the political self-determination of Watts. They tirelessly point out that the Irish control the Irish, the Italians control the Italians, and there is no reason why the Negroes should not control the Negroes. To them, political power is far more important than immediate social improvements, more important than the hospitals, schools and buses in which white liberals place such complacent faith. The militants believe that such gifts only make them more beholden to the white power structure. "If everything is given to us, we're an inferior, second-class people by definition," says one. "It implies we aren't capable of getting it ourselves."

Perhaps the most vocal and articulate spokesman for these views to emerge in Watts since last summer is Ron Karenga, leader of the nationalist group called US. He is a short, stocky man, the color of a burnished penny, who shaves his head, wears tinted glasses and has a malevolent-looking moustache that gives his face an almost Oriental cast. He was born Ron Everett in Maryland 24 years ago, has a master's degree in political science from U.C.L.A. and is now taking a Ph.D. there in African languages. Partly in keeping with his attempt to form a new black culture in Watts and partly because he has a gift for the tactically conspicuous, Karenga always wears what is called in Swahili a *buba*, a green poncho with, he says, "a modified Mandarin collar." Explaining the *buba*, Karenga adds, "It bugs white people."

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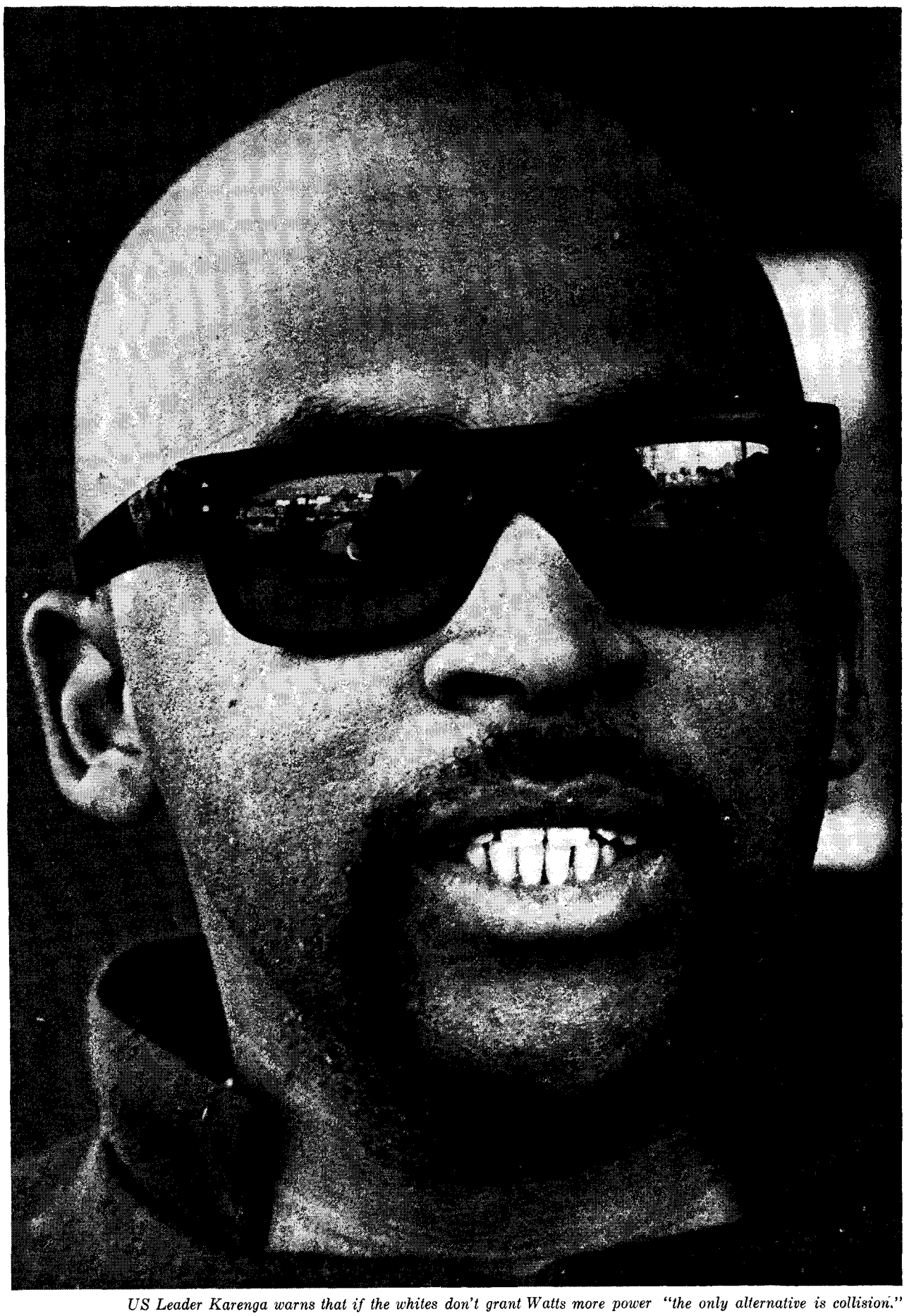
'Why integrate? Why live where we're not wanted? Why work, eat, breathe on The Man's handouts?'



US Leader Karenga warns that if the whites don't grant Watts more power "the only alternative is collision."

The name "US" is not an acronym. "US is the black people," Karenga says, and then quotes the US motto: ANYWHERE WE ARE, US IS. Karenga, in fact, is everywhere in Watts, lecturing, threatening, cajoling, educating. One reason he keeps on the move is a conviction that the police are always trying to harass him. "They don't like nationalists because we're educated and vocal," Karenga says. "We have a taste for freedom they don't find in the ordinary black man, and *that* they can't stand." Karenga's message is always the same: Blacks must stop being subservient to whites. What he is calling for is no less than the political and economic autonomy of the black ghetto in Los Angeles—and, if his example succeeds there, then a network of ghetto cities across the United States.

Karenga refuses to admit the possibility that the white community, with its control of all the jobs and economic resources in Los Angeles, might not yield to what amounts to ghetto blackmail. "The white power structure has no intention of giving up anything without being leaned on," he says, "and power yields only to power." He holds that fear is in itself a kind of power, the only power in fact that the ghetto now possesses. "When a revolt happens, we get all kinds of favors," he says. "It makes them concede far more to us than they ordinarily would." He argues that pressure must be constantly maintained, not only in terms of open violence but also by undercover force. When I asked what forms undercover force might take, he pointed to a newspaper headline stating that some 60 false alarms had been turned in throughout southeast Los Angeles the night before. "If The Man doesn't heed these signs," he said, "the only alternative is collision."

Karenga believes that ultimately, by the constant application of threat, fear will be translated into political power. Then, however uneasily, white and black power blocs can talk as equals in an effort to find some kind of mutual interest.

"The point is, we're already separate," Karenga says. "It's impossible for the slavemasters to accept an ex-slave either as a man or as an equal. So we must speak and define for ourselves instead of always being explained and spoken for. By setting an example of fearlessness, education, pride and culture, we give the black man something to fight for."

Toward this end, US is constantly exhorting Watts Negroes to adopt all the symbols of a separate culture—heroes, books, myths, holidays. Karenga has, in fact, drawn up a calendar of appropriate holidays with Swahili names: *Dhahibu*, the anniversary of Malcolm X's assassination; *Kuzaliwa*, Malcolm's birthday; and *Uhuru*, the anniversary of the beginning of the riots last year.

Each Saturday US staffers drill some 30 youngsters in black history and in the rudiments of Swahili from a "Run, Jim, Run" reader that Karenga translated from English. As part of their exercise program, the children, aged 3 to 14, are given close-order military drill by an instructor wearing a Malcolm X sweatshirt. New sweatshirts are now being made with Karenga's own picture on them. By giving Negroes something besides white culture to hang onto, Karenga believes that he can encourage an independence which will spell danger to the white community. "We provide our people with a sense of manhood," Karenga says. "Then it's up to them to decide the time and the place where their manhood will be defended."

It is uncertain just how many people Karenga has recruited in his peregrinations. "Those who know don't say," he says, and he smiles. "Those who say, don't know." But whatever the membership of US, Karenga's appeal is not lost on other militant leaders. Though Operation Bootstrap (whose motto is LEARN, BABY, LEARN), the Westminster Neighborhood Association, the Neighbor-

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hood Adult Participation Project, and most of the other groups proliferating in Watts are not openly nationalistic, they all keep pipelines open to the ghetto's more radical elements. Through the fiery immediacy of nationalism, they believe that they can reach people who would ordinarily remain unmoved by such mundane programs as job training and what are called "communications skills." "We don't try to stop black-nationalist preachings among our kids," says Westminster's Griffin. "We teach the kids to ask the questions, and when they realize that what they really want is a short [a car], a fine pad and a foxy chick, they drop nationalism very quickly. They just want what everyone else wants."

The recruitment methods of the non-nationalist groups often take unconventional forms. "We're told we're harboring incorrigibles," says a director of one group, "because we don't tell our kids to stop dropping pills or blowing the weed. But if we preached to them, they'd be out on the street fighting and cutting. It's not perfect, but man, we get them under our own roof, and that's the important thing, to bring them in."

All of these groups have certain basic attitudes in common with the nationalists. One is a pervasive contempt for—if not the nationalists' hatred of—the well-intentioned white liberal. The feeling is that whites are not happy until they are running things, thereby preventing Negroes from rising to positions of authority in their own ghetto. "Most of them got some kind of guilt complex, so they just try to identify with us to purge their own consciences," says one Negro activist. "But man, we ain't running no therapy session down here."

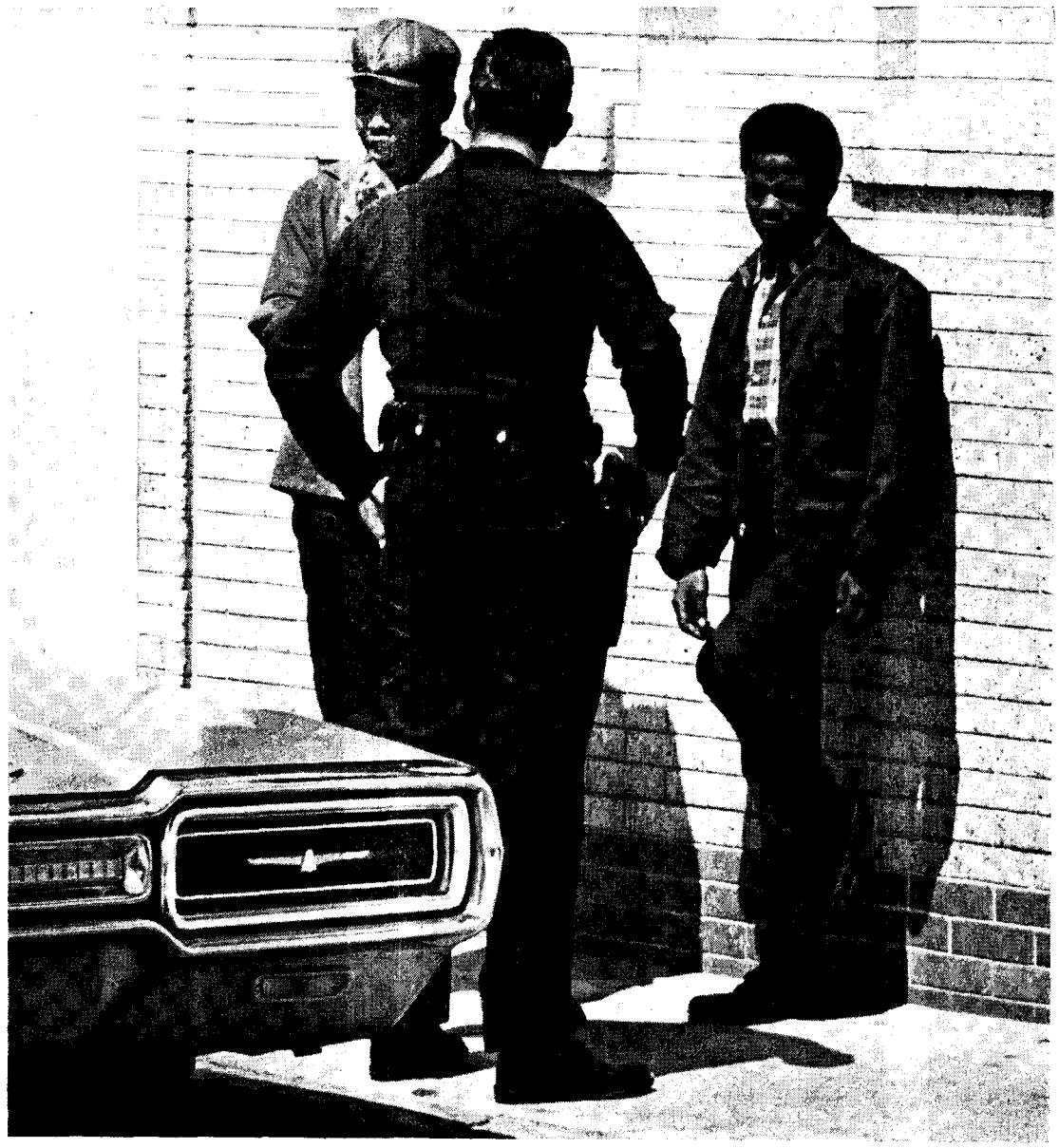
Another nationalist attitude in Watts is an ever-increasing opposition to the Vietnam war. Some of the disenchantment stems from the conviction that Negroes are doing a disproportionate amount of the fighting and dying. A corollary of this is an inability to understand why the same Federal Government that can throw up a field hospital in Vietnam overnight has been unable to make its poverty program work in Watts.

But even deeper is a conviction that the Vietnam conflict is a white man's racial war against another oppressed colored people. In Watts buttons abound that say, THE VIET CONG NEVER CALLED ME A NIGGER. The self-immolation of Buddhist nuns on the streets of Saigon and Hué is a form of protest the Negroes of Watts can understand. "The kids here can identify with that," says Bootstrap's Bob Bailey. "Not some white bastard. Right away he says, 'What's in it for her, what's her bag?' The Man just doesn't understand."

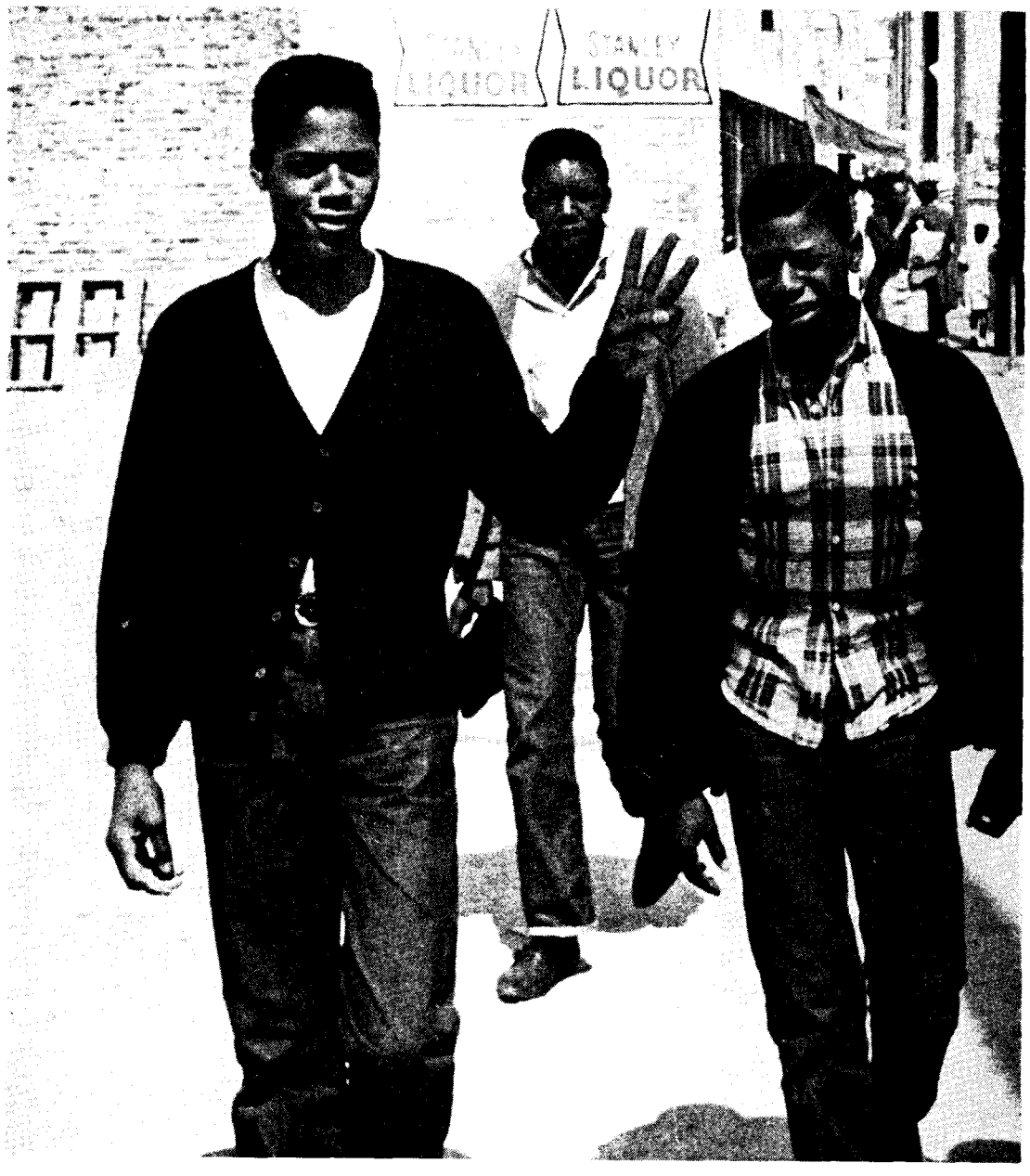
It is this failure to "understand" that makes some of white Los Angeles confuse the sounds of Watts with external propaganda. Mayor Sam Yorty blames "Communists" for the continuing turmoil and goes no further. There are indeed Communists in Watts, but they seem divorced from the reality of the ghetto. In the aftermath of the Deadwyler incident, the Maoist wing of the Communist Party distributed 3,000 handbills calling for a protest meeting; nine people showed up—six whites, two Mexicans and one Negro.

It is silly to blame the tension in Watts on the Communists, of course, and it is equally silly—and dangerously misleading—to blame it, as many do, on a few militant leaders. The conditions that caused last summer's riot still exist, allowing the possibility that rioting could begin at any time, at any place, for almost any reason.

This final fact was driven home to me as I was leaving Watts one afternoon, leaving the flat and featureless ghetto behind, going to that part of the city where everything is bright and green and expensive and where women at dinner parties tell me what their maids think about the Negro question. As I stopped for a red light on Central Avenue, a boy perhaps 14 years old stepped off the curb and knocked on my window. He smiled in at me and lifted three fingers, the sign from last summer, the sign that meant, "Burn." □



A policeman, the most hated symbol of white control in Watts, questions two Negro boys. And with a smile, another youth flashes the Negroes' three-fingered symbol of last year's riot that killed 34 people, the sign meaning "Burn."



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Editorial

The summer uproar

Sometime this summer, somewhere in this country, a young Negro, caught in the act of burglary or shoplifting, will yell his innocence, and a mob will gather, flailing and kicking at the policeman as he tries to summon help.

Sometime this summer, somewhere in this country, the police will stop a Negro who has done no wrong, demand his identity papers, search him roughly and beat him bloody.

Sometime this summer, somewhere in this country, and more than once, white crowd will face black crowd in a confrontation of impossible demands, black demanding that all the wrongs of two centuries be set magically and immediately right, white demanding that no such demands be made. There will be shouts and curses in the hot night, blows, sirens and perhaps gunfire, and then we shall hear the familiar sounds of political rhetoric. "Listen, Whitey," on the one hand. "If something doesn't happen soon . . . we've had it . . . Uncle Tom . . . white power structure . . . The Man had better look out." And on the other, "responsibility . . . our disadvantaged citizens . . . moderation . . . a new program . . . law and order . . . not in this generation . . ." Along with announcements of Project This, Operation That, and the War on Something or Other.

It happens every summer, as surely as the days get long and hot, and everyone takes a vacation from reality. It is a time for workers to vacation from work, and school children to vacation from education, time to have fun and throw things and make loud speeches of denunciation. The only creatures that take no vacations are the rats that gnaw in the tenement cellars, the cockroaches that swarm in the dark corridors, the flies that buzz and circle over the heaps of filth.

Revolutions, according to one widely held theory, are staged not by the miserably downtrodden, who seek only to survive, but by those who are prosperous enough to get angry over the opportunities that have been denied them. The American Revolution, the French Revolution, even the Russian Revolution—none of these was an uprising of the masses but rather a revolt led by middle-class intellectuals who claimed to be acting in the name of the masses. So it is with the Negro revolution that is now in full swing, begun in the prosperity of the 1950's and led by such unoppressed figures as Roy Wilkins, Thurgood Marshall, James Farmer and Martin Luther King.

But it is also true that revolutions cannot be stopped by concessions, that victories inspire new demands, and that the accelerating revolution eats its own children. And so it has been with the Negro revolution—each year seeing more progress than would once have seemed possible in a decade, and each new decade of progress revealing a new century of wounds, grievances and hatreds. Each summer, it seems, we must have a new confrontation, and a new outburst of violence. The "wild men" of a few years ago are now the moderates, swept onward or excoriated by much wilder men.

Power and politics are, unfortunately, intertwined, and each major step toward civil equality has come only after a test of strength between militant Negroes and entrenched whites. The Birmingham demonstrations of 1963 and the Mississippi murder of three civil-rights workers led to the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which banned all discrimination in public places. The Selma march led to the Voting Rights Act of 1965. This sequence of events has led some Negro leaders, and some masochistic white liberals, to the mistaken conclusion that civil rights can only be wrested from organized society by force. But it is worth remembering that the violence that led to progress in civil rights was invariably violence by armed whites against unarmed Negroes or their allies, that the laws were passed not out of fear but out of shame. This may be unfair, but it is true. By contrast, the Harlem riot of 1964 and the Watts riot of 1965 have led only to some vague rumblings and stirrings in the Government's welfare program and to more modernized riot-control procedures on the part of big-city police.

In this summer of 1966, in the second decade of the Negro revolution, everyone seems to be doing his best to make it certain that there will be maximum trouble and minimum progress. The first open drama was James Meredith's announced plan to walk the length of Mississippi as a demonstration of something. The South's lunatic fringe responded in kind with a volley of birdshot. The traveling circus known as "civil-rights leadership" flew in to continue Meredith's march along a highway to nowhere, accompanied by television cameras. And it was left to Charles Evers, Mississippi field director of the N.A.A.C.P. and brother of the Medgar Evers who was shot down by one of the South's psychotics, to say what so badly needed to be said: "I don't want this to turn into another Selma, where everybody goes home with the cameraman and leaves us holding the bag."

What Evers knows, and what everybody who has thought seriously about civil rights knows, is that there are only four civil rights that count: equal education, equal housing, equal job opportunities, and the right to vote. The Negroes of this country have been criminally deprived of those rights, and they are justifiably angry at that deprivation. They will get those rights, and every white American of good sense and goodwill knows that he has the duty to help them. But to the extent that Negroes march for other causes, and whites fight over other issues, the annual summer uproar amounts to nothing but the rhetoric of random violence.

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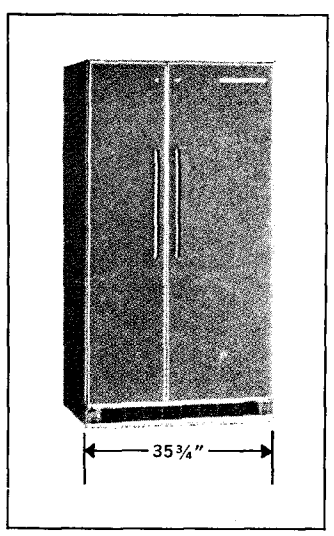

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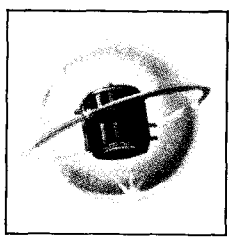

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The Gemini 19

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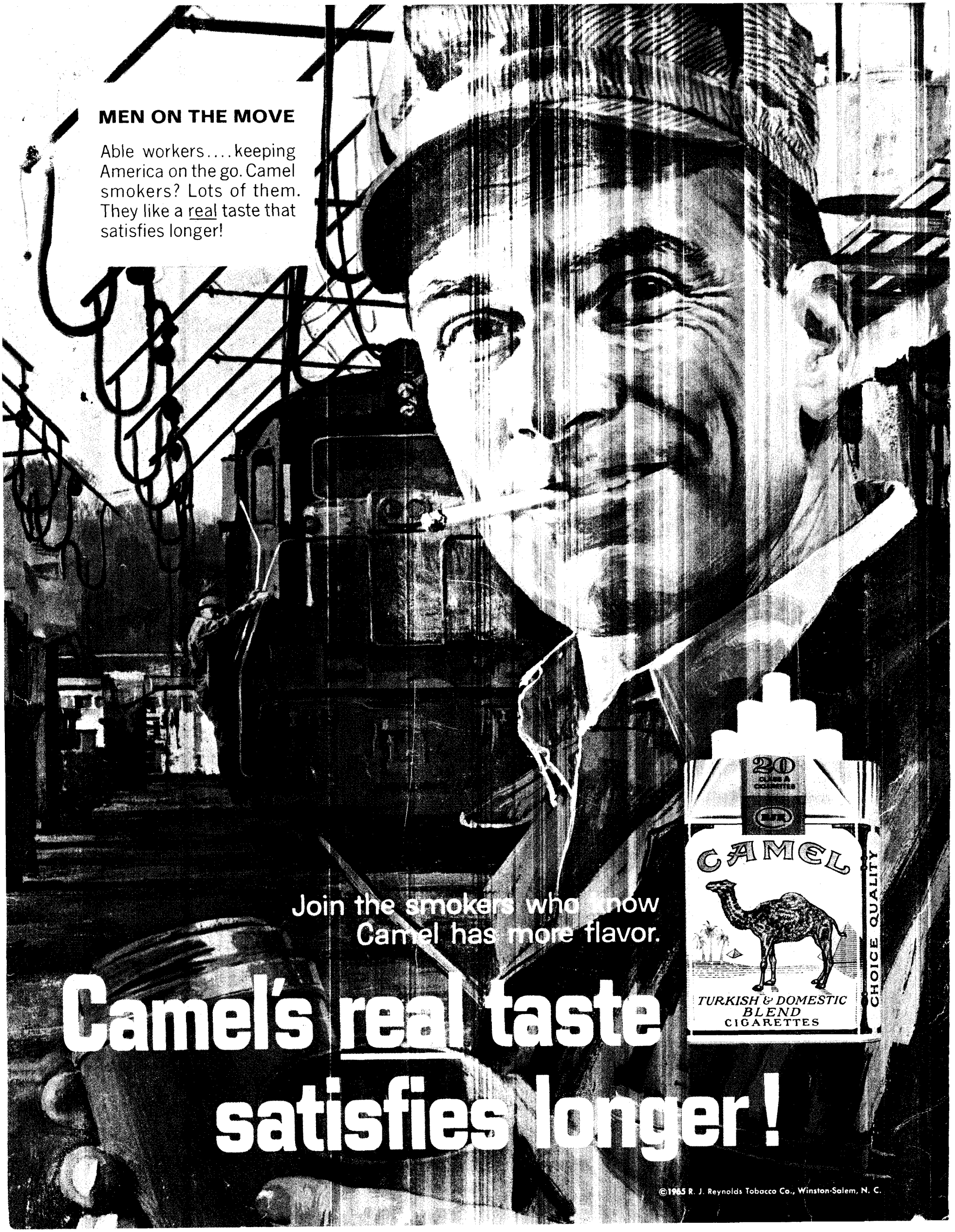
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